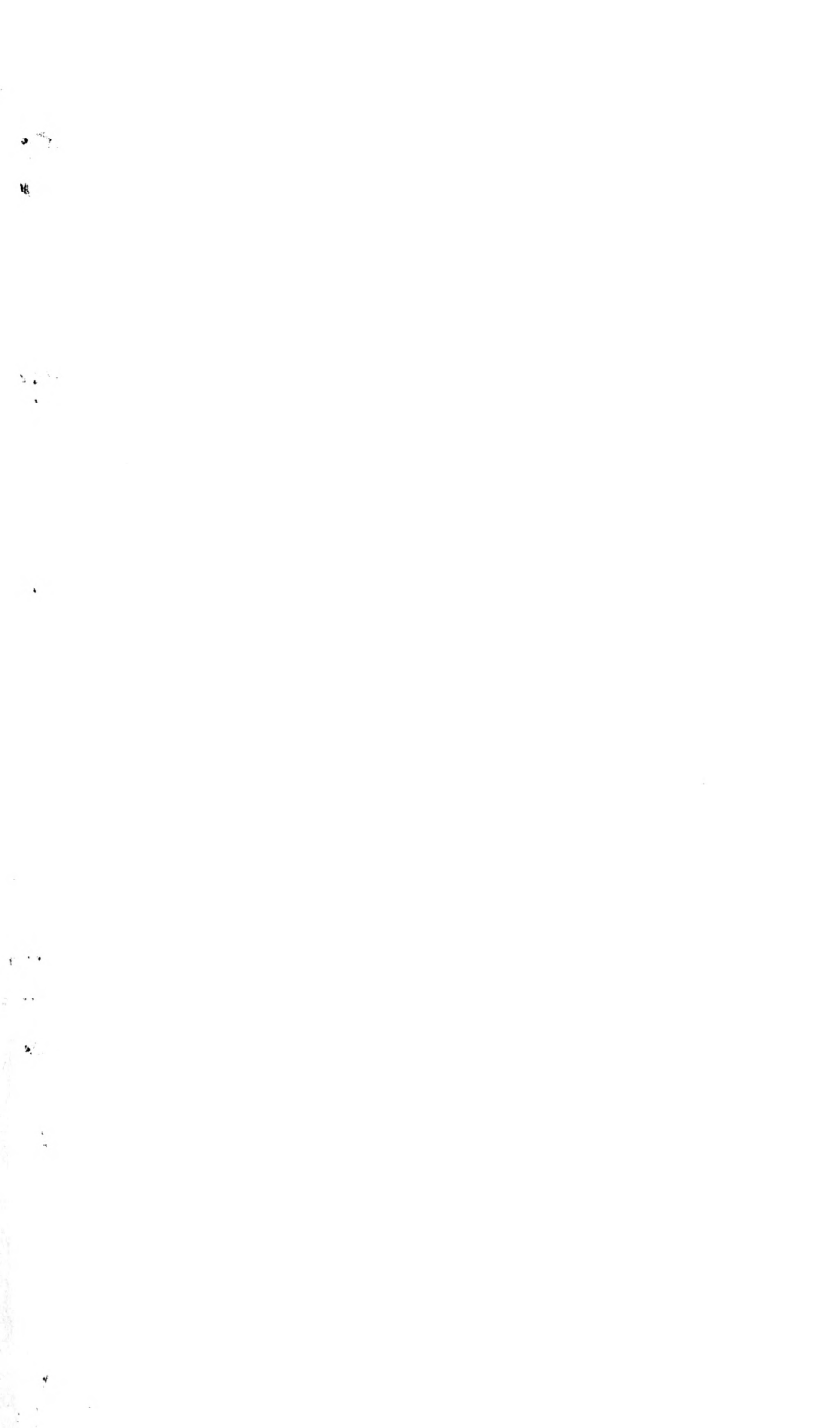


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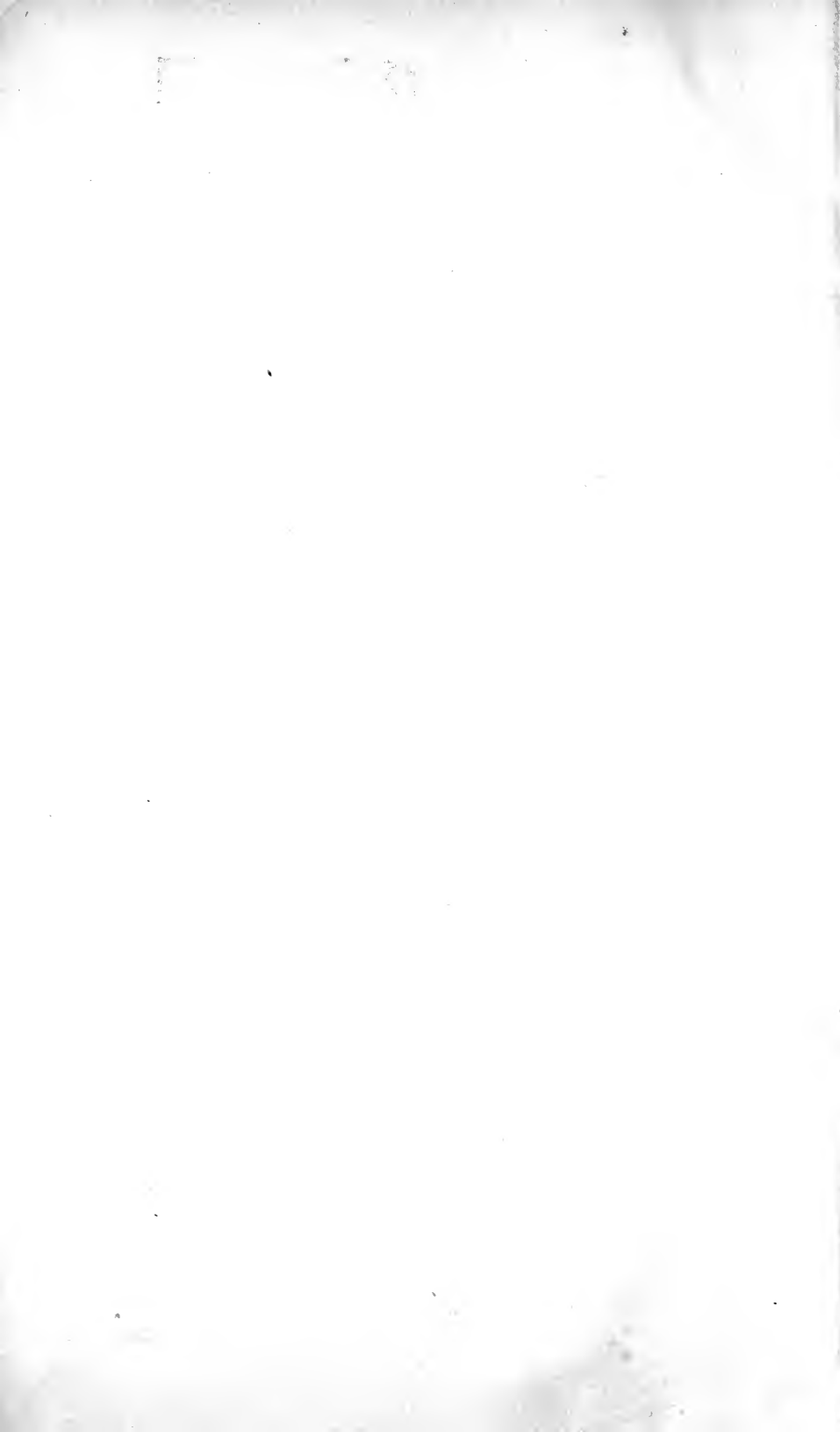


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DEKKER'S
DRAMATIC WORKS





THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

PR

2481

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1873

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NORTH-VVARD

H O E.

*Sundry times Acted by the Children
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webster.



Imprinted at London by G. ELD.
1607.

34681



NORTH-WARD HOE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone booted.

Feth. **T**HRT fure old *Maybery* Innes here to night.

Gree. Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew *Ware* assures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion : how wee shall carry our selues in this busines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking : if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coynesse.

Feth. Suppose it she should be chaste.

Gree. O hang her : this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sonnes and heires in the City, looke so like our prentises,—Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gree. This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiew twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance you left *dunstable* Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at *Dunstable*: the next morning when they had broke their fast together the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the other for *Westchefer*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke* *Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophecy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall-be.

Cha. Yes, Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* shalbe, that is, it shalbe *Yorke* still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray-fish, and a Spitch-cocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of.

Green. Most kindly welcome—I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke.

Feth. Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

May. To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge*.

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at *sturbridge*; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fise lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forehead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate:

like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon : here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack ; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly ; here two in one corner of a shop : Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues ; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding together while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen ; twas like a campe for in other Countries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy : but whether are you trauailyng Gentlemen ?

Feth. Faith Sir we purpoted a dangerous voiage, but vpon better consideration we altered our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogether triuial in-sooth : but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gentle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discourse to haue you censure the state of our quarrel.

Bel. Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in the Citty, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affection stoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of secrecie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Green. She was and by report still is wise to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen.

May. And entertaind your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill : the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew

her eyes with loue dropps ; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

Bel. Most feelingly.

May. I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she beene my wife, giue us some sack heare and in faith—we are all friends ; & in priuate—what was her husbands name—Ile giue you a carouse by and by.

Green. O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night should I tell his name.

Bel. Your modesty in this wiues commendation ; on fir.

Green. In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater valew) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her husbands gift.

May. The poesie, the poesie—O my heart, that ring good infaith :

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her.

May. Kissing and so forth.

Green. I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly.

Gre. Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith, you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her as I say : and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed.

Feth. How do you Sir.

May. Nothing : lettes haue a fire chamberlaine ; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudering : ith' bed you say ;

Green. Right Sir, in Mistris *Maiberies* sheetes.

May. Was her name *Maybery*.

Green. Befhrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secrefey.

May. O God Sir, but where did you find your loofing.

Green. Where I found her falſneſſe: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confeſſion pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the ſame morning on her pillowe, and ſham'd not in my ſight to weare it.

May. What did ſhee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her husband was forth a Towne all this while, and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to ſaue the charge of a baite, whilſt ſhe was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honeſt man; lets be merry; will not your miſtriſſe?—gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth. Gree. Yes.

May. Will not your Miſtreſſe make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no ſuch leger-demaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes ſhe hath reaſon for't, for in ſome countries, where men and women haue good trauailing ſtomackes, they begin with porridge; then they fall to Capon or ſo-forth: but if Capon come ſhort of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely courſe, ſo for our women in *England*.

May. This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and failing to Weſtminſter makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't.

Feth. Green. Mony ſir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and conſidering the loſſe, and finding of this ring made breach into

your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to conceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholesome, I was a cold euen now, now I sweat for't.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gentlemen wee leaue downe and hasten supper.

May. Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

Exeunt Green. and Feth.

Green. Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the prooffe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wife *Maybery* too; Ile to London presently, begon Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee Maister *Bellamont*; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolu'd of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question; what was I saying?

Bell. Why looke you, what a distraction are you false into?

May. If a man be deuorſt, do you ſee, deuorſt *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainſt thoſe that make hornes at him?

Bell. O madneſſe! that the frailty of a woman ſhould make a wiſe man thus idle! yet I proteſt to my vnderſtanding, this report ſeemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wiſe and I liſt too: what ſayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds ſome ſuſpition: for the reſt moſt groſe and open, for two men, both to loue your wiſe, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occaſion in the world, to thruſt vpon you a diſcourſe of a quarrell, with circumſtance ſo diſhoneſt, that not any Gentleman but of the cuntry bluſhing, would haue publiſht. I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue ſeene them walke muffled by my ſhop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come ſtriae to blow ouer theſe clowdes.

May. Not a clowd, you ſhall haue cleane Mooneſhine, they haue good ſmooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee truſted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue ſome Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a fooliſh tradesman, and yet Ile be a wiſe tradesman. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, and Chartley, after them Philip arreſted.

Phil. Arreſt me? at whoſe ſute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuerpoole*, ſtay, Ime arreſted.

Omn. Arreſted?

1. *Ser.* Gentlemen breake not the head of the

peace ; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em ? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entire, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt ? Drawer, some wine.

Enter Drawer.

1. *Ser.* Foure score pound : can you fend for Baile Sir ? or what will you doe ? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe ; farewell *Doll*, come Serieants, Ile step to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee : if not, *Charily* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges.

Exeunt.

Doll. Ime as melancholy now ?

Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawfie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee sir ! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a *Judas* in our company.

Leuer. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe pry thee : the new knot as thou seeft this : *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him becaufe heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of

Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, hast done boy?

Draw. Yes forfooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Draw. Nay sweete Mistresse *Doll*.

Doll. *Doll*! you reprobate! out you Bawd for seauen yeares by the custome of the Citty.

Draw. Good Mistris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you: the rotten toothd rascall, will for fixe pence fetch any whore to his maisters customers: and is euery one that swims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, must suck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnseasonable puck-fist? doe you grin?

Chart. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my sweete *Doll*, a pox a this swaggering.

Doll. Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang yee, rooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-streete in a long vacation.

Leuer. Melancholy? come wee! ha some muld Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme?

Chart. Why? hast any suites to be tryed at Westminster?

Doll. My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed at Westminster already: so soone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-crosse, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! these *Flemmings* pay soundly for what they take.

Leuer. If thou't haue a lodging West-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal'd a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I scorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee mainteined

with Prouant and dead pay? no: the Mercer must bee paide, and Sattin gownes must bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houfes broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christ-masse fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light, sneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-flinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellows therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

Both. Very good.

Doll. I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off^a the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vppon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

Doll. For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know we shall haue Gudgions bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellows; as occasion serues, you shall weare liuries and waite, but

when Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company : feeke out *Jack Hornet* incontinently.

Leuer. Wee will : come *Charely*, weele playe our partes I warrant.

Dell. Doe so :—
The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow :
To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.

May. Where is your Mistris, villaine ? when went she abroad ?

Pren. Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, so fir : Maister *Bellamont*, I will tell you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie fir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin,

Pren. No fir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ* : I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar : I sweare not God dam me, if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know : I was neuer Carted (but in haruest) neuer whipt but at Schoole : neuer had the Grincoms : neuer fold one Maiden-head ten feuerall times, first to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with trickes, whilst my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run, search her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to *Brainford*.

Exit.

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad ?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

Bel. Ile chide you : goe to, Ile chide you foundly.

May. Oh maister *Bellamont* !

Bel. Oh Maister *Maybery* ! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancashire Horne-pipe : it shewes worfe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles : Sfoot you talke like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Affe, and knowes not what hee talkes, then Ime one : you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I will bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

Bella. I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without cause.

May. With-out cause, when my Mare beares double : without cause ?

Bell. And without wit.

May. When two Virginnall Jacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe !

Bel. They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does smoake for't.

Bell. Your wiues ring may deceive you.

May. O Maister *Bellamont* ! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should neuer haue greeued mee.

Bel. You wrong her vpon my foule.

Mai. No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle ? what flutter you for Seapye ?

Ser. Not to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister *Philip* is taken prisoner.

Bel. By the *Dunkirks*.

Ser. Worfe : by Catch-polls : hee's encountred.

Bel. Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him.

Bel. For how much lyes he ?

Ser. The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His childs part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister *Maiberie*.

Mai. To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him.

Enter Prentice and Maiberies wife.

Prent. Here's the party Sir.

Mai. Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point : are not you a whore : neuer start : thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast turnd me.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you ?

May. Into a Ciuill Suite : into a sober beast : a Land-rat, a Cuckold : thou art a common bed-fellow, art not ? art not ?

Wif. Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.

May. O ! you studie the french now.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a fallade of that herbe : doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night : punck I could.

Bel. Heare her anſwer for her ſelfe.

Wife. Good Maſter *Bellamont*,
Let him not do me violence : deere Sir,
Should any but your ſelfe ſhoote out theſe names,
I would put off all female modeſty,
To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'ſt thou this ring ? there has bin old
running at the ring ſince I went.

Wife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That ſtole it from my hand : he was a villayne :
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they flood ſtoutly for me : tooke your part :
And ſtead of collours fought vnder my ſheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with thee : I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me ! if euer I had thought vncleane,
In deteſtation of your nuptiall pillow :
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth : that flaue, that damned fury
(Whoſe whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Caſting an eye vnlawfull on my cheekes,
Haunted your thre-ſhold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which luſt and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile ſex : but thoſe being weake
The ſecond feige he layd was in ſweete wordes.

Mai. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At laſt he takes me ſitting at your dore,
Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to reſtore it ſtraight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with deſires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,
That ring ſhould mee vndo : and now belike
His ſpells haue wrought on you. But I beſeech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,
Diſgrace me in the habit of your flaue,

Lodge me in some discomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,
Till of this slander I my foule acquite.

Bel. Guiltlesse vpon my foule.

May. Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine : my streame of ielozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horse
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error :
Villaines you haue abur'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads : driue in your
teares

I take your word ya're honest, which good men,
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne bosome : wife I charge you
Set out your hauours towards them in such collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,
Ile candy o're my words, and fleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em

And with this—go too.

Wife. Oh we shall haue murder—you kill my heart.

May. No : I will shed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right : Ile fetch my blow
Faile and a far off and as Fencers vse
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip and seruant.

Bel. Ile ioyne with you : lets walke : oh ! heres my Sonne.

Welcome a shore Sir : from whence come you pray.

Phil. From the house of praier and fasting—the Counter.

Bel. Art not thou asham'd to bee seene come out of a prifon.

Phil. No Gods my Iudge, but I was asham'd to goe into prifon.

Bel. I am told fir, that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman,

Phil. I ha seene light gold fir, passe away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and filke petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will say fo, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe: I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary that has euery body Maister *Philip*.

Bel. Leaue her company, or leaue me, for shee's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* fir, I hope thats no il name.

Bel. What is shee? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud fir what does he with her?

Bel. Doeft meane to marry her? of what birth is shee? what are her commings in, what does she liue vpon?

Phillip. Rents fir, Rents, shee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must haue her: you haue often tould mee the nine Muses are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southerly man Sallades, the Essex man a Calfe, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheefe, aud your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon

Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates grasse you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Asse, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a flaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maister *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot . . . Sir if I haue her, Ile spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

Both. More faucy knaue thou.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like *seruingmen.*

Horn. **A**M I like a fidders bafe violl (new set vp,) in a good case boies? ist neate, is it terse! am I handsome? ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder sheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he should come before a Churchwarden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords steward at least.

Horn. If I had but a staffe in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Iudes* gentlemen vthers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime sure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuast well, yet tis no law-suite, for twas dispatcht sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Jack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I shall bee a simple father for you : how does my chaine show now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldst not show better.

Chart. But how fit our blew-coates on our backs.

Dol. As they do vpon banckrout retainers backs at Saint *Georges* feast in *London* : but at *Westminster*, It makes 'em scorne the badge of their occupation : there the bragging velure-caniond hobbi-horfes, prauince vp and downe as if some a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like some haue ridden 'em : and there-vpon the Cittizens Prouerbe rises, when hee sayes ; he trusts to a broken staffe.

Doll. *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you see boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury : and speake wisely like a Lattin Schoole-maister, and be furly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

Leuer. You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

Horn. No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer : when I hem boyes, you shall duck : when I cough and spit gobbets *Doll*.

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

Hor. No *Doll*, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

Doll. All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.

Horn. And not to be sawcie as Seruing-men are.

Char. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

Dol. If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.

Horn. Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper : but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Hornet* haue rode vp *Holburne*, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this : your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in *Saint Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side*.

Doll. Peace, some-body rings : run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

Horn. But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts haunts thy house ?

Doll. Oh ! why diuerse : I haue a Clothiers Factor or two ; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh* Gaptaine that laies hard feege, a *Dutch* Marchant, that would spend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take meafure of my *Holland* sheetes when I lye in 'em : I heare trampling : 'tis my *Flemish* Hoy.

Enter *Leuerpoole*, *Chartly*, and *Hans van Belch*.

Hans. Bar is bor you, and bor you : een, twea, drie, vier, and bine skilling, drinke Skellum bpsie freele : nempt, dats u drinck gelt.

Leuer. Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch*.

Hans. How ist met you, how ist bro ? brolick ?

Doll. Eek bare well God danke you : Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Datt is good, dott is good : Eek can neet stay long : for Eek heb en skip come now vpon de vater : O minc

Schoonen bro, wee shall dance lanteera, teera, and sing *Ik drinke to you min here, van* :—*wat man is dat bro.*

Hor. Nay pray fir on.

Hans. *Wat honds foot is dat Doro-*
thy.

Doll. Tis my father.

Hans. *Gotts Sacrament ! your vader !*
why sepgen gou niet so to me ! mine
heart tis mine all great desire, to call you
mine vader ta for Ik loue dis schonen
bro your dochterkin.

Hor. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. *Ik bedanck you : Ik heb so*
ghe founden vader.

Horn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. *Mun nom bin Hans van Belch.*

Horn. Hans Van Belch !

Hans. *Vau, vau, tis so, tis so, de*
dronken man is alteet remember me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, *fonne Belch.*

Hans. *Vau vader : Ik heb de skip*
swim now vpon de vater if you endouty,
goe bp in de little Skip dat goe so, and
bee puld bp to Wapping, Ik sal beare
you on my backe, and hang you about
min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He Sayes *Doll,* he would haue thee to Wap-
ping and hang thee.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister *Hans*.

Hans. Pau, pau, min bader heb schon husen in Ausburgh groet mine heare is mine vaders broder, mine bader heb land, and bin full of see, dat is beafts, cattell.

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

Hans. Min bader bin de grotest fooker in all Ausbrough.

Dol. The greatest what ?

Leuer. Fooker he saies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Hans. Paw paw, fooker is en groet min here hees en elderman bane Citty, gots sacrament, wat is de clock ? Eek niet stay.

A watch.

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Doll. Her's a pretty thing : do these wheelles spin vp the houres ! whats a clock.

Hans. Acht : paw tis acht.

Doll. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going, wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so farre ; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. Seghen you so, dor it to.

Doll. O fie : I doe but iest, for in trueth I could neuer abide a watch.

Hans. **Gotts sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more.**

Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.

Dol. An other peale ! good father lanch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maister *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Hans. **Ick bedanck you vader.** *Exit.*

Doll. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em so easily ? heele be out at heeles shortly fure for he's out about the clockes already : O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time ?

Enter Leuer-poole *first*, then *Allom* and *Chartly*.

Leuer. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune : I may caufe such leaden-heeld rascalls ; out of my fight : a knife, a knife I say : O Maister *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistress *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters ! knife God bleffe vs.

Leu. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace : I'me so vext ! my father hee's ridde to Court : one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight ; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee shoves not his head ; fure he's run away, or robd & run thorough ; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune !

Allo. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word fiae hundred pound : and fiae toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee scornes to bee . . . and I scorne to bee . . .

Allom. Pree thee fweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alas Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allo. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me : another time ile run as far in your bookes.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse : but when my father——

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking : Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two.

Leue. That's wee thre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and Ile fend fifty pound!

Dol. You so bind mee fir, . . . goe firra : Maister *Allom*, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preferue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, fir do you not.

Al. You shal haue a whole chest of Suger if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fiae loaves wil-be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borrow a kisse of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

Dol. You shall fir, I borrow more of you.

Ex. Allo. & Leu.

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Fynkins*.

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that dreft your lippes fo.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him meafure how hie, hee woukd make the ftanding collar of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe fawcie and lickerifh, laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him croffe vpon his coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to ftand with a knaue, for a fmall matter, and fo I wud not ftriue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maifter prick-loufe ramping fo hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) Ile make him know how to kiffe your blind cheekes fooner: miftris *Dorothy* Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowfherds, but to fting fuch fhreds of rafcallity: will you fing a Tailor fhall haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

Capt. Of what ftature or fife haue you a ftomach to haue your hufband now?

Dol. Of the meaneft ftature Captaine, not a fize longer than your felfe, nor fhorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel faid all your beft Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Miftris Dol?

Dol. Becaufe your fmalleft Arrowes flie fartheft; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but fweete villaine, I loue thee beecaufe thou't draw a my fide, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hang him for vrfe than a roague that will flafh and cut for an oman, if fhe be a whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Fynkins*, teach mee

to speake some welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neatest tongue!—

Cap. As any tongue in the wrld, vnlesse *Cra ma trees*, that's vrse.

Dol. How do you say, I loue you with all my heart.

Cop. *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.*

Cap. *Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in *Wales*, by Sefu, you cannot haue better vtterance, for welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat me, come throw a kisse at me, how is that?

Cap. By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee uatha*—Sbloud I know what kiffes be, afwel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropsheere cariers, you shal haue Welch enough in your pellites forty weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I should follow your colours into your Country how should I fare there?

Cap. Fare? by Sefu, O there is the most abominable feere? and wider filuer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessary pufines, and fairer houses and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cowheeles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be fet in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Bestow you Coach vpon me, & two young whlte Mares, and you shall see how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you? by all the leekes that are worne

on Saint Dauies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheeles, but also a white Mare and a stone horse too, because they shal traw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. *Exit.*

How now, more Tailors———*Meetes Phillip.*

Phi. How fir ; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then fir too, one day.

Phil. I hope fir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hobe so, fare-well *Sidanien.* *Exit.*

Leuer. Her's both money, and fuger.

Dot O sweete villaine, fet it vp,

Exit, and Enter presently.

Phil. Sfoot, what tame fuaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

Dol. A Captaine, a Captaine : but haft scap't the *Dunkerks* honest *Philip* ? *Philip* ryalls are not more welcome ; did thy father pay the shot ?

Phil. He pai'd that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pockets : harke wench : chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck.

Capers.

Chart. O rare mufick.

Leuer. Heauenly confort, better than old *Moones.*

Phil. But why ? why *Dol,* goe these two like Beadells in blew ? ha ?

Doll. Theres a morrall in that : flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs : O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, firra *Philip* has thy father any plate in's house.

Phil. Enough to fet vp a Gold-smithes shop.

Dol. Canst not borrow some of it ? wee shall haue guests to morrow or next day, and I wud serue

the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

Phil. I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee, and she might get the bird.

Dol. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As Ime vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

Phil. Say no more tis don.

Dol. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoote ide faine see the witty Monky becaufe thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or *Chartly*, shall like my Gentleman vsher goe to him, and say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some deuice about a maske or so: if he comes you shall stand in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my felfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

Phil. No, no.

Doll. Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him and his muse.

Omn. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

Doll. Ile fend then my vant-currer presently: in the meantime, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:

Looke how *Sabrina* funck ith' riuer *Seuerne*,
So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack *Tauerne*: —

Exeunt.

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, and *Mistresse* Maybery.

May. Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare thy felfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon* and *Judes* day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them extreemly welcome, though thou with their throats cut; 'tis in fashion.

Wife. O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turnd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greeneshield* as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his journey: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greeneshield* meanes to bring his Sister to your houle, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, thees some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

Wife. Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cockpits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-fides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant.

Bell. Right fir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull womans discredit.

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make up their mouthes with filuer, and after bee reuenged vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: and it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men should grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour rises already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new

acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

Wife. You are very welcome, I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen : Ile will the maide to couer, and returne presently.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth she leaue them ?

Exit.

May. O I know her stomack : shee is but retirde into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little : it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euery returne laught and bin as merry : & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not ?

Grace. I had a dellicate banquet once on that table.

May. In good time : but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber.

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cushins fet forth at your entertainment ?

Feth. Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tiffew Valance.

Feth. They are very rich ones.

May. God refuse me, they are lying Rascols, I haue no such furniture.

Green. I protest it was the strangest, and yet with all the happiest fortune that wee should meete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed such desolate actions : I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

May. No, do you want any money ? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

Feth. Alas good Gentleman ; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient *Romans* ?

Bel. You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap

can do, your citizens wiues are like Partridges, the hens are better then the cocks.

Feth. I beleeeue it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

Bell. Right.

Feth. For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most priuate she would blush extreamely.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

Feth. Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onfet.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentlemen infaith Sir : much like to this was her language.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome ; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels : and inuited you by letter to her lodging.

Fet. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring ; and twill quit all fuspition.

Exit.

Feth. Dost heare *Luke Greenshield* wil thy wife be here presently.

Green. I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides ; for if this cittisen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made ; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted ; wee le make more vse of him, the whoreson rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ostler : to fend her vp

at this time a yeare ; and by the carier to, twas but a iades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

Green. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes Inne, sheele be here, presently.

Enter Maybery.

May. Maister *Greensheild* your sifter is come ; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already. Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greensfield*, because your sifter is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Morefeilds where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your feuerall lodgings and Ioint commons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shal be prouided.

Feth. O God Sir.

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it : shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vsier to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris ; a thousand times,—and would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

Wif. Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpon my husband, he is much deceaued in you I take it : will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes presently.

Ex.

Fet. Welcome to London bonny mistris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did : he ran away from me like a base slaue as he was, out of *Yorke-shire*, and

pretended he would goe the Iland voiage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vsed so like an Infidel?

Fe. I think not, but if your husband knew of this he'd be deuorft.

Kat. Hee were an affe then, no wisemen should deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth in *England*, if it breake the first discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she should pure mettaile two yeare and flie to feueral peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flawes, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *London* doth he swagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetestreete, when their are nobody to part them.

Ka. I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellows about Doncaster, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feth. You like such kind of man-hood best Kate.

Kat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him stand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quartered at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

Fe. The discourse of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuengd on thy husbands forehead peece.

Ent. Bella & Maiß. Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner sir?

Kat. Wil you lead the way forsoth?

Wif. No fweete forsothe weelee follow you.

O Maister *Bellamont* : as euer you tooke pittie vpon the simplicitie of a poore abused gentlewoman : wil you tell me one thing.

Bell. Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully ?

Bell. As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

Wife. Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Bell. No vpon my life is she not.

Wife. O I cannot beleue it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes ? that haue abused him and me ; so intollerable : and will not suffer me to speake ; theres the hell ont not to suffer me to speake.

Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vsurer, that will vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be carelesse of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfeiture ; your ieaousie is Idle : say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a fweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from Ieaousie, from couituoufnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politicke yealding.

Bell. She maye doe it from crabbednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed—come to dinner.

Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncke.

Bell. Suspition workes more mischief growes more strong,
To seuer chaste beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SÆNA I.

Enter Doll, Chartly, Leuerpoole and Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poetically dad wilbe here presently ; take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation : looke scruily vpon him : sometimes be merrie and stand vpon thy pantoffles like a new elected scauinger.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his flauers foule before his Mistrife.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count : harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks ; thou shalt see mee make a a foole of a Poet, that hath made fue hundred fooles.

Leuer. Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

Doll. Is hee ? I should for the more state let him walke some two houres in an vtter roome : if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion ; but come enter him : Stay, when we are in priuate conference fend in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling fir God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had beene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes such a prating ?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer : you

haue an exlent throate for't : pox a the Poet is he not come yet ?

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy : I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worse I protest.

Bel. Tis not in fashon deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Dol. So fir : if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not smell of swetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verse a great deale fir, I haue heard much good of your wit maister Poet : you do many deuises for Cittizens wiues : I care not greatly because I haue a Citty Laundresse already, if I get a Citty Poet too : I haue such a deuise for you, and this it is.

Enter Tayler.

O welcome Tayler : do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discouer my deuice to you.

Bell. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiship.

Doll. No : I pray thee stay : I must haue you sweate for my deuice Maister Poet.

Phil. He sweats already beleeeue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there : what fashion will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

Tay. A shorth dutch waist with a round cathern-wheele fardingale : a close sleeue with a cartoofe colour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle sayst thou : I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are

in a kingdome of my credit : haft thou don Taylor?
now to difcouer my deuce fir : Ile drinck to you
fir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her
deuce before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poefies for a dozen
of cheefe trenchers.

Phil. O horrible !

Bel. In welch madam ?

Dol. Why in welch fir.

Bel. Becaufe you will haue them feru'd in with
your cheefe Ladie.

Dol. I will beftow them indeede vpon a welch
Captaine : one that loues cheefe better than venfon,
for if you fhould but get 3. or 4. Cheshire cheefes and
fet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make
more haft after them than after the beft kennell of
hounds in *England*; what think you of my de-
uice ?

Bel. Fore-god a very ftrange deuce and a cunning
one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You fhould be a kin to the *Bellamonts*, you
giue the fame Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may
be you and fome other Gentleman haue don for their
Armes.

Bel. Ha, the fame waight : the fame fafhion : I
had three neft of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at
the chrifting of my fonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your fonne is come to full age fir : and hath
tane poffeffion of the gift of his Godfather.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No fir, ile kill no Poet leaft his ghofte write
fatires againft me.

Bel. Whats fhe ? a good common welthes woman,
fhee was borne.

Phil. For her Country, and has borne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue ? what make I here ?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on : I keepe no worfe company than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vsery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheefe-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in : white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues : would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't.

Dol. Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay sir, I was told you would raile : but what doe you thinke of my deuice sir, nay : but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet : wut sup with me ? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weelee talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker ? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumfast calues and false perywigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vn lucky starre ! I must take my leaue of your worshippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant : I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you : O villanie ! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beefes and Calues : what a vertuous Citty would this bee then ! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheefe-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor ? good, good.

Exit.

Phil. How doest Doll ?

Doll. Scuruie, very scuruie.

Leuer. Where shalls suppe wench?

Doll. Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging and come when I fend for you, ô filthy roague that I am.

Phil. How! how, mistress *Dorothy*?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish flos: vds life, i'le make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly roague.

Om. We obserue your Ladiship.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, O ther's some scurvie thing or other breeding; how many feuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let blood when the signe is at the heart? should I fend him a letter with some Jewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that returne a woodcock pie to their clients, when they fend them a Bason and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? *Exit.*

Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.

Frog. Now *Squirill* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of?

Squi. I will discouer it, not as a Darby-there women discouers her great teeth, in laughter; but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind an Arras: and this it is, yong *Greenesheild* thy Maister with *Greenesheilds* sifter lie in my maisters garden-house here in More-fields.

Frog. Right, what of this?

Squir. Mary fir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime fure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but the rest.

Squir. I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow : and this it is, my mistris makes her husband believe that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, fondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon from Chamber to Chamber, opend her chests, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wakke & mist her, comming to question why she coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good ; forth.

Squir. I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that asloone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it.

Frog. Ist possible ?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honesty.

Squir. Hold ? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire : stand close I heare her coming.

Enter Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe : O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man,

or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone*. *Exit.*

Squir. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdlife, I would laugh if she were in Master *Fetherstones* Chamber, shee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cals?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

Squi. He will feel her I warrant you?

Gree. Haue you her fir?

Feth. Not yet fir, shee's here fir.

Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.

Green. So I faid euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her ficker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, *Kate*, *Kate*.

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a phesant.

Green. She talks in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it,

& eate halfe of it : and my colour went and came, and my stomack wambled : till I was ready to found, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went ; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Mistriffe.

Green. Why *Kate*, *Kate* ?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I ?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles : oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal have the Mother presently.

Gree. Hold downe her stomach good maister *Fetherstone*, while I fetch some. *Exit.*

Feth. Well dissembled *Kate*.

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischiuous fortune is this : weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes : that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well provide a Closet or Back-doore for him, as a Fether-bed.

Feth. Be my troth I pittie thy husband.

Kate. Pittie him, no man dares call him Cuckold ; for he weares Sattin : pittie him, he that will pull downe a mans figne, and set vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greenefield with a broken shin.

Green. I haue the worst luck ; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's shee maister *Fetherstone* :

Feth. Very ill sir, shees troubled with the moothe.

extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it rise.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Docters in towne can sell it ; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how doost wench ?

Kate. A little recouerd : alas I haue so troubled that Gentleman.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed : pray pardon me, waite you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

Squi. Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thanks for patience.

Green. Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch.

Exit.

Feth. Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me : Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chafe, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, wee lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently.

Exit.

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* looks. ffoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a

Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee instead of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladies Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Bellamont, in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand; his man after him with lights, Standish, and Paper.

Bel. Sirrah, Ile speake with none.

Seru. Not a plaier?

Bel. No, tho a sharer ball;

I'll speake with none, although it be the mouth
Of the big company; I'll speake with none: away.
Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can
in the wryting of a tragedy make *Cæsar* speake better
than euer his ambition could; when I write of *Pompey*,
I have *Pompey's* soul within me: and when I personate
a worthy Poet, I am then truly myself, a poore vnpre-
terd scholler.

Enter his Man hastily.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that speakes
not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake
with you, and wil speake with you.

Bell. Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuc-
kold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes some-
times are better Gentlemen than their Masters.

Enter the Captaine & and the Ser.

Is this he?—Seeke you me, fir.

Cap. I feek, fir, (god plesse) you for a Sentillman that talkes besides to himself when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam; and he's a Poet.

Bel. So, fir, it may bee you feeke mee, for Ime sometimes out a my wits.

Cap. You are a Poet, fir, are you.

Bel. I'me haunted with a Fury, fir.

Cap. Pray, Master Poet, shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil coniure your Fury: 'tis well lay you, fir. My desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

Bel. Are you a louer fir of the nine Muses.

Cap. Ow, by gad, out a cry.

Bel. Y'are, then, a scholler, fir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sefus colledge in Oxford, one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome. Ile borrow your Iudgement: looke you, fir, I'me writing a Tragedy, the Tragedy of Young *Astianax*.

Cap. *Styanax* Tragedy! is he liuing, can you tell? was not *Styanax* a *Monmouth* man?

Bel. O, no, fir, you mistake; he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

Cap. *Hector* was grannam to *Cadwallader*: when thee was great with child, God vdge me, there was one young *Styanax* of *Monmouthsheire* was a madder greek as any is in al *England*.

Bel. This was not he, assure yee. Looke you, fir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* court by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By God, your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy-enterlude poggy well.

Bel. It shall be, fir, at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans* and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the stage.

Cap. Ud's blood, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France*, now.

Bell. O, fir, no, they are two feuerall marriages. As I was faying, the ftage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, myfelf will ftand behind the Duke of *Biron*, or fome other cheefe minion or fo, who fhall, I they fhall take fome occafion, about the mufick of the fourth Act, to ftap to the *French* King, and fay, *Sire voyla, il eft uotre trefhumble feruiteur, le plu fage è diuine efprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus, poynting at me, or, Yon is the learned old *English* Gentleman, Mafter *Bellamont*, a very wor-thie man to bee one of your priuy Chamber or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you fure Duke Pepper-noone wil giue you fuch good vrds, behind your back to your face.

Bel. O I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there : but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the defcription of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You fhall heare : fufpition is the Mynion of great hearts,
no : I will not begin there : Imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Capt. As it might bee *Sampfon* or fo, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Counttriman.

Bel. Right fir, thus I exprefse it in yong *Affianax*.
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,
Longing to fee, that which their thoughts abhord,
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

Cap. Could the little horfe that ambled on the top of Paules, cary all the people ; els how could they ride on the roofes !

Bel. O fir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
 Rod on their owne roofes,
 Making all Neighboring houses tilde with men ;
 tilde with men ! ist not good.

Cap. By Sefu, and it were tilde all with naked
 Imen twere better.

Bel. You shall heare no more ; pick your eares,
 they are fowle fir, what are you fir pray ?

Cap. A Captaine fir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

Bel. *Mars*, *Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo* ! a Cap-
 taine ! then I pardon you fir, and Captaine what wud
 you presse me for ?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I
 am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections,
 and naturall desires.

Bel. An Acrostick were good vpon her name me
 thinkes.

Cap. Croffe sticks : I wud not be too croffe
 Maister Poet : yet if it bee best to bring her name
 in question, her name is mistris *Dorothy Hornet*.

Bel. The very consumption that wafts my Sonne,
 and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee : doe you
 loue this Mistris *Dorothy* ?

Cap. Loue her ! there is no Captaines wife in
England, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet
 Ime fure Captaines wiues, haue their pellies full of
 good mens loues.

Be. And does she loue you ? has there past any
 great matter betweene you ?

Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and
 a horse and his wife are gon too and fro betweene
 vs.

Bel. Is shee ? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell
 trueth, is she honest ?

Cap. Honest ? god vdge me, shee's as honest,
 as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and
 lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile shew you why I

aske, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are past, yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day.

Enter a Seruant and Whispers.

Cap. Tis for some loue-song to fend to me, I hold my life.

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now.

Exit Seru.

Bel. The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick, and intreates me to visit her: Captaine, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall heare the peece of a Commedy: she comes, she comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my *Lucresies* water too in hugger muggers: if he do, *Styanax* Tragedy was neuer so horrible bloudy-minded, as his Commedy shalbe,—*Tawfons* Captaine *Jenkins*.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Now, master Poet, I sent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your Ladiships call.

Doll. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in one manner; you have conjur'd up a sweete spirit in mee, haue you not, Rimer?

Bell. Why, *Medea*! what spirit! wud I were a young man for thy sake.

Doll. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no hurt: now thou doest.

Bell. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodesty in mee to be seene in thy company; but to have snow in the lap of Iune, vile, vile! yet come; garlick has a white head and a greene stalke, then why should not I? lets bee merry: what saies the deuill to al the world? for Ime sure thou art carnally possesst with him.

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy cariers foote.

Bell. A filthy shooe, but a fine foote : I stand not upon my foote I.

Cap. What stands he upon then ? with a pox, god blefs us ?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe ! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body !—not worth begging by a Barber-furgeon.

Bell. Very good, you draw me and quarter me : fates keepe me from hanging.

Doll. And which most turnes up a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man ; thou hast gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue : what doe I see then in that withered face of thine ?

Bell. Wrinkles ; grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes, grieve : old fellow thou hast bewitch me ; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vdsblood ! I did never see a white flea before I will cling you ?

Doll. I was borne fure, in the dog-dayes, Ime so unluky ; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony, cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now befotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man ; and, as if I were a baud, no ring pleases me but a deaths head,

Cap. *Sesu, are Imen so arsy-varfy.*

Bell. Mad for me ? why, if the worme of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, dost thinke Ide crawl upon thee ; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer ?

Doll. I confesse it.

Cap. Doe you ? are you a towne cowe, and confesse you beare calues ?

Doll. I confesse I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

Cap. A pogs a your stable-room ; is your Inne a bawdy-house now ?

Doll. I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon, and thou art he,) I confesse that old stinking Surgeon like thyselfe whom I call father, that *Hornet*, neuer sweate for me ; Ime none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor*.

Doll. Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes withall, I power all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be cleane : shun me not, loath me not, mocke me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice : You, mistris *Salamanders*, that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen ; and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders, and to the tiuell and his tame to.

Doll. Fiend, art thou raised to torment me ?

Bell. She loves you, Captain, honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman, or cilde, by his eares, that saies a common drab can love a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell.—I farge you in *Apollos* name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggie her, by and by, Sbloud, I was neuer Cozened with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries.

Exit.

Bell. My dores are open for thee : be gon : woman !

Doll. This goates-peezele of thine—

Bell. Away I love no such implements in my house.

Doll. Doeft not ? am I but an implement ? by all

the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (and thats a great oth), for this trick, other manner of women than myselfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee ; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.*

Enter Seruant.

Bell. Is this my poetical fury : how now, fir !

Serv. Master *Maybery* and his wife fir i'th next roome.

Bell. What are they doing fir ?

Serv. Nothing, fir, that I see ; but only wud speake with you.

Bell. Enter 'em : this house will be too hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shifte myselfe for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old daies !

Enter Maybery booted, his Wife with him.

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee, old Poet : thou shalt write vpon't, Poet.

Bell. Nay, I will write vpon't, ift bee a Commedie, for I have beene at a most villanous female Tragedie : come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man give you the bootes presently : the plot lies in *Ware*, my white Poet.—Wife thou and I this night will have mad sport in *Ware* ; marke me well, Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure, fir.

May. Nay, it shal be at your pleasure, Wife.—Looke you, fir, looke you : *Fetherstones* boy, like an honest crack-halter, layd open all to one of my prentices ; (for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.)

Bell. Very good : to the plot.

May. *Fetherstone*, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades *Greenshield* to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange ! through the body !

May. Ay, man, to take phisick : he does so, he's put to his purgation ; then, sir, what does me *Fetherstone* but counterfits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greenshield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certain vncle, where *Greenshield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife ! is *Greenshield* married ? I haue heard him sweare he was a bachiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel-Gentlewoman is that In-keepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

Bell. Hath she the entertainement of her forefathers ? wil she keepe all commers company ?

May. She helps to passe away stale Capons, sower wine, and musty prouander : but to the purpose, this traine was laid by the baggage herself, and *Fetherstone*, who it seems makes her husband a vnicone, and to giue fire to't, *Greensheild*, like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild chace*.

May. No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, *Fetherstone* and my Lady *Greensheild* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In *Ware* !

May. In durty *Ware* : I forget my felse wife, on with your ryding suite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur cut and away.

Wife. Well fir.

Exit.

Bell. Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why fend you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary *Poet*: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greensheild* in his Chamber, and as tho my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thump'd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Eggs and Muscadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

Bel. It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weelee haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

May. I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your forces.

Bel. Like a *Hollander* against a *Dunkirke*.

May. March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne,
They giue hornes and at last, hornes are their owne.

Exit.

Enter Captaine Ienkins, and Allom.

Allo. Set the best of your little diminitue legges before, and ride post I pray.

Allo. Is it possible that mistris *Doll* should bee so bad?

Cap. Possible ! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a foldier to beg, and thats horrible easie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all so grossly.

Cap. Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horses in fise hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets* ; Shee made a starke Assé of my Coach-horse, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has sent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marfe prauely in and out, and packe againe vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weelee draw all our arrowes of reunge vp to the head but weelee hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrfe weapons as arrewes vp to the head, lug you it shal be warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells ! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and fell em to Capten *Ienkins*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weelee flie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs : will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my fide, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten : you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her ; if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. *O mon du ! u dguin !* follow your leader, *Ienken* shal cut, and Slice, as worfe as they : come I

scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but
open warres. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip,
Leuerpoole, Chartley: all booted.*

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe
vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha? *Phillip!* are they
thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlemen that
youle fill our comfort I ho feene your faces me thinkes
before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both. May be so Sir.

Bell. Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to
horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our
Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out
among you all, because wee be fure to be merry.

Omn. What ist?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid
ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what
say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against
another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon
him, and is most gald, betweene our riding forth
and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole
iourney.

Omn. Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe
at *Ware* I belieue.

May. Peace.

Green. Ist a bargin.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bel. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-
gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and
wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what
place is this?

May. Bedlam ist not?

Bell. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you : come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes : this is the doore.

Enter Full-moone.

May. Saue you fir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em ?

Full. Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name fir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone*.

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone* : and what mad-caps haue you in your house.

Enter the Phisition.

Ful. Diuerse.

May. Gods so, fee, fee, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake ?

Ful. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfe.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then ?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare : a pritty well-fauoured little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.

Bel. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*.

Full. Yes and you will ; I must looke about for
I haue vnruely tenants. *Exit.*

Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend ?

Gree. Is this he has al manner of languages, yet
speakes none.

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you send for
some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer
since the last great raine that fell.

Bell. No thats a lie.

Baud. Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir
Andrew. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,
not an inch broad at the heele and yet thus high : I
sfornd, I can tell you, to be druncke with rain-water
then, fir, in those golden and siluer dayes ; I had sweet
bits then, fir *Andrew*. How doe you, good brother
Timothy ?

Bell. You haue been in much trouble since that
voyage.

Baud. Neuer in bridewell, I proteft, as I'm a vir-
gin, for I could neuer abide that bridewell, I proteft,
I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and
carried it to a docters.

Phil. In a basket ?

Baud. Yes, fir : you arrant foole there was a vrinall
in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The doctore told me I was with child. How
many Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and
others, promised me to be godfathers to that child !
'twas not God's will : the prentifes made a riot vpon
my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following, and
I miscarried.

Omn. O do not weep !

Baud. I ha' cause to weep : I trust gintlewomen
their diet sometimes a fortnight : lend gentlemen hol-
land shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis ; and no
restitution, and no restitution. But Ile take a new
order : I will haue but six stewed prunes in a dish, and

some of Mother Wall's cakes ; for my best customers are taylors.

Omn. Taylors ! ha, ha !

Baud. I taylors : giue me your London prentice ; your country gentlemen are growne too politicke.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are ?

Baud. Foh ! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get vp to London, and, like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha spent all ; and when my squib is out, what says his punk ? foh, he flinks.

Enter the musition.

Methought, this other night I saw a pretty fight,
Which pleased me much.

A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch :

I fold her maidenhead once, and I fold her
maidenhead twice,

And I fold it last to an alderman of *York* :
And then I had fold it thrice.

Mus. You sing scruily.

Baud. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for Ile go
sleepe my old sleepes. *Exit.*

Bell. What are you a-doing, my friend.

Mus. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking ?

Mus. A Gentleman-like quality.

Bell. This fellow is some what prouder and fulliner
then the other.

May. Oh ; so be most of your musitions.

Mus. Are my teeth rotten ?

Omn. No, sir.

Mus. Then I am no comfit-maker nor vintner

I do not get wenches in my drinke.—Are you a musition ?

Bell. Yes.

Mus. Wele be sworn brothers, then, looke you, sweet rogue.

Green. Gods so, now I think vpon't, a iest is crept into my head : steale away, if you loue me.

Exeunt : musition sings.

Musi. Was euer any marchants baud set better I set it : walke Ime a cold, this white sattin is too thin vnles it be cut, for then the Sunne enters : can you speake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Musi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out of you ; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March.

Bell. Come on.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Greeneshilde, Philip, Full-moone, Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

Gree. Good Maister *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest : your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wifely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericration's perisht.

Ful. Where is he pray ?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time.

Char. Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth : you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now.

Ful. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you fir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay fir, he must haue no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you fir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdieft fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus.

Om. Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bell. *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome:* oh, whether thrunked you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Om. Wee haue bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what sayes he and his prick-song?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Om. In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away firra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench firra, doe you?

Bell. What wench ? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds ? let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

Bell. Maister *Maibery*, *Philip*, maister *Maibery*, vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bell. I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head : to gull me : I smell it now : why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me loose ; for Ime not mad ; Ime not mad by Iesu.

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Bel. Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that, answer me to this question : loose his armes a little, looke you sir, three Geese nine pence ; every Goose three pence, whats that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bel. Sfoot do you bring your Geese for me to cut vp. *strike him soundly, and kick him.*

Enter all.

Omn. Hold, hold, bind him maister *Full-moone*.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recouer them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take.

Ma. It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*, old *Iack Bellamont* : and, Maister *Full-i'-the-moon*, our warrant discharges him.—Poet, wele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, and backe againe, I feare, to thy cost.

Bell. If you do, I must bear you,—Thank you, Maister *Greenshield* ; I will not die in your debt.—Farewell, you mad rascalls.—To horse, come.—'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall

laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile ; but by Gad, 'tis nothing, for your best Poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, good-man *Full-moone*.

Full. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

Exit.

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad.—Horfe your felues now, if you be men.

May. Hee gallop must that after women rides, Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong inn, and withal possesse *Greenshield* that my wife is not in town ? when my project shas, that I would haue brought him vp into the chamber where young *Fetherstone* and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should haue recoiled into his own bosome.

Bell. O, it will fall out farre better : you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neat and vnexpected conueyance. He hath been all vp and downe the towne to enquire for a Londoners wife : none such is to be found, for I haue mewd your wife vp already. Marry, he hears of a *Yorkshire* gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity *Ware* affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to *Puckridge*, fīue mile further ; for, faith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse then theeues' intelligencers, they'll neuer put foot out of stirrop ; either at *Puckridge* or *Wades-Mill*, faith he, you shall find them ; and because our horfes are weary, he's gone to take vp post-horfe. My counsel is only this, —when he comes in, feign your selfe very melancholy, sweare you will ride no further ; and this is your part

of the comedy : the sequel of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and vnexpected.

Enter Greenfield.

May. Enough, I ha't.

Bell. He comes.

Green. Come, gallants, the post-horfe are ready ; 'tis but a quarter of an hours riding ; wee le ferret them and fir k them, in-faith.

Bell. Are they growne politick ? when do you see honesty couet corners, or a gentleman thats no thief lie in the inn of a carrier ?

May. Nothing hath vndone my wife but too much riding.

Bell. She was a pritty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wiues do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder then your ruby, harder then your diamond, and so from stone to stone in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

Green. Come, will you to horfe, fir ?

May. No, let her go to the deuil, and she will : Ile not stir a foot further.

Green. Gods precious, ist come to this ?—Perfuade him, as you are a gentleman : there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—If you had rode out 5 mile forward, he had found the fatal house of *Brainford* northward ; O hone, hone, hone, o nonero !

Bell. You are merry, fir.

Green. Like your citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts when I am a horseback.

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

Green. Good, in faith.—Will you to horfe ?

May. Ile ride no further.

Green. Then Ile discharge the postmaster.—Wast not a pretty wit of mine, maister poet, to haue had him rod into *Puckridge* with a horn before him? ha, wast not?

Bell. Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

Bel. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

Green. Why so he would in his foole.

Bell. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melancholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench. When your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids, warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him command ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane fir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gre. But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the house.

Bil. At the next Inne there lodged to night——

Gre. Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

Bel. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gre. No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be merry.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentleman? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlcner in towne heere: & now I thinke on't there are a company of country plaiers, that are to come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard: if I do not bring her, . . . wilbe wondrous merry.

Bel. About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be comming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old *Maiberry* merry: that any man should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore snail, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores least his hornes vsber him. *Exit.*

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Asses: excellent hee rides poste with a halter about his neck.

May. How now wilt take?

Bel. Beyond expectation: I haue perswaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bel. She hath beene maskt euer since she came into the Inne, for feare of discouery.

May. Then sheele know him.

Bel. For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my lasie inuention, for he hath disguisd himselfe like a Fawkner, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-side of a Gentleman.

May. Young *Fetherstone* will know him?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not returne this halfe houre.

May. Excellent if she would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life sheele come: when she

enters remember some of your young bloud, talke as some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, least it betray the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I fo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the credit of *Milke-streete*. Is my wife acquainted with this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu, I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fils some more Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life in *Rhenish*, with the reuerfion in Sugar.

Bell. Excellent.

May. It were not amisse if we were dancing.

Bell. Out vpon't, I shall neuer do it.

Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse Greensheild.

Green. Out of mine nostrils tapster, thou smeltst like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon and Iude*, of drinke most horribly, off with thy maske sweete sinner of the North: these maskes are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outsides to lousy linings.

Kate. O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will not open a whole peece to his best customer: he that buys a woman must take her as she falls. Ile vnmask my hand; heres the fample.

Green. Goe to, then, old Poet. I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the straights; she knows her burden yonder.

Bell. Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman ; and obserue him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty ; but a leane spare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife and a young performance ; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-Countries, or a *Yorkshire* attorney in good contentious practice, some angel, —no, the proportion of your welthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her everything. Youle say, your young gentleman is your only seruice, that lies before you like a calues head, with his braines some halfe yeard from him : but, I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery, but also of wenches : whereas your conscionable greybeard of Farrington-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age : and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false waights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her.

Green. O, well bould *Tom* () we haue prefdents for't.

Kate. But I haue a husband fir.

Bell. You haue ? If the knaue thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid vp in the Counter or Ludgate ; so it shall bee conscience in you old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the horne and maintain thee.

Green. O, well bould, *Tom* () we haue prefdents for't.

Kate. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your bearth and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

Bell. O, you are a wag.

May. You are very welcome.

Green. He is tane ; excellent, excellent ! theres one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help ones friend to a wench ?

Bell. No more than at my lords entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting-woman. If he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuerfion of some monopoly, or a new fute of fatin, to haue done this, happily your fatin would haue smelt of the pander : but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward : and what is done without any reward, come like wounds to a foldier, very honourably notwithstanding.

May. This is my breeding, gentlewoman : and whether trauel you ?

Kate. To London, fir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune, lady ?

Kate. O, pardon me, fir ; Ile haue some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they fauour she-fooles more than citizens.

May. Are you married ?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrifon i' the Low-Countries, is his colonels bawd, and his captain's iester : he sent me word ouer that he will thriue, for though his apparel lie i' the Lombard, he keeps his conscience i' the muster-book.

May. He may doe his country good seruice, lady.

Kate. I as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese faued the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

May. No.

Kate. No, fir ; and yet may be at years end would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the folicitor of his law-suits.—Whofe this, I beseech you ?

Enter Mistrefs Mayberry, her hair loose, with the Hostice.

Host. I pray you, forfooth, be patient.

Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistrefs Mayberry.

Exeunt Fiddlers.

Green. Now will thee put some notable trick, vpon her cuckoldly husband.

May. Why, how now, wife! what means this? ha?

Mist. May. Well, I am very well. O my vnfortunate parents would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

Ma. O wife, be patient! I haue more cause to raile wife.

Mist. May. You haue, proue it, proue it: wheres the Courtier, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonour: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my blood: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at *Ware*, O god O god.

Be. Prettily well diffembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blame fir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, dost thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inueagle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and vfde me like an hostice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a stranger.

Kate. Ile leaue you fir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may discover them, you remember *Fetherstone Greensheild*.

Mist. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coging, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentle-

men, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the feller beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of fuckket looke you behold the parenthesis.

Hof. Nay Ile see your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty.

Gree. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more fodllid then horne, into Marble.

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a fouldier.

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady that wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day,
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your finging.

Bel. Nay looke you fir, the must sing because weelee be merry, what though you rod not fiue mile forward, you haue found that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward. O hone, ho ho na ne ro.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith segges with you to night wild-duckke.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be faued; but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roi-stone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first floopt, my phesant

is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you fir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him ; ha : waft not ;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keeps his houle, you know tis not as a Gentleman keeps his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, leaft his hornes should vsfer him.

Green. Very good *Fetherflone* he comes.

Enter Fetherflone.

Feth. Luke *Greeneshield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet : *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vdlife how came you heather, by my life the man looks pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruingman, to feede upon your reuerfion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary fir & in this she is like a London ordinary : her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no means.

Green. No, vdlife, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confession firra.

Green. 'Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a gentleman.

Feth. A gentleman ! thou a gentleman ! thou art a taylor.

Bell. Ware preaching.

Feth. No, firrah, if you will confes ought, tell how thou hast wronged that vertuous gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeare together, to make her

dishonest; how thou wouldst send me thither with letters; how dully thou wouldst watch the citizens'-wives' vacation, which is twice a-day. namely the Exchange-time, twelve at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple virtue consented; how thou tookest her wedding-ring from her; met these two gentlemen at *Ware*; fained a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains,—what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since received by our intolerable lye, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest.

May. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

Bell. Sir you are an honest man: I have known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer; give me your hand, sir.

Kate. O filthy abominable husband, did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

Mist. May. Speak sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

Green. You are honest; very virtuously honest.

Mist. May. I will, then, no longer be a loose woman: I have at my husbands pleasure tane upon me this habit of jealousy. I'me sorry for you; virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

Bell. How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens houses, as the *Spaniard* first sailed to the *Indies*: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patience when you met him at *Ware* and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have pandered your own wife

to this gentleman; better men haue done it, honest *Tom* (), we haue presidents for't. Hie you to *London*. What is more catholick i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgiue the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course, but to intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tauern, where you may swallow down some fifty wiseacres, sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yeolkes with muscadine to bedward.

Kate. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse?

Bell. And no disparagement; for a woman to haue a high forehead, a quicke eare, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely.

Kate. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir?

Bell. No, lady.

Kate. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you?

Bell. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon: I therefore recant the rifling. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of peeriwip-making: let your wife fet vp i'the Strand; and yet I doubt whither she may or no, for they say the women haue got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a coming-in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

Feth. Now you haue run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest: and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

Kate. I'll be diuorced, by this Christian element: and because thou thinkest thou art a Cockold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an vntruth, I'll make thee a Cockold.

Bell. Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go, sweet ; the Nag I ride upon bears double : weelee to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbs, fir.

Kate. Bite his thumb !

I'll make him do a thing worfe than this :

Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What, *Kate* !

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O, the clean contrary way.

Feth. O lusty *Kate*. *Exeunt.*

May. Methought he said even now you were a taylor.

Green. You shall hear more of that hereafter : I'll make *Ware* and him stink ere he goes : if I be a taylor, the rogues naked weapon shall not fright me ; I'll beat him and my wife both out a the towne with a taylor's yard. *Exit.*

May. O valiant Sir *Tristram*—Room there !

Enter Philip, Leuerpool, and Chartly.

Phi. News, father, most strange news out of the Low-Countries : your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheefe-trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlemen's father with her.

Bell. Let the gates of our inn be locked up closer than a nobleman's gates at dinner-time.

Omn. Why, fir, why ?

Bell. If she enter here, the house will be infected : the plague is not halfe so dangerous as a she-hornet.—*Philip*, this is your shuffling a the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at *Ware*.

Phi. No, as I me vertuous, fir : ask the two gentlemen.

Leuer. No, in troth, fir. She told vs, that, inquiring at *London* for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to *Ware*.

Bell. I wud *Ware* might choke em both.—Maister *Maybery*, my horse and I will take our leaves of you : Ile to Bedlam again rather than stay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope *Foan*. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf-eater?

Bell. For a sprite o'the buttry, that shall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched.—hit, I beseech thee ! so, come ?—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting ?

Omn. With brown bills, if you think good.

Bell. What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into *Fetherstones* bosom, and marry 'em together ?

Omn. Fuh ! 'tis impossible.

Bell. Most possible. Ile to my trencher-woman ; let me alone for dealing with her : *Fetherstone*, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

Omn. How, how ?

Bell. Thus. I will close with this country pedler, Mistris *Dorothy*, that trauels vp and down to exchange pins for conyskins, very louingly ; she shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words ; whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play vpon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great heir (naming *Fetherstone*) spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in loue with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in *Ware* ; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture vpon a woman,—

May. City and fuburbs can justify it : so, fir.

Bell. He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wenches stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not. *Greenshield* shall haue a hand in it

too ; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any means ? else you undo him and her.

May. He has land between *Foolham* and *London* : he would haue made it ouer to me.—To your charge, poet : giue you the assault vpon her ; and send but *Fetherstone* to me, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. He's not yet horsed, sure.—*Philip*, go thy ways, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. He's blowne vp already. *Exit.*

Bell. Gentlemen, youle stick to the deuice, and look to your plot ?

Omn. Most poetically : away to your quarter.

Bell. I march : I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here : Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did : leape but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Assè Ile be sworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake ? how ?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you sir, it hangs out at this signe : you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten : looke you sir, there is as pretty a little Pinna, struck faile hereby, and come in lately ; shee's my kinse-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand ; her hopes if her Grannam dye without issue, better.

Feth. Very good sir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a

Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaide with mee, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

Feth. Is she young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant sixteene hath scarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is she? if I like her perfonage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her perfonage, Ile stand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilst 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with these Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here shall runne for a Priest, and dispatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

May. Assure your soule shee will be followed; away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and swallowed horse and man: hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phisick.—how now?

Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and others booted.

Capt. God plesse you; is there not an arrant scuruy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

May. How so? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

Capt. The Trab will driue you (if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* fir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he? *tawfone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister *Sustice* of this shire, to shew no pittie nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why fir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you fir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll betweene them, Greeneshield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip, Leuerpoole, and Chartley.

May. Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you doe? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Cap. Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. **Daw bro, and you make me de**

gheck, de groet foole, you heb mine gelt to : war is it ?

Doll. Out, you base scums ! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes ?

Feth. Is this your three-thousand-pound ward ? ye told me, fir, she was your kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine aunts.

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads ?

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to *London* now ? The woodcocks i'th springe.

Kate. O, forgive me, dear husband ! I will neuer loue a man that is worse than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a course in your park ?

Feth. He may, fir.

Doll. Neuer, I protest : I will be as true to thee as *Ware* and *Wade's-Mill* are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion, its better to shoot in a bowe that has been shot in before, and will neuer start, then to draw a fair new one, that for euery arrow will be warping.—Come wench, we are joind, and all the dogs in *France* shall not part us.—I haue some lands : those Ile turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.—Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime fure thou hast paid me.

Omn. God giue you ioy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be fure shee shall not walke in her sleepe ; a noyse of Musitians Chamberlaine.

*This night lets banquet freely : come, wee dare,
Our wiues to combate ith' greate bed in Ware.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE
F A M O V S

History of Sir Tho-
mas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary,
and the coming in of King
Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maiesties
Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Dickers,*
And *Iohn Webster.*



LONDON

Printed by E. A. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be
folde at his shop in the Popes-head Pallace,
nere the Royall Exchange.

1607.

[There is a later edition of this play with the following title: *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt &c. Written by Thomas Deckers, and Iohn Webster. London Printed for Thomas Archer &c. 1612.* The differences in the text are few and unimportant.]

Tut, wee stand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Suff. Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Nor. Sir Thomas booted and spur'd, whether away
so fast?

Wyat. It bootes me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion beares such sway.
Gods will, a Court! 'Tis chang'd
Since Noble Henries daies.

You haue fet your handes vnto a will.

A will you well may call it :

So wils Northumberland :

So wils *Suffolke*,

Against Gods will, to wrong those Princely Maides.

Nor. Will you not subscribe your hand with other
of the Lords?

Not with me, that in my handes,

Surprise the Soueraigntie.

Wyat. Ile damb'd my soule for no man, no for no
man,

Who at doomes day must answere for my sinne :

Not you, nor you my Lordes,

Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,

Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues so sharp,

To carue your meate,

That they will cut your fingars.

The strength is weakenesse that you builde vpon,

The King is sicke, God mend him, I, God mend
him :

But where his soule from his pale body free,

Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me.

Exit Wyatt.

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.

The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a sting,

And all the Counsell : onely this peruerse

And peeuisſh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand
To the inueſting of your princely Daughter.
Hee's idle and wants power.
Our Ocean ſhall theſe petty brookes deuoure,
Heere comes his Highneſſe Doct̃or.

Enter Doct̃or.

Suff. How fares his Highneſſe ?

Doct̃. His body is paſt helpe.

We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his foule.

Aru. Paſt phiſickes helpe, why then paſt hope of
life,

Heere comes his Highneſſe Preacher :
Life reverent man.

Enter Preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe diſ-
ſeuer,

Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.

Nor. Dead ! ſend for Heralds, call me Purſe-
uants,

Wher's the King at armes ? in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene *Iane*.

Suff. Beſt to take the opinion of the Counſell,

Nort. You are too timorous. We in our ſelues

Are power ſufficient : the King being dead.

This hand ſhall place the crowne on Queene *Ianes*
head.

Trumpets and Drums, with your notes reſound,

Her royal name, that muſt in ſtate be crown'd.

Exeunt Om.

Enter Guilford and Fane.

Guil. Our Couſen King is dead.

Fan. Alaffe, how ſmall an Vrne containes a King ?

He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to stoope now to the stroake of death.
Heard you not the proclamation ?

Gui. I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious
And would force vs faile in mightie tempests,
And are not Lordes of what they doe possesse.
Are not thy thoughts as great ?

Fan. I haue no thoughts so ranke, so growne to
head,
As are our Fathers pride.
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And so my paine be prosperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or fairest roofe of honour.

Gui. See how thy blood keepes course with mine :
Thou must be a Queene, aye me ! a Queene,
The flattering belles that shrilly sound
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne :
For indeed thou wouldst prooue but an Vsurper.

Fan. Who would weare fetters though they were
all of golde ?
Or to be ficke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou must assume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearse.
Were this rightly scand,
Wee scarce should finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maiestie of England.

Fan. To whome my Lord bends this your aue.

Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,

You are by the Kings will, and the consent
Of all the Lords, chosen for our Queene.

Fan. O God ! me thinkes you sing my death,
In parts of musickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to rife.

*Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purse and the
Mace, with others.*

Nor. The voice of the whole Land speakes in my
tongue
It is concluded your Maiestie must ride,
From hence vnto the Tower : there to stay
Vntill your Coronation.

Fan. O God !

Suff. Why fighes your Maiestie ?

Fan. My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King ?

Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace.

Fan. Would I might still continue of his lyne,
Not trauell in the cloudes.

It is often seene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaues off ere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what must we goe ?

Gui. We must.

Fan. Then it must be so.

Nor. Set forward then.

*A dead march, and passe round the stage, and
Guilford speakes.*

The Towre will be a place of ample state,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens sculs,
Remember vs of frailty.

Gui. We are led with pompe to prifon,
O propheticke soule.
Lo we ascend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall
Pompe descending to their graves. But we must on.

How can we fare well, to keep our Court :
Where Prisoners keepe their caue ?

A florish. Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand,
like a Nun.*

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe
borne,
Deſcended from the Royall Henries loynes :
Liue I inuironed in a houſe of ſtone,
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,
I in a manſion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting :
Their ſeueral pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I haue forſaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droſſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.
This little volume incloſed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningsfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.

Mar. Queene ! may it be ?
Or ieſt you at my lowring miſerie.

Ben. Your Brother King is dead,
And you the catholicke Queene muſt now ſuccede.

Mar. I ſee my God at length hath heard my
prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter ſir Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. Health to the Lady Mary.

Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas ?

Wia. Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumberland

Who in your steede hath Crown'd another.

Mar. another Queene, Sir Thomas wee aliue,
The true immediate heires of our dread Father ?

Wia. Nothing more true then that :

Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leaue this Cloyster and be seene abroad,
Your verie fight will stirre the peoples hearts,
and make them cheerely, for Queene Marie crie.
One comfort I can tell you : the tenants of the
Dukes Northumberland and Suffolke denide their
ayde,

In these unlawful armes :

To all the Counsell I denide my hand,
And for King Henries Issue still will stand.

Mary. Your Counsel, good sir Thomas, is so
pithy
That I am woon so like it.

Wia. Come let vs streight from hence,
From Framingham ;
Cheere your spirits.
Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them
all :

Prosper me God in these affaires,
I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.

Nor. wher's Captaine Bret ?

Bre. Heere my Lord.

Suff. Are all our numbers full !

Bre. They are my Lord.

Suff. See them arain'd, I will set forward streight.

Nor. Honorable friends, and natiue peeres,
That haue chofen me to be the leader of these martiall

troopes, to march againſt the ſiſter
 Of our late dead Soueraigne.
 Beare witneſſe of my much vnwillingeſſe,
 In furthering theſe attempſ
 I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories
 Againſt the French and Spaniard,
 Whoſe high pride we leueld with the waues of brittiſh
 ſhore

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood,
 Till all the Harbor ſeem'd a fanguine poole :
 Or we deſire theſe armes, we are now to warre
 Gainſt the perfidious northern enemy,
 Who trembling at our firſt ſhocke voice and fight,
 Like cowards turn'd their backs with ſhamefull flight
 But thoſe rich ſpoiles are paſt : we are now to goe,
 Being natiue friends, againſt a natiue foe.
 In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,
 She hath ſeiſure of the Tower,
 If you be confident, as you haue ſworne
 Your ſelues true liege men to her highneſſe
 She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate
 The leaſt of your deſertes. Farwell
 My teares into your boſomes fall,
 With one imbrace I doe include you all.

Aru. My Lord, moſt lou'd with what a mourning
 heart

I take your farwell, let the after ſignes
 Of my imployment witneſſe. I proteſt
 Did not the ſacred perſon of my Queene ;
 Whoſe weale I tender as my ſoules cheefe bliſſe,
 Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it ſhame
 To traile a pike where you were generall.
 But wiſhes are in vaine, I am bound to ſtay,
 And vrgent buſineſſe calls your grace away.
 See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,
 And ſleep my wordes with teares.

Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.
 Once more farwell.

Arun. Heauens giue your grace ſucceſſe.

Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sonne,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.

Bre. Come my Lords, shall vs march.

Exit. Northumb.

Nor. I, I, for Gods sake on.

Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treafurer and Porter.

Tre. What ho Porter ! open the gate.

Por. I befeech your honour to pardon me,
The Counsell hath giuen strict commaund
Not any shall passe this way.

Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vppon
the Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and
know you not that I am Treafurer? come open the
Gate, you doe you know not what.

Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your
word,
The Dukes displeasure: all the Counsell boord
Besides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.

Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from
death.
Is my Horfe ready?

Por. It is my Lord.

Tre. Then will I flie this fearefull Counsell boord.

Exit Tre.

Por. My heart misgiues me, I haue done amisse,
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number
Nothing can prooue amisse.
Now shall I know the worst.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Porter, Did the Lord Treafurer passe this
way?

Por. But now my gracious Lord.

Arun. Vngratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe.

If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force :
And heare you firra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior
and some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some
especiall Cittizens of note, to attend our further
pleasures presently. The Treasurer fled : the Duke is
but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to crosse
their plots : wee le fet strong watches, see Gates and
walles well mand :

Tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is these strange turmoiles wifest violence.

*Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords: the
Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.*

Arun. Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be
such,
That hath no colour in these troublous times,
But an apparant purpose of reuolt,
From the decest Kings will, and our decree,
Yet, for you are a Counsellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to iudge,
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.

Tre. My Lord, the businesse of these troublous
times,
Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common
weale :

Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our
own

The generall weale is treasur'd in your brest,
And all my ablest powers haue bin imployed
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouersight in parting without leaue :
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In these nice times should vnto faction clime.

Aru. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,
Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen consent
To Lady Ianes election?

Tre. My Lords I am not.

Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not discontent?

Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleas'd,
That two such princely Maides lineally descended
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Issules,
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer desired
The rule of Soueraignetie,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.

Arun. You haue said nobly, sit and take your place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues accesse
vnto your honours.

Arun. Let him come neare.

Enter Wyat.

Por. Rouse for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. A diuine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde
The true Legitimate, Mary your vndoubted soue-
raigne.

Arun. Arise, fir Thomas, sit and take your place.
Now to our former businesse :

The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceased late Kings will and our decree,
His coufen Iane, and the two absent Dukes
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Issue.

We haue sworn in prefence of the sacred host of
heauen

Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
 That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
 From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.
 To this end we haue ceased her in the tower,
 By publike proclamation made her Queene :
 To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power
 Giuen them commiffion vnder our owne handes
 To paffe againft the Lady. You performe in hostile
 maner

And no doubt, the spleene of the vndanted fpirit
 Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
 With writings of repeale.
 Aduice in this, I holde it better farre
 To keepe the courfe we runne then seeking change,
 Hazard our liues, our heires, and the Realmes.

Wiat. In a^ctions roauing from the bent of truth,
 We haue no perfident thus to perfift
 But the bare name of worldly policie.
 If others haue ground from Iuftice, and the law,
 As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
 They are for no caufe to be difinherited.
 If you not feauen yeares fince to that effect,
 Swore to the Father to maintaine his feede,
 What difpenfation hath acquitted you
 From your firft facred vowes ?
 Youle fay, the will extorted from a childe.
 O ! let mine eyes in naming that sweete youth,
 Obferue their part.

Powring downe teares, fent from my fwelling heart.
 Gods mother, I tearme childe ? but ile goe on,
 Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,
 But for religions loue his fimple act,
 Yet note how much you erre.
 You were fworne before to a mans will,
 and not a will alone,
 But strengthened by an a^ct of Parliament.
 Befides this facred prooffe. The Princely Maides,
 Had they no will nor a^ct to prooue their right ?

Haue birthrights no priuiledge, being a plea so
strong,

As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong ?

Now were you toucht. The Lady in [the] tower
alasse shee's innocent of any claime.

Trust me, shee'd thinke it a moste happy life,

To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.

And for the Dukes, your warrants sent them foorth,

Let the same warrant call them backe againe.

If they refuse to come, the Realme, not they

Must be regarded. Be strong and bold :

We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes

From killing one another, be affraide,

To tempt both heauen and earth, so I haue said.

Arun. Why then giue order that she shall be
Queene,

Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,

Hoping she will forgiue.

Wiat. Neuer make doubt,

Setting her ceremonious order by.

She is pure within, and mildly chast without.

Arun. Giue order to keepe fast the Lady Iane,

Dissolue the Counsell. Let vs leaue the Tower,

and in the Citie hold our audience.

Wyat. You haue aduised well honorable Lordes,

So will the Cittizens be wholly ours,

and if the Dukes be crosse, wee'll crosse their powers.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Bret, Clown, and Souldiers.

Br. Lance perfado, quarter, quarter.

Clo. What shall we quarter Captaine ?

Bre. Why the Souldiers ?

Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawne yet ?

Bre. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended
multitude, may passe in safetie.

Clo. May we not take tooles of the pies & the
aple-women.

Bre. Not in any sorte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.

Clo. The Commons shal be vsed with al common curtesie. That goes in rank like beanes and cheefecakes on their heads in steade of Cappes.

Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuersitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses, Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefest care.

Enter a Countryman and a Maide.

Man. Whats heere Souldiers ?

Bre. Feare not, good speech, these rude armes I beare,

Ist not to fight ? Sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to succour your liues, passe peaceibly away.

Clo. Crie God saue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market.

Man. God saue the Queene, what Queene ? there lies the sence.

When we haue none, it can be no offence.

Clo. What carry you there in your basket ?

Mai. Eggs forfooth.

Clo. Well, crie God saue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.

Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane ? alacke for woe,
at the first she was not christened so. *Exit.*

Br. Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,

Nor lend no eare, when wee her stile proclaime.

I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what shouldst thou feare ?

Thou hast a brest compos'd of adamant.

Fall what ill betide ;

My anchor is cast, and I in Harbor ride.

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wia. My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell

for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies?
Happie is he can draw his necke out of the coller,
and make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How stands the Treasurer addicted to vs?

Wya. I had forgot: when we weare at counsell,
He stole away, and went home to his house,
And by much intreatie was woon to returne,
In briefe they all incline to Queene Mary
My Lord farwell,
Each hastie houre will coulder tydings tell.

Exit Wyat.

Nor. Come they in thunder, we will meete with
them;

In the loudest language that their ordinance speakes,
Ours shall answere theirs.

Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime
Queene Iane. The streetes are full,

The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.

Trumpets speake to them,

That they may answere with an echoing crie,

God saue Queene Iane, God saue her Maiestie.

A Trumpet founds, and no answere.

The Herald foundes a parlee, and none answers.

Nor. Ha? a bare report of Trumpets!

Are the slaues horle, or want they arte to speake?

O me! This Towne consists on famous Colledges,

Such as know both how, and what, and when to
speake,

Well, yet wee will proceede,

and smother what clofe enuie hath decreed.

Ambrose my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambrose.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor. Boy, speake the worst,

That which foundes deadlyest, let me heare that first.

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction.

Nor. Wee in our selues are strong.

Am. In Baynards Castle was a counsell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did resort,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor. Then they reuolt the allegiance from my
Daughter,
And giue it to another :

Am. True my thrice honoured Father,
Besides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where she was proclaime Queene, are now
Close Prisoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor. God take them to his mercie, they had
neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleede,
Poore Innocent foules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father ! might I ad-
uise you, flie to your manner, there studdie for your
fastie.

Nor. Boy, thou saist well,
And since the Lords haue all reuolted from me,
My selfe will now reuolt against my selfe.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Assist me Sonne, my good Lord Huntingdon,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet foundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of Eng-
land, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith.
Amen.

Within a shoute and a flourish.

Nor. Amen, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Base minded slaues, sincke may your foules to hell.

Enter Maister Roofe with Letters.

Roo. My honored Lord, the Counsell greetes you
with these Letters.

Nor. Stay Maister Roofe, ere you depart receiue
an answere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene
You shall vppon the sight hereof,
Surcease your armes, discharge your Souldiers,
And presently repaire vnto the Court,
Or else to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. Tis short & sharp, Maister Roofe, we do obey
your warrant: but I pray tel mee, how doth all our
friendes at Court? is there not a great mortalitie
amongst them?

Is there not a number of them deade of late since I
came thence?

Ro. My gracious Lord not any.

Nor. O maister Roofe, it cannot bee, I will assure
you

At my departure thence, I left liuing there at least
Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,
Simply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commiffion
Thou must be my friend.

And stand betwixt me and the stroake of death,
Were thy date out, my liues date were but short,
They are colde friends, that kil their friendes in sport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle
of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arun. I am no friend to Traitors:

In my moste high & Princely Soueraignes name,
I doe arrest your honour of high Treason.

Nor. A traitor Arundell? haue I not your hand
in my commiffion? let me peruse it: as I tak't tis
heere, and by your warrant haue so strict proceeded.

Is the limits of my warrant broke ? answere me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleased her Maiestie
To pardon vs, and for to punnish you.
I know no other reason, this I must,
I am commaunded, and the act is Iust.

Nor. And I obey you : when we parted last
My Lord of Arundel, our farwell was
Better then our greeting now.
Then you cride God speede,
Now you come on me ere you say take heede :
Then you did owe me your best bloods : nay greu'd
You could not spend them in my seruice.
O then it was a double death to stay behinde,
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,
I am, beshrew you else, but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answere it.

Arun. You must with your three Sons, be guarded
safe

Vnto the Tower : with you, those Lords and Knights
That in this faction did affociate you.

For so I am inioyn'd.

Then peaceably, let vs conduct you thither.

Nor. O my Children ! my foule weepes endlesse
teares for you.

O at the generall Sessions, when all foules
Stand at the bar of Iustice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be rac'd out of the bed-rowle of my finnes :
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclasp't,
Let not these scarlet Letters be found there :
Of all the rest, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignment, then to death,
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,
If to my Children, she sweet grace extend,
My foule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suff. Three daies are past, Monday, Tuesday, and
Wednesday too

Yet my protesting seruant is not come.
Himselfe conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple Cabin, for so great a Prince,
And then he swore, but oathes you see are vaine,
That he would hourelly come and visite me :
I that was wont, to surfeit in estate,
And now through hunger almost desolate.

Enter Homes sweating with bottell and Bag.

Hom. My Lord.

Suff. Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me
meate ?

Hom. With much a doe, my Lord, meat, bread &
wine,

While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde
The cause of my long stay.

Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.

Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was fearched.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom. And I no sooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack : and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious selfe into their gracelesse hands.

Suff. And thou hast don't, thou hast betraied me.

Hom. Done it ! o betraie you ? O noe !
First would I see my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tof'd on speares, before I would
Deliuier your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom : and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that
can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my
hands :

Which I beseech may stop my Vital breath,
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

*Enter Sheriffe and Officers.**Sher.* See yonder sits the Duke.*Suff.* I kisse thee in requitall of this loue.*Hom.* and in requitall of so great a grace,
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.*She.* So Iudas kist his Maister : ceaze the Duke.*Suff.* Ah me ! Ned Homes we are vndone,
Both thou and I betraide.*She.* My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her
highnesse name I doe arrest you of high Treason.*Suff.* I doe obey, and onely craue this kindnesse,
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde
The duetie of a seruant to his Lord.*She.* You are deceiu'd fir in your seruant much,
Hee is the man that did betray you.
Heere Maister Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Heere is a hundred markes,
Come to the Exchequer, you shall haue the rest.*Suff.* Hast thou betraide me ? yet with such a
tongue,
to smoothly oilde, flight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this grieve's too great to beare.*Ho.* Pardon me my Lord.*Suff.* God pardon thee, and lay not to thy foule
This greuous sinne : Farwell.
And when thou spendest this ill got golde
Remember how thy Maisters life was folde.
Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betraidst him as he sat at meate.
On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betraies my head.*Hom.* O God, O God, that ever I was borne,
This deede hath made me slaue to abiect scorne.*Exeunt Omnes.**Enter the Clowne.**Clo.* O poore shrimpe, how art thou falne away

for want of mouching? O Colen cries out most
tirannically, the little gut hath no mercie, whats heere
vittailles?

O rare! O good!

Feede chops, drinke throate, good vittailles makes
good blood.

Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.

But stay, whose heere? more Sheriffes, more
searchers? O no, this is Homes that betraide his
honest Maister, How with a Halter about his necke?
I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe? ile step
a fide.

Ho. This is the place, where I betraide my
Lord,

This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
And villaine I, betraide him to the lawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer serue humane more.

Clo. This is rare, now in this moode if hee would
hang himselfe twere excellent.

Ho. Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

He strangles himself.

Clo. So, so, a very good ending, would all falce
Seruants might drinke of the same fauce.

Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite
Of apparel, and then to London:

If my olde Maister be hanged, why so:

If not, why rusticke and lusticke:

Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog
in a Ditch: come away dissembler: this cannot chufe
but be a hundred pound it wayes so heauy.

Excunt with him.

*Enter Queene Mary, Winchester, Norfolke, Pembroke,
Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.*

Mary. By Gods assistance, and the power of
heauen,

After our Troubles we are safely fet,
In our inheritance, for which we doe subscribe
The praise and benefit to God, next thanks
To you my Lordes. Now shall the sanctuarie,
And the house of the moste high be newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,
Buried within the Ruine Monastaries,
Shall lift their stately heads, and rise againe
To astonish the destroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale shall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,
But briefly shining in her Iemmes of state,
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord.
To build large houses, pull no churches downe,
Rather inrich the Temple with our crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

Win. May it please your grace to giue release
Vnto such ancient Bishops that haue lost their
Honours in the church affaires.

Ma. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Nor-
folke to release them.

Aru. Your sacred Highnesse will no doubt be
mindefull
Of the late Oath you tooke at Framingham.

Ma. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But shall a subiect force his Prince to sweare
Contrarie to her conscience and the Law?
Wee heere release vnto our faithfull people,
one intire subsidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies:
The Commonaltie shal not be ore-burnd
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
and wee will spare their treasure to themselues:

Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subjects Treafure, is the Soueraignes store.

Arun. What is your Highnesse pleasure about the
Rebels?

Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene Iane?

Arun. Guilford and Iane, with great Northumber-
land,
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.

Ma. The Duke of Suffolke is not yet appre-
hended,
Therefore my Lords,
Some of you most deare to vs in loue,
Be carefull of that charge:

The rest wee leaue for tryall of the other prifoners.

Wia. The Lady Iane most mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood:
For shes the Daughter of your Fathers Sister.
Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandon's
Wife

Your Neece, your next of blood, except your fifter,
Deferues some pittie, so doth youthfull Guilford.

Win. Such pittie as the law allowes to Traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious
Fathers.

Win. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a
Traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

Wia. My Lord of Winchester still thirsts for
blood.

Mar. Wiat no more, the law shall be their Iudge,
Mercie to meane offenders wee le ostend,
Not vnto such that dares vsurpe our Crowne.

Arun. Count Egmond the Embassador from
Spaine,
Attends your highnesse answere, brought those Letters
Sent from the Emperor in his Sonnes behalfe.

Mar. In the behalfe of louely Princely Philip,
Whose person wee haue shrined in our heart?

At the first sight of his delightfull picture
That picture should haue power to tingle Loue
In Royall breasts : the Dartes of loue are wordes,
Pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,
Your counsell Lords about this forraine bufinesse.

Arun. I say and it like your royall Maiestie,
A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
And I alowe the match.

Win. Alow it Lordes, we haue cause
To thanke our God, that such a mightie Prince
As Philip is, Sonne to the Emperor,
Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many spacious
Kingdomes, will vouchsafe—

Wia. Vouchsafe ! my Lord of Winchester, pray
what ?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his
honourable Title.

Wia. To marrie with our Queene : meane you
not so ?

Win. I doe, what then ?

Wiat. O God ! is shee a beggar, a forsaken Maide,
that she hath neede of grace from forraine princes ?
By Gods deare mother, O God pardon sweare I,
Me thinkes she is a faire and louely Prince,
Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth)
Able to make the greatest Potentate,
I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham,
That hath more Nations vnder his Commaund,
Then spanish Philip's like to inherit townes,
To come and lay his Scepter at her feet,
And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace
To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Wiat. And you to proude, vouchsafe ? O base !
I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors
sonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Winchester I pray.

Win. Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our
God,

That such a mightie Prince will looke so lowe,
As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

Wia. Pardon me Madam, hee respect your Iland
more then your person ? thinke of that.

Norf. Wiat, you wrong the affection of the
Prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towers,
Nor to beare any office, rule or state,
Either by person or by Substitute,
Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor
In our affaires.

Wiat. What neede hee (Noble Lords)
To aske the fruite, when he demaundes the tree ?
No Castle, fortresses, nor Towers of strength,
It bootes not, when the chiefest Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land,
I meane our Gracious Soueraigne must be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will mary with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counsell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene inclosed in his armes :
I doe not like this strange marriage.
The Fox is futtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely summe of threescore thousand Duccats.
Besides the seauenteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire succeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, shall this mooue your Highnesse to the match ?
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

Win. Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir
Thomas)
Espou'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges ?

Wia. I graunt, your predecessors oft haue sought
Their Queene from France, and sometimes to from
Spaine.

But neuer could I heare that England yet

Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either :
Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.

Win. Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.

Wiat. Which of you all, dares iustifie this match,
And not be toucht in conscience with an oath ?
Remember, O remember I beseech you,
King Henries last will, and his act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are sworne,
And doe not damme your foules with periurie.

Mory. But that wee knowe thee Wyat to be
true

Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldnesse should bee payde with death.
But cease, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one consent my Lordes you like this match ?

Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.

Mary. Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Egmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambassie,
And thus I plight, our loue to Philips heart,
Imbarke you straight, the winde blowes wondrous
faire :

Till he shall land in England, I am all care.

Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall brest for him to treade vpon.
O who so forward Wyat as thy selfe,
To raise this troublefome Queene in this her Throane ?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our Countriemen abhorre.
Assist me gracious heauens, and you shall see
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there muster vp my friendes,
To faue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

Exit Sir Thomas Wyat.

Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Leftenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.

Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely
Dudley.

Why doe you looke so fad my dearest Lord?

Guil. Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye,
And a deiected looke, salute the day?
Sorrow doth ill become thy filuer brow,
Sad grieve lyes dead, so long as thou liues fayre,
In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.

Iane. My lookes (my loue) is forted with my
heart,
The Sunne himselfe, doth scantly shew his face
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower
Hill

Thronged with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange Noueltie.

Guil. Though sleepe doe fildome dwell in men
of care,
Yet I did this night sleepe, and this night dream't,
My Princely father great Northumberland
Was married to a stately Bride:
And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day,
A poysoned draught did take his life away.

Iane. Let not fond visions so appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.

Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies
are fad,

And see you how the people stand in heapes,
Each man fad, looking on his opposed obiect,
As if a generall passion possesse them?
Their eyes doe seeme, as dropping as the Moone,
As if prepared for a Tragedie.
For neuer swarmes of people there doe tread,
But to rob life, and to enrich the dead
And shewe they wept.

Lef. My Lord they did so, for I was there.

Gui. I pra'y resolue vs good Maister Lieftenant

Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life
To natures death?

Lief. Pardon mee my Lord, tis fellony to acquaint
you with death of any Prifoner, yet to refolue your
grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that
this day loft his head.

Guil. Peace rest his foule, his finnes be buried in
his graue,
And not remembred in his Epitaph :
But who comes heere?

Iane. My Father Prifoner?

Enter Suffolke garded foorth.

Suff. O Iane ! now naught but feare thy Tytle &
thy fiate,
Thou now muft leaue for a fmall graue.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had flood,
But now my rifing is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, point me my houle of prayers.

Iane. Is greefe fo fhort? twa's wont to be full of
wordes, tis true,
But now Deathes leffon, bids a coulde adue.
Farwell, thus friendes on desperate iourneys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that fwelles the heart.

Exit Suffolke.

Lief. It is the pleafure of the Queene that you
part lodgings.
Till your Arrainement, which muft be to morrow.

Iane. Good Maifter Lieftenant let vs pray together.

Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe
you, fway me.

Guil. Intreate not Iane, though fhee our bodies
part,
Our foules fhall meete. Farwell my loue.

Iane. My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wiat. Hold Drumme, ftand Gentlemen,

Giue the word along : stand, stand :
Masters, friends, Souldiers, and therefore Gentle-
men,

I know some of you weare warme purses
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp
Crosses, thus I say, fight valiantly,
And by the Mary God, you that haue all
Your life time siluer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marry they must be crackt.

Sol. No matter, weele change them for white
money.

Wiat. But it must needs be so, deare Countrie-
men,

For Souldiers are the masters of wars mint,
Blowes are the stamps, they set vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lyes spilt :
These light crownes, that with blood are double
guilt,

But thats not all, that your stout hearts shall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings :
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,
From Ignominious slauerie,
Who can digest a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman ?

Sol. Would he might choake that digests him.

Wiat. Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,
crie

A Wyat : he that will not, with my heart
Let him stand forth, shake handes, and weele depart.

Sol. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.

Har. Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet
spends,
This shall let forth thy foule.

Nor. I am a Herald,
And challenge safetie by the lawe of armes.

Her. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully im-
ploide.

Wia. What loude knaues that?

Nor. No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man to
my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.

Sol. Knocke him downe.

Wiat. Knock him downe, fie no,
Weele handle him, he shall found before he goe.

Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and those fawn-
ing Lords,

In Maries name, waying out life to them
That will with basenefse buie it.

Ceaze on him as a pernitious enemie.

Wia. Sir George be ruld,
Since we professe the Arte of Warre,
Let's not be hift at for our ignorance,
He shall passe and repasse, iuggle the best he can,
Leade him into the Citie. Norry fet foorth
Set foorth thy brafen throate, and call all Rochester
About thee : doe thy office, fill their
Light heads with proclamations, doe,
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George and good fir Harry Isley,
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the Varlet, pistoll him, fire the Roofe that's
ore his mouth.

He craues the law of Armes, and he shall ha't,
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.

If lowder reach thy Proclamation,

The Lord haue mercie vppon thee.

Nor. Sir Thomas, I must doe my office.

Her. Come, weele doe ours too.

Wia. I, I, doe, blowe thy selfe hence.

Exit. Harper, Isley, and Norry.

Whorson prou'd Herrald, because he can
giue armes, he thinkes to cut vs off by the elbowes
Maisters and fellow Souldiers, say, will you leaue old
Tom Wiat?

Omnes. No, no, no.

Wia. A March ! tis Norfolkes Drum vpon my
life.
I pra'y see what Drum it is.

Within crie arme.

The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the
camp

As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder :
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,
shaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.

Wiat. At whome, at whose Drum ?

Rod. At Norfolke, Norfolkes drum :
With him comes Arundell, you may beholde
The filken faces of their ensignes shoue,
Nothing but wrinckles stragling in the winde,
Norfolke rides formostly, his crest well knowne,
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

Wiat. Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Muscateers,
To flancke our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in winges of shot a both sides of the van,
To gall the first Horse of the enemy
That shall come fiercely on :
Our Canoneres, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

Omnes. Charge, charge.

Wiat. Saint George for England, Wiat for poore
Kent,
Blood lost in Countries quarrell, is nobly spent.

Enter Ifely.

Ifely. Bafe flauie, hard hearted fugitiue,
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George
Is fled to Norfolke.

Rod. Sir George Harper fled ?

Wiat. I nere thought better of a Counterfeite,
His name was Harper, was it not ? let him goe,
Hencefoorth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.

They come, no man giue ground in these hot cafes,
Be Englishmen and berd them to their faces.

Exeunt.

Enter Norfolke, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norf. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a steele
bowe
Bent on his Souereigne, and his kingdomes peace :
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercie,
Were to call our right in question,
Therefore put in act, your resolute intendments,
If rebellion be suffered to take head,
She liues too long, treason doth swarme.
Therefore giue signall to the fight.

Bre. Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

Norf. Where's Captaine Bret ?

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norf. To doe honour to you and those fūe hundred

Londoners that march after your colours,
You shall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard
Whilst my selfe with noble Arundell
And stout Jarvingam, second you in the maine .
God and Saint George, this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate Rebels pride.

Exit. all but Bret and souldiers.

Br. Countrimen and friendes,
And you the moste valiant sword and Buckler-Men of
London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the Vangard, and why to the Vangard ?
but because he knowes you to be eager men, martiall
men, men of good stomacks, verie hot shots, verie
actious for valour, such as scornes to shrink for a wet-
ting, who wil beare off any thing with head and
shoulders.

Omn. Well forwards good commander forwards.

Br. I am to leade you, and whether ? to fight, and

with whom? with Wyatt, and what is Wyatt? a most famous and arch traytor to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

Omn. Nay speake out good captaine.

Bret. I say againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omn. I I, gon gon.

Bret. I say againe that Wyatt for rising thus in armes, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hanged like a iewell in the kingdomes care. Say I well my lads?

Omn. Forwards, forwards.

Bret. And whosoever cuts off his head shal haue for his labour.

Clown. What shal I haue? Ile do't.

Bre. The poxe, the plague, and all the diseases the spittle-houses and hospitalls can throw vpon him.

Clo. Ile not do't, thats flat.

Bre. And wherefore is Wyatt vp?

Clo. Because he cannot keepe his bed.

Bre. No Wyatt is vp to keepe the Spaniards downe, to keepe King Phillip out, who comming in will giue the land such a Phillip twil make it reele againe.

Clo. A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off Phillips and fall to hot cockles.

Bre. Phillip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clo. A Spaniard is no Englishman that I know.

Bre. Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worse a Dondego, and what is a Dondego?

Clo. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poore Iohn.

Bre. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castillian, God blesse vs. There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all Paules stinke againe, what shal a whole armie of Dondegos doe my sweete councitriemen?

Clo. Mary they wil make vs al smell abhominably, he comes not heere thats flat.

Bre. A Spaniard is cald so becaufe he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span.

Clo. That's the reason our Englishwomen loue them not.

Bre. Right, for he carries not the Englishmans yard about him. If you deale with him, looke for hard measure, if you giue an inch hee'll take an ell: if he giue an ell, hele take an inch, therefore my fine spruce dapper finicall fellowes, if you are now, as you haue alwayes been counted polittick Londoners to flie to the stronger side, leaue Arundell, leaue Norfolke and loue Bret.

Clo. Weele fling our flat-caps at them.

Bre. Weare your owne neates leather shooes, scorne Spanish leather: cry a figge for the Spaniards. Saide I well bolliies?

Omn. I, I, I.

Bret. Why then fiat, fiat.

And euerie man die at

His foote that cries not a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Omn. A *Wyat*, a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Enter Wyat.

Wiat. Sweet musicke, gallant fellow Londoners.

Clo. Y faith we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.

Wiat. You shall be all Lord Maiors at least.

Exeunt Wyat, Bret, and Souldiers.

Alarum sounds, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodston, Ifely, and Souldiers againe.

Wyat. Those eight brasse peeces shall do seruice now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundell,

They may thank their heeles

More then their hands for sauing of their liues.

When souldiers turne surueyors, and measure lands,

God helpe poore farmers. Soldiers and friends let
vs all

Play nimble bloudhounds and hunt them step by
step.

We heare

The lawyers plead in armour stead of gownes,

If they fall out about the case they iarre,

Then they may cuffe each other from the barre.

Soft this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, Ile knock.

He knocks : Enter Pembroke vpon the walles.

Pem. Who knockes ?

Wyat. A Wyatt, a true friend,

Open your gates, you louing cittizens,

I bring you freedom from a forraine prince,

The queene has heard your suite, and tis her pleasure

The cittie gates stand open to receiue vs.

Pem. Auant thou traytor, thinkest thou by for-
gerie

To enter London with rebellious armes ?

Know that these gates are bard against thy entrance,

And it shall cost the liues

Of twenty thousand true subiects to the Queene

Before a traytor enters.

Omn. Shoote him through.

Wyat. Stay, lets know him first.

Clo. Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.

Pem. Looke on my face, and blushing see with
shame

Thy treasons characterd.

Bret. Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wyat. What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-
broke ?

Wheres the Queenes Lieftenant ?

Pem. I am lieftenant of the Citty now.

Wiat. Are you Lord Maior ?

Pem. The greatest Lord that breathes enters not
heere

Without expresse commaund from my deare Queene.

Wyat. She commands by vs.

Pem. I do command thee in her Highnesse name
To leaue the Citty gates, or by my honour,
A peece of ordinance shall be streight dischargd
To be thy deathesman and shoote thee to thy graue.

Wyat. Then heres no entrance.

Pem. No, none.

Exit Pembroke.

Bret. What should we doe following Wiat any
longer?

Wyat. O London, London, thou perfidious towne,
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend?
That for thy sake, and for thy generall sake,
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleetestreete, if that Wiat dye,
London vniustly buy thy treacherie.

Bret. Would I could steale away from Wyat! it
should be the first thing that I would doe.

Here they all steale away from Wyat and leaue him alone.

Wyat. Wheres all my Souldiers? what all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard?

O infellicitie of carefull men,

Yet will I sell my honor'd bloud as deere

As ere did faithfull subiect to his prince. *Exit Wyat.*

Enter Norfolke and Isely.

Isl. Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wiats side.

Norf. Hees damb'd in hell that speakes it.

Enter Harper.

Isl. O my good Lord! tis spread
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled.

Enter Pembroke and Arundell.

Pem. Sfoot, who said so? what deuill dares stir my
patience?

Zwounds I was talking with a crue of vagabondes
That laggd at Wiat's taile ; and am I thus
Paid for my paines.

Norf. And there being mist
Some villaine, finding you out of fight, hath raif'd
This slander on you, but come my Lord.

Pem. Ile not fight.

Norf. Nay sweete Earle.

Pem. Zounds fight and heare my name dif
honoured ?

Arun. Wyat is marcht down Fleetestreete, after
him.

Pem. Why do not you, and you, pursue him ?

Norf. If I strike one blowe, may my hand fall off.

Pem. And if I doe, by this—

Norf. Come leaue your swearing, did not countries
care

Vrge me to this quarrell, for my part,
I would not strike a blow.

Pem. No more would I ;
Ile eate no wrongs, lets all die, and Ile dye.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyatt is perfude amaine.

*A great Noise, follow. Enter Wyat with his sword
drawne, being wounded.*

Within. Follow, follow.

Nor. Stand traytor stand, or thou shalt nere stand
more.

Wyat. Lords, I yield :
An easie conquest tis to win the field
After alls lost. I am wounded, let me haue
A surgeon that I may goe found vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traytor
Pals me nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.

Vfe me how you can,
 Though you fay traytor, I am a gentleman.
 Your dreadfull fhaking me, which I defie,
 Is a poore losse of life ; I wifh to die,
 Death frights my fpirit no more then can my bed,
 Nor will I change one haire, lofing this head.

Pem. Come, guard him, guard him.

Wyat. No matter where,
 I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter Wincheſter, Norfolk, Arundell, Pembroke, with
 other Lords.*

Win. My Lord of Norfolk, will it pleaſe you
 fit
 By you the noble Lord of Arundell.
 Since it hath pleaſ'd her ſacred Maieſtie
 To nominate vs heere Commiſſioners,
 Let vs without all partiality
 Be open-eard to what they can alleadge.
 Wheres the Lieftenant of the Tower ?

Enter Lieftenant of the Tower.

Lef. Heere my good Lord.

Win. Fetch forth the priſoners.
 Place them feuerally in chaires of ſtate.
 Clarke of the Crowne, proceede as Law requires.

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Cla. Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the
 bar.

Guil. Heere at the bar of death I hold it vp,
 And would to God this hand heau'd to the lawe,
 Might haue aduanct itſelf in better place,
 For Englands good and for my ſoueraigns weale.

Cla. Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, hold vp thy
 hand at the barre.

Ian. A hand as pure from Treasons Innocence
As the white liuerie

Worne by the Angels in their Makers fight?

Cla. You are here indited by the names of Guilford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, of capitall and high treason against our most Soueraign Ladie the Queenes Maiestie. That is to say that you Guilford Dudley and Lady Iane Gray, haue by all possible meanes, sought to procure vnto yourselues the roialtie of the Crowne of England, to the disinheriting of our now Soueraign Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull issue to that famous King Henry the Eight, and haue manifestly adorned yourselues with the States garland Imperiall, and haue granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to be sent against the said Maiestie: what answere you to this inditement, guiltie or not guiltie?

Guil. Our answer shall be feuerall like ourselues.
Yet noble Earle we confesse the inditement.

May we not make some apologie unto the court?

Norf. It is against the order of the law,
Therefore directly pleade vnto the inditement,
And then you shall be heard.

Guil. Against the law?
Words vttered then as good vnspoken were,
For whatsoere you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it vnto our deathes.

Norf. Speake are you guilty of these crimes or no?

Ian. Ile answere first, I am and I am not,
But should we stand vnto the last vnguiltie,
You haue large-conscience iurors to besmeare
The fairest browe with stile of trecherie.

Norf. The Barrons of the land shall be your iurie.

Ian. An honorable and worthy trial,
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timelesse deathes.

Arun. Youle answer to the inditement will you not?

Guil. My Lord I will, I am——

Nor. What are you guilty or no?

Guil. I say vnguilty still, yet I am guilty.

Ian. Slander not thyself:

If there be any guilty, it was I,

I was proclaim'd Queene, I the Crowne should weare.

Guel. Because I was thy husband I stand heere.

Ian. Our loues we fought ourselues, but not our pride,

And shall our fathers faults our liues diuide?

Guil. It was my father that made thee distrest.

Ian. O but for mine my Guilford had beene blest.

Guil. My Iane had beene as fortunate as faire.

Ian. My Guilford free from this foul-griewing care.

Guil. If we be guiltie, tis no fault of ours,
And shall wee dye for whats not in our powres?
We fought no Kingdom, we desir'd no crowne,
It was impos'd vpon vs by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a barraine tree,
And will you count such forcement treacherie?
Then make the siluer Thames as blacke as Styx,
Because it was constraind to beare the barks
Whose battering ordnance should haue beene im-
ployde

Against the hinderers of our roialtie.

Win. You talke of sencelesse things.

Guil. Do trees want fence,
That by the powre of Musicke haue beene drawne
To dance a pleasing measure?

Weele come then neerer vnto liuing things.

Say wee vsurpt the English roialtie,

Was't not by your consents?

I tell you Lordes I haue your hands to showe

Subscrib'd to the commission of my Father,

By which you did authorize him to wage armes.

If they were rebellious against your Soueraigne,
Who cride so loud as you God saue Queene Iane?
And come you now your Soueraign to arraigne?
Come downe, come down, heere at a Prisoners barre,
Better do so then iudge yourselues amiss :
For looke what sentence on our heads you lay,
Vpon your own may light another day.

Win. The Queene hath pardond them.

Guil. And wee must die
For a lesse fault. O partiallitie !

Ian. Patience, my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that sinn'd least the punishment haue borne.

Guil. True, my faire Queene, of forrowe truely
speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs
breake,

But the thinn'ft frame the prison of the weake.

Nor. Now trust me Arundel, it doth grieue me
much

To sit in judgment of these harmlesse——

Arun. I helpt to attach the Father, but the
Sonne—

O through my bloud I feele compassion.
Run my Lords, wee be humble suitors to the Queene,
To saue these innocent creatures from their deaths.

Norf. Lets break vp Court : if Norfolke long
should stay

In teares and passion I should melt away.

Win. Sit still,
What, will you take compassion vpon such ?
They are hereticks.

Ian. We are Christians, leaue our conscience to
ourselues,
We stand not heere about religious causes,
But are accus'd of capitall treason.

Win. Then you confesse the inditement ?

Guil. Euen what you will :
Yet saue my Iane, although my bloud you spill.

Ian. If I must die, saue princely Guilfords life.

Norf. Who is not moou'd to see this louing strife ?

Arun. Pray pardon me, do what you will to-day,
And Ile approue it, though it be my death.

Win. Then heare the speedie sentence of your
deaths :

You shall be carried to the place from whence you
came,

From thence vnto the place of execution,
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Iane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou Guilford Dudley, hang'd and quartered,
So Lord haue mercy vpon you.

Guil. Why this is well,
Since we must die, that we must die together.

Win. Stay, and heare the mercie of the Queene,
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
Shee is only pleas'd that you shall ——

Both. Will shee pardon vs ?

Win. Only I say that you shal loose your heades
Vpon the Tower Hill. So conuay them hence,
Liefetenant strictly looke ynto your charge.

Guil. Our doomes are knowne, our liues haue
plaid their part.
Farwell my Iane.

Ian. My Dudley, mine owne heart.

Guil. Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,
But thats to dye a hundred thousand deaths.

Ian. I cannot speake for teares.

Left. My Lord, come :

Guil. Great griefes speake louder
When the least are dumb'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Tower.

Wia. The sad aspect this Prison doth affoord
Iumps with the measure that my heart doth keepe,
And this inclosure heere of nought but stone,
Yieldes far more comfort then the stony hearts

Of the n that wrong'd their country, and their friend :
Heere is no periur'd Counsellors to sweare
A sacred oath, and then forswear the fame,
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,
A stedfast silence doth possesse the place,
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

Enter Lords to Wyatt.

Norf. Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Wyat. Thats my name indeede.

Win. You should say Traitor.

Wyat. Traitor and Wyats name,
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.

Win. I am a Pillar of the Mother Church.

Wyat. And what am I ?

Win. One that subuerts the state.

Wyat. Insult not too much, ore th' vnfortunate,
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my innocence.

This is my crosse,
That caufeleffe I must suffer my heads losse.
When that houre comes, wherein my blood is spilt,
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.

Norf. Here's for that purpose.

Wyat. Is your grace so short ?

Belike you come to make my death a sport.

Win. We come to bring you to your execution,
You must be hang'd and quartered instantly ;
At the parke Corner, is a gallous set,
Whither make hast to tender natures debt.

Wyat. Then here's the end of Wyats rising vp,
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was sworne,
Right willingly I yeelde my selfe to death,
But sorry fuch, should haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyatt had stood,
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.

Exit Officers with Wyatt.

Enter Lieftenant.

Lie. Heere my Lord.

Win. Fetch foorth your other Prifoners.

Lief. My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford,
here the Lady Iane.

Norfol. Conduēt them forth.

Enter Young Guilford and the Laay Iane.

Guil. Good morrowe once more to my louelye
Iane.

Iane. The laſt good morrow my ſweete loue to
thee.

Guil. What were you reading ?

Iane. On a prayer booke.

Guil. Truſt me ſo was I, wee hadde neede to pray,
For fee, the Miniſters of death drawe neere.

Iane. To a prepared minde Death is a pleaſure,
I long in foule, till I haue ſpent my breath.

Guil. My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome
heather,

What come you to beholde our execution ?

And my Lord Arundell thrice welcome, you

Helpt to attache our Father, come you now,

To ſee the blacke conſluſion of our Tragedie ?

Win. We come to doe our office.

Guil. So doe wee.

Our office is to die, yours to looke on :

We are beholding vnto ſuch beholders,

The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,

To ſee her crownd, but now to kill my Iane,

The world like to a ſickell, bends it ſelfe,

Men runne their courſe of liues as in a maze,

Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

Iane. Patience my Guilford.

Guil. Patience my louely Iane :

Patience has blancht thy foule as white as ſnow,

But who ſhall anſwere for thy death ? this know,

An innocent to die, what is it lesse,
But to adde Angels to heauens happinesse.
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature stoopes his neck
To an vnjust doome ; vpon the Iudge the checke.
Liues are like foules, requird of their neglectors,
Then ours of you, that should bee our protectors.

Win. Raile not against the law.

Guilfor. No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,

It's made of lawe, and should I raile against it ?
Twere against you, if I forget not,
You reioyc'd to see that fall of Cromwel,
Ioy you now at me ?
Oft dying men are fild with prophesies,
But ile not be a prophet of your il.
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,
May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,
And in that plot of ground where we must die,
Sprinckle their bloodes, though I know no cause why.

Norf. Speake you to me Lord Guilford ?

Gui. Norfolke no,

I speake to ——

Norf. To whome ?

Gui. Alasse I doe not knowe which of vs two dies first.

Win. The better part.

Gui. O rather kill the worst.

Fane. Tis I sweete loue, that first must kisse the blocke.

Guilf. I am a man, men better brooke the shocke
Of threatning death, Your sexe are euer weake.
The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Fane. But I am armde to die.

Guilf. Likelyer to liue :

Death to the vnwilling dooth his presence giue ;
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,
But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

Winc. It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the

Lady Jane must first suffer death.

Fane. I thanke her Highnesse,
That I shall first depart this haplesse world,
And not furuiue to see my deere loue dead.

Guilfo. She dying first, I three times loose my
head.

Enter the Headsman.

Headsm. Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

Guilf. Ha? hast thou the heart to kill a face so
faire.

Win. It is her Heades-man.

Guil. And demaundes a pardon,
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Fane. I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Guil. But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.
And he shall aske me pardon for thy life.

Hea. Pardon me my Lord.

Gui. Rise, doe not kneele.

Though thou submit't, thou hast a lowring steele
Whose fatal declynation brings our death:
Good man of earth, make haste to make vs earth.

Hedf. Pleaseth the Lady Iane, ile helpe her off
with her night-Gowne.

Fane. Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.
Good Mistris Ellin lend me a helping hand,
To strip me of this worldly ornaments
Off with these robes, O teare them from my side,
Such filken couers are the guilt of pride.
Insteede of gownes, my couerture be earth,
My worldly death or new Celestiall breath.
What is it off?

Lad. Madam almoste.

Fane. Not yet, O God!
How hardly can we shake off this worldes Pomp,
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies skinne?
Yet thus O God shake off thy seruants sinne.

Lady. Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.

Jane. From all the world, but from my Guilfords fight :

Before I fasten this beneath my browe,
Let me behold him with a constant looke.

Gui. O doe not kill me with that pitious eie :

Jane. Tis my last farwell, take it patiently,
My dearest Guilford let vs kisse and part.
Now blinde mine eyes, neuer to see the skie,
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.

Guil. Oh ! *He falles in a trance.*

Norfol. How fares my Lord ?

Arun. Hee's falne into a trance.

Norfol. Wake him not, vntill hee wake himselfe,
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,
Thy foule will be the first in heauenly blisse.

Enter the Heade-man with Janes head.

Win. Heare comes the Head-man with the head
of Iane.

Guil. Who spake of Iane ? who namde my louely
Iane ?

Win. Behold her head.

Gui. O I shall faint againe !

Yet let me beare this fight vnto my graue.

My sweete Ianes head :

Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,

Doe malefactors, looke :

Thus when they die,

A ruddie lippe, a cleere reflecting eye,

Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,

That sprinkles bashfulues through the cloudes

Her innocence, has giuen her this looke :

The like for me to show so well being dead,

How willingly, would Guilford loose his head.

Win. My Lord, the time runs on.

Guil. So does our death.

Heeres one has run so fast shee's out of breath,

But the time goes on,

And thy faire Ianes white foule, will be

In heauen before me
If I doe stay : stay gentle wife,
Thy Guilford followes thee,
Though on the earth we part, by aduerse fate,
Our foules shall knock together at heauens gate.
The skie is calme, our deathes haue a faire day,
And we shall passe the smoother on our way.
My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,
The Fathers pride has caused the Childrens fall.

Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will per-
form'd,
And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioyn'd
And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
Thus much ile say in their behalves now dead,
Their Fathers pride their liues haue seuered.

FINIS.



THE
Roaring Girle.

OR,

Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-
stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*



My cafe is altered, I muſt worke for my liuing.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be fold at his
ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1611.

Prologus.

A Play (*expected long*) makes the Audience looke
For wonders :—that each Scène should be a booke,
Compos'd to all perfection ; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him : *vp* he summes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ ;
If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scène
Cannot speake high (*the subiect being but meane*)
A Roaring Girle (*whose notes till now neuer were*)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise : Tragick passion,
And such graue stufte, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.
(*For of that Tribe are many.*) One is shee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls ;
Another roares i' th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues
braues,
Yet sells her foule to the lust of fooles and slaues.
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (*besides*)
A ciuill Citty Roaring Girle, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.

*None of these Roaring Girles is ours : shee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters ? when to giue a gesse,
Is better then the person to expresse ;
But would you know who 'tis ? would you heare her
name ?
Shee is cal'd madde Moll ; her life, our acts proclaime.*





Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *Alexander Wentgraue*, and *Neatf-foot* his man.

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*.

Lord *Noland*.

Yong *Wentgraue*.

Iacke Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

Goshawke.

Greenewit.

Laxton.

Tilt-yard.

Openworke.

Gallipot.

} Ciues & Vxores.

Mol the Roaring Girle.

Trapdoore.

Sir *Guy Fitz-allard*.

Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

Curtilax a Sergiant, and

Hanger his Yeoman.

Ministri.





The Roaring Girle.

Act 1. Scæ. 1.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

Neatfoote.



He yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

Mary. A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

Mary. Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled

out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

Mary. One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

Neat. Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary. I haue dyned indeed already sir.

Neat. — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

Mary. Not now in truth sir.

Neat. Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him.

Exit Neatfoote.

Mary. I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome

Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile,
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks :
But in my breast a poysoned arrow stickes,
And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truly bred ith the foule (like mine)
Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the lesse it flakes :
O me !

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempster speake with me, faist thou.

Neat. Yes, sir, she's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

Seb. With me sweet heart. What ist ?

Mary. I haue brought home your bands sir.

Seb. Bands : *Neatfoote.*

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

Neat. Yes sir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

Seb. And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am bufy with a Sempster.

Neat. Yes sir, hee shall know it that you are bufied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's care good *Neat-foote.*

Neat. It shall be fo giuen him. *Exit Neat-foote.*

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none, when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary. Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,
Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule :
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha ! life of my life : Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,
What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape ?
Stay : make all fure,—fo : now speake and be brieft,
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary. Mines a loathed fight,
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary. Vmh : must you shun my company, in one knot
Haue both our hands by'th hands of heauen bene tyed,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride :

Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

Seb. Sweete maid, lets loofe no time, tis in heauens
booke

Set downe, that I must haue thee : an oath we tooke,
To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, stormes began to fit
Vpon my couetous fathers brow : which fell
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he
swore,

To loofe so much bloud, could not grieue him more.
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,
And askt what is thee, but a beggars heire ?
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.
If such a summe of mony could be found,
And I would match with thee, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

Mary. What followes then, my ship-wracke.

Seb. Dearest no :

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,
My end is to meete thee : with a fide winde
Must I now faile, else I no hauen can finde
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Mol*, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole citty takes
Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,
I spend to mad my father : he beleeueth
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a sonne,
That could be so bewitcht : yet ile go on
This croked way, sigh still for her, faine dreames,
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Vpon a rocke so dangerous, Art thou pleas'd,

The Roaring Girle.

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Because thou seeft we are way-laid, that I take
A path thats fafe, tho it be farre about.

Mary. My prayers with heauen guide thee.

Seb. Then I will on,

My father is at hand, kiffe and begon ;
Howres fhall be watcht for meetings ; I muft now
As men for feare, to a ftrange Idoll bow.

Mary. Farewell.

Seb. Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,
A ftory of *Moll* fhall make our mirth more sweet.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir
Adam Appleton, Gofhake, Laxton, and *Gentle-*
men.

Omnes. Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our boun-
teous cheere.

Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thanks you pay to deare.

S. Dap. When bounty fpreades the table, faith
t'were finne,

(at going of) if thanks fhould not ftep in.

Alex. No more of thanks, no more, I mary Sir,
Th' inner roome was too clofe, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlemen ?

Omnes. Oh paffing well.

Adam. What a fweet breath the aire cafts heere,
fo coole.

Gofh. I like the profpect beft.

Lax. See how tis furnifht.

S. Dap. A very faire fweete roome.

Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*,

The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Coft many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are moft cheape, when th'are moft
deere,

Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all fhall fweare
Yare highly pleafd to fee whats fet downe there :
Stories of men and women (mixt together

Faire ones with foule, like fun-fhine in wet wether)
 Within one square a thousand heads are laid
 So close, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,
 As many faces there (fill'd with blith lookes)
 Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,
 (Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
 Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
 And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,
 Throng'd heapes do listen). a cut purse thrusts and
 leeres

With haukes eyes for his prey : I need not shew him,
 By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know
 him,

The face is drawne so rarely, Then fir below,
 The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
 And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,
 Vpon a sea bound in with shores about.

Enter Sebastian and M. Greene-wit.

Omnes. These fights are excellent.

Alex. I'll shew you all,

Since we are met, make our parting Comickall.

Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his
 leaue Sir.

Alex. Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who ?

Seb. This gentleman.

Alex. Your loue fir, has already giuen me some
 time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,
 It shall pay double interest : Good fir stay.

Green. I haue beene too bold.

Alex. Not so fir. A merry day

Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.
 Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I
 keepe.

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, fir.

Alex. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

Neat. Your worship has giuen it vs right.

Alex. You varlets stirre,
Chaires, flooles and cushions: pre' thee fir *Dauy*

Dapper,
Make that chaire thine.

Sir Dap. Tis but an easie gift,
And yet I thanke you for it fir, I'll take it.

Alex. A chaire for old fir *Adam Appleton.*

Neat. A backe friend to your worship.

Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot,*
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

Alex. Pray make that floole your pearch, good M.
Goshawke.

Gosh. I floope to your lure fir.

Alex. Sonne *Sebastian,*
Take Maister *Greenewit* to you.

Seb. Sit deere friend.

Alex. Nay maister *Laxton*—furnish maister *Laxton*
With what he wants (a stone) a floole I would say, a floole.

Laxton. I had rather stand fir. *Exeunt seruants.*

Alex. I know you had (good M. *Laxton.*) So,
fo——

Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because times glasse shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir Dap. Good tales do well,
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

Adam. Begin fir *Alexander.*

Alex. Last day I met
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

Omnes. His name I pray you fir.

Alex. Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,

Or seem'd to breake his heart-strings) thus he spake :
 Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
 Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
 They had spent so many teares they had no more.)
 Oh sir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
 Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me :
 Fortune (who slaues men) was my slaue : her wheele
 Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
 I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,
 I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes. So Sir.

Alex. He paus'd, and as we often see,
 A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
 No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drown'd
 In their owne rage : but when th' imperious wind,
 Vse strange inuisible tyranny to shake
 Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse :
 The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
 Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,
 Euen so this good old man was by my question
 Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
 Flow euen in's eies : then grew he fantasticall.

Sir Dap. Fantasticall, ha, ha.

Alex. Yes, and talke odly.

Adam. Pray sir proceed,
 How did this old man end ?

Alex. Mary sir thus.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
 Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)
 He ioy'd becaufe (saies he) the God of gold
 Has beene to me no niggard : that disease
 (Of which all old men sicken) Auarice
 Neuer infected me.

Lax. He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
 Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
 My light to all that need it, yet haue still
 Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)
 Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,

I haue a fonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,
My very heart roote.

S. Dap. Had he such a fonne.

Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly.

Alex. Lets see : no Maister *Greene-wit* is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he ; but as like *Sebastian*,
Iust like my fonne *Sebastian*,—such another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his
by-blowes to hit me, but if I beate you not at your
owne weapon of subtilty.

Alex. This sonne (saith he) that should be
The columne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firme foundation.

Adam. Tis some prodigall.

Seb. Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

Alex. No citty monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelesse),
An excellent husband, and such a traoueller,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue
teeth.

S. Dap. I haue but two in myne.

Gosh. So sparing and so wary.

What then could vex his father so.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex. A scurvy woman,

On whom the passionate old man swore he doated :
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman. . . . It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.

Alex. Shee's a varlet.

Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.

Alex. A naughty packe.

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Ha boy.

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Whats false, I say thee's nought.

Seb. I say that tongue

That dares speake fo (but yours) stickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. . . .

Alex. So fir what then.

Seb. Any here else had lyed.

I thinke I shall fit you——aside.

Alex. Lye.

Seb. Yes.

Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.

Alex. Ah firra boy.

Is your bloud heated : boyles it : are you stung,
He pierce you deeper yet : oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

Adam. Will you loue such a poyson.

S. Dap. Fye, fye.

Seb. Y'are all mad.

Alex. Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not : of all
these,

What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease
Mortall, would shun the cure : oh Maister *Greenewit*,
Would you to such an Idoll bow.

Greene. Not I fir.

Alex. Heer's Maister *Laxton*, has he mind to a
woman

As thou hast.

Lax. No not I fir.

Alex. Sir I know it.

Lax. There good parts are so rare, there bad so
common,

I will haue nought to do with any woman.

Sir Dap. Tis well done Maister *Laxton*.

Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,

Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,

Because thou seeſt I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou ſhoueſt duſt vpon me : wod thou mighteſt haue
Thy wiſh, moſt wicked, moſt vnnaturall.

Dap. Why fir, tis thought, fir *Guy Fitz-Allards*
daughter
Shall wed your ſonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*.
I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

Seb. Harke you a word fir.
You on your knees haue curſt that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face : were not your knees
In ſuch intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.
Seb. Well then you know
What diſh I meane to feed vpon.

Alex. Harke Gentlemen,
He ſweares to haue this cut-purſe drab, to ſpite my
gall.

Omnes. Maiſter *Sebastian*.
Seb. I am deafe to you all.
I'me ſo bewitcht, ſo bound to my deſires,
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out thoſe
fires

That burne within me. *Exit Sebastian.*

Alex. Her bloud ſhall quench it then,
Looſe him not, oh diſwade him Gentlemen.

Sir Dap. He ſhall be weand I warrant you.

Alex. Before his eyes
Lay downe his ſhame, my grieſe, his miſeries.

Omnes. No more, no more, away.
Exeunt all but ſir Alexander.

Alex. I waſh a *Negro*,
Looſing both paines and coſt : but take thy flight,
Ile be moſt neere thee, when I'me leaſt in fight.
Wild Bucke ile hunt thee breathleſſe, thou ſhalt run
on,
But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.

Enter Ralph Trapdore.

Now firra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

Alex. Troth honest fellow . . humh . . ha . . . let me see.

This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promifeth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.
Come hither firra, canst thou be secret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

Alex. Didst never, as thou hast walkt about this towne

Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

Trap. *Moll* cutpurfe fir.

Alex. The same, dost thou know her then.

Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day next, I will sift all the tauernes ith city, and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will fir Ile find her out.

Alex. That task is easie, doot then, hold thy hand vp.

Whats this, ist burnt?

Trap. No fir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

Alex. Ther's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

Trap. Oh fir that all the poore fouldiers in *England* had such a leader. For fetching no water *Spaniell* is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind

Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then : hunt her
forth,

Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes
To catch her to thy company : deepe spendings
May draw her thats most chaste to a mans bosome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bells, and a good
foole with a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith
towne to dance in a morris.

Alex. Or rather, for thats best (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall
follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to ferue her.

Trap. Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame,
till butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the futtle spider, weaue fine nets
To infnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes fucke

Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her steps : at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter : let me play the sheepeheard
To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll shall doot.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee :
How is thy name.

Trap. My name sir is *Raph Trapdore*, honest
Raph.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous
step

For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

The Roaring Girle.

Alex. Hence then, be little feene here as thou canst.

Ile still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores fet.

Moll if you budge y'are gon : this me shall crowne,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe.

Alex. God a mercy, loofe no time. *Exeunt.*

*The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poti-
caries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a
Sempsters shop: Mistrresse Gallipot in the first,
Mistrresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Open-
worke and his wife in the third, to them enters
Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.*

Mi. Open. Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist you buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gosh. Is that shee.

Lax. Peace.

Green. Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I : shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-hearbes.

Gosh. Oh fir tis many a good womans fortune, her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and fet vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the rayfing of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one flourish, tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

Gosh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gosh. Go th'art a misticall letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

Gosh. Make take vp an ell of pure smock ; away go, tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guist of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (masse yonder hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my acceffe to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet.—He shall not see me yet.

Green. Troth this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh women are the best mincers.

Mist. Gal. 'Thad bin a good phraze for a Cookes wife sir.

Lax. But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke ; as thus : Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all English-women.

Mist. Gal. Nay you shall ha'te sir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

Gree. But not to be vs'd a that fashon.

Lax. O pardon me sir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

Gosh. Rich smoake ; that's 6. pence a pipe ist ?

Green. To me sweet Lady.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful ; respect my credit ; seem strange ; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspection :—pray be warie.

Lax. Push, I warrant you :—come, how ist gallants ?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent ; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fiddlers prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling ;—I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then.

Gosh. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

Gosh. But aboue all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue measure ; h'as runne three streets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh. Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. *Gosh.* Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mist. Gal. What's the matter now sir ?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreame want of money if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

Mist. Gal. What's the summe would pleasure ye sir ? Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st ; I put her off with opportunitie still : by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants ; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still ; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to

consume the money : why how now ? what the chin-cough ?

Gosh. Thou hast the cowardliest trickes to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer vse to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper !

Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.

Greene. Mounfier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Gosh. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So wel said : but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse *Gallipot* ?

M. Gal. The same you had at first fir.

Lax. I wish it no better : this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosh. Shall we taste a pipe on't ?

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

Gosh. What not *Iacke dapper*.

Lax. Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand : where art going *Iacke*.

Iac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

Iac. Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iac. Dap. Heer's three halfe-pence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three fingle halfe-pence ; life, this will scarce serue a man in fauce, a halporth of mustard, a

halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shoves like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue bawdy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the egs of there pound, Ile go sup 'em vp presently.

Exit Gul.

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkeness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I am intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Gosh. No your a horder, you ingrose bith ounces.

At the Fether Shop now.

Iac. Dap. Puh I like it not.

M. Tiltyard. What fether ist you'd haue sir.
These are most worne and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders.
The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool
Gentlemen,

I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

Iac. Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.

Now a continuall *Simon* and *Judes* raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.

Shew me — — a ——— fpangled fether.

Mist. Tilt. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue for a hinchboy, you shall.

At the Sempsters shop now.

Maiſt. Open. Maſſe I had quite forgot,
His Honours footeman was here laſt night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords ſhirt.

Miſt. Open. Whats that to you fir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere ſuch a ſnaile as you crept out of your ſhell.

Maiſt. Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.

Mi. Op. I hold it better fir, then if you had don't
your ſelfe.

Ma. Op. Nay ſo ſay I: but is the Counteſſes
ſmocke almoſt donne mouſe.

Mi. Op. Here lyes the cambricke fir, but wants I
feare mee.

Mi. Op. Ile reſolue you of that preſently.

Mi. Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you preſume to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to meaſure ſheepeheardes
holland,
I muſt confine you I ſee that.

At the Tobacco ſhop now.

Goffh. What ſay you to this geere.

Lax. I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't.

Enter Mol in a freeſe Ierkin and a blacke ſauegard.

Goffh. Life yonders *Mol.*

Lax. Mol which Mol.

Goffh. honeſt *Mol.*

Lax. Prithee lets call her——*Mol.*

All. *Mol, Mol, piſt Mol.*

Mol. How now, whats the matter.

Gosh. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay.

Gosh. Nay *Mol* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

Mol. Well what ift.

Green. Prithee come hither firra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh' as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke sops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough : Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh and bloud. Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Gosh. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ift not good ?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you fell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistrresse *Gallipot.*

Gosh. Why, *Mol, Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

Gosh. Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle :— I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Lax. Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers :—Ile watch my time for her.

Misl. Gal. Some will not sticke to say shees a man

And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether shop againe.

Moll. Saue you ; how does Mistrresse Tiltyard ?

I. Dap. Mol.

Mol. Iacke Dapper.

I. Dap. How dost *Mol.*

Mol. Ile tel the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

I. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempster shop.

Maisl. Open. Mistrresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

Misl. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I fend you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Maisl. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can—*Moll.*

Misl. Open. Get you from my shop.

Mol. I come to buy.

Misl. Open. Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my houle and shop.

Mol. You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing
And fowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,
Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock,
I wish thee for a minute but a man :
Thou shouldst neuer vse more shapes, but as th'art
I pitty my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,

Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.

I would not mocke it willingly—ha be thankfull.
Now I forgiue thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I never askt forgiue-
nesse in my life.

Mol. You goodman fwinesface.

Fellow. What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember slaue, how you abusd me
t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue
trickes to faue your oathes, referuations haue you, and
I haue referued somewhat for you,—as you like that
call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along
with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, 'twold ne're
haue grieu'd me, but to be strucke and nobody by, tis
my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say
twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentleman should haue
more manners. *Exit fellow.*

Lax. Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully,
I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but
the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for
him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why should you be
prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor so much by a yard and a handfull
London measure.

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you
thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead
him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and fit him brauely, I know thou canst
Mol, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile
make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe
Mol, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou

hangst so many iests vpon thy friends sill. I meane honestly to *Brainford*, *Staines*, or *Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'll hire a coach with foure horfes.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horfes will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we shall meete fir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meete you fir.

Lax. Oh good gold,—the place sweete *Mol*.

Mol. It shal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match.

Mol. Ile meete you there.

Lax. The houre.

Mol. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at *Braine-ford*.

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of such a nature fir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds, sh' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for forraine wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore ith subburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Goth. No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.

Maist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty *Goshawke*.

The Fether shop.

Iac. Dap. How lik'st thou this *Mol*.

Mol. Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost : The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her——oh the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slacknesse then ? many a poore soule would downe, and ther's nobody will push em : Women are courted but nere soundly tri'd, As many walke in spurs that neuer ride.

The Semplers shop.

Mist. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith subburbs.

Mist. Open. O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please fir.

Gosh. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Mist. Openworke. Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of the steward. I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a fubberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

Gosh. There's waies enough to cry quite with him,
harke in thine eare.

Mist. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol. I'le try one speare against your chastity

Mist. Tiltyard

Though it proue too short by the burgh.

Trap. Masse here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore.*

I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a
fluttish tricke. Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with
long life and great limbs, send her the vpper hand of
al balifes, and their hungry adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would
gladly wait for the yong flood of your seruice.

Mol. My seruice ! what should moue you to offer
your seruice to me fir ?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and
masculine womanhood.

Mol. So fir, put case we should retaine you to vs,
what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans
seruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worshipfull : moueable,
and immoueable : moueable to runne of arrants, and
immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to
vse me.

Mol. What strength haue you.

Trap. Strength Mistresse *Mol*, I haue gon vp into
a steeple, and flaid the great bell as 'thas beene
ringing ; stopt a windmill going.

Mol trips vp his heels he fals.

Mol. And neuer strucke downe your selfe.

Trap. Stood as vpright as I do at this present.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no
disgrace to you : I haue strucke vp the heeles of the
high Germanes size ere now, — what not stand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'le bee
at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.

Mol. Why well said, but fay your Mistresse should

receiue iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and droue feuen at a time before me.

Mol. I.

Trap. But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. afide.

Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better confideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Mistreship, Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

Exit Trapdore.

Mol meets Laxton.

Lax. Remember three.

Moll. Nay if I faile you hange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith.

then Openworke.

Moll. Whole this.

Maisf. Open. Tis I *Moll.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent baf-tards.

Maisf. Open. Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*

The bel rings.

Gosh. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

Iacke Dapper, where fhals all munch.

Iac. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,

He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,

Weele be your followers *Iacke,* lead the way,

Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.

Exeunt Gallants.

Enter Maifler Gallipot, Maifler Tiltyard, and feruants with water Spaniels and a ducke.

Mayfl. Tilt. Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maifler Openworke.*

Mifl. Gal. Nay aske not me *Maifler Tiltyard.*

Maifl. Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh—pift—hur—hur—pift.

Maifl. Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogfden.

Mifl. Gal. To Hogfden husband.

Maifl. Gal. I to Hogfden pigsny.

Mifl. Gal. I'me not ready husband.

spits in the dogs mouth.

Maifl. Gal. Faith thats well—hum—pift—pift
Come Miftresse *Openworke* you are fo long.

Mifl. Open. I haue no ioy of my life *Maifler Gallipot.*

Maifl. Gal. Puff, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and wee le show you the braueft sport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the beft ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch,
Come lets away
Of all the yeare this is the sportfulft day.

Enter Sebastian folus.

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where should the vse
More perfect shine then in his will to loue.

Enter Sir Alexander and lifens to him.

All creatures haue their liberty in that,
Tho else kept vnder feruile yoke and feare,
The very bondflaue has his freedome there,
Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and filent.
Must my defires weare fetters — yea are you

So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth ;
 Meete grieffe at a backe way — well : why suppose
 The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth
 Pronounce *Mol* loathsome : if before my loue
 Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
 I haue the thing I like ? in all things else
 Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,
 Life what should aile it now ? I know that man
 Nere truely loues, if he gainesayt he lyes,
 That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
 Ile keepe myne owne wide open.

Enter Mol and a porter with a viall on his backe.

Alex. Here's braue wilfulnesse,
 A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber
 Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these
 porters beare so much for others, they haue no time to
 carry wit for themselues.

Por. To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary*.

Moll. Who'le heare an Asle speake : whither else
 goodman pagent-bearer : the're people of the worst
 memories. *Exit Porter.*

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue
 them carry things in their minds, and a' ther backs
 together.

Mol. Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

Alex. So, so, so.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that
 fashion,
 That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
 No otherwise I wish it.

Mol. Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must
 looke for nothing but thankses of me, I haue no
 humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed
 my selfe ; and againe ath' other side, a wife you know
 ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too head-

strong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well fir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore wee le nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for.

Alex. There's a boy spoyles all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it fir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Mol. But sleepe vpon this once more fir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue fir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see fir I speake against my selfe, and if euery woman would deale with their suter so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cofoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well fir.

Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

Moll. Thinke vpon this in cold bloud fir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a flurghion voyage, take deliberation fir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

Seb. And so we parted, my too curfed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor.

Taylor. Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: fo ho ho fo ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fidlings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashon, you say you'le haue the great Dutch flop Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Why fir I say fo still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch flop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray fend me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol. Well fir, Ile fend it by a Porter presently.

Exit Mol.

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England.

Exit Taylor.

Seb. I haue examined the best part of man,
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is fwayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue
His spring time must needs erre, his watch nere goes
right

That fets his dyall by a rusty clocke.

Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke fir you.

Seb. The clocke at Ludgate fir, it nere goes true.

Alex. But thou goest falser: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

Seb. I tast you bitterer then I can deferue fir.

Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or
drug,

Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowfy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy foule sits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne,
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier busi-
nesse of mine owne

Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.

Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage.

Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place,
the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, pre-
the, an inditement.

Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong
her.

Alex. Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed
at,

Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst
To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keepe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,
Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
Me thinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And neuer trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall fir.

Alex. Many one fir, where suspect is entred,
For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. Whats that to her? let those blush for themselves.

Can any guilt in others condemne her?
I'ue vovd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,
That euer beate against the brest of man,
Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but
flame.

Seb. Put case a wanton itch runs through one
name

More then another, is that name the worfe,
Where honesty fits posselt in't? it should rather
Appeare more excellent, and deserue more praise.
When through foule mists a brightnesse it can raise.
Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
And well descended, keepe an open house,
And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.

He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither faues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honesty, I haue made such prooffe an't,
In feuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father : here's her worst,
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes neere it : and oftentimes
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loofe in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worfe.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme
To infamy and ruine : he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him : all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully swallowed : wilfully,
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,
He pursue her to shame, and so al's croft.

Exit Sir Alexander.

Seb. Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose
effect

Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To thinke I loue so blindly : I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy sits with a full with crownd,
Onely his moode excepted which must change.
By opposite pollicies, courfes indirect,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wife,
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies.

Exit Sebastian.

*Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the
Coachman.*

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere fir.

Lax. There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke fir.

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.

Coach. It shall be done fir.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. A non fir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

Coach. The best in Smithfield I warrant you fir.

Lax. May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht veluet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are flopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to fir,—why they are the same iades beleue it fir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

Lax. Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no more instructions.

Coach. There's so vfd to such iourneis fir, I neuer vse whip to em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne like diuels.

Exit Coachman with his whip.

Lax. Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke whats this, one, two, three,

The clocke striks three.

three by the clock at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wench, but thats not shee, they walke toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol*

prethee make hast, or the Coachman will curffe vs anon.

Enter Mol like a man.

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman : if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue feuen score pound for a seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a seriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready fir.

Lax. Ready, for what fir.

Mol. Do you aske that now fir, why was this meeting pointed.

Lax. I thought you mistooke me fir,
You seeme to be some yong barrister,
I haue no suite in law—all my land's fold
I praise heauen for't : t'has rid me of much trouble.

Mol. Then I must wake you fir, where stands the coach.

Lax. Whose this, *Mol* : honest *Mol*.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably fuited for the three pigions at *Brainford*, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile sweare you did not : but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is better, come.

Mol. Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntrusse a point *Mol*.

She puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntrusse, 'thas but one tag, 'twill serue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How.

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your
hackney, here's her pace,
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feelee
it,

Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win em, &
weare em.

Lax. Hold *Moll*, Miftresse *Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile ferue an execution on thee
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane
Mol?

Mol. To teach thy bafe thoughts manners ; th'art
one of thofe

That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore,
If ſhe but caſt a liberall eye vpon thee,
Turne backe her head, ſhees thine, or amongſt com-
pany,

By chance drinke firſt to thee : then ſhee's quite gon,
There's no meanes to help her ; nay for a need,
Wilt ſweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers,
That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at firſt
fight

Then her monky all her life time,
How many of our ſex, by ſuch as thou
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blaſted name
That neuer deſerued looſly or did trip
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
But for the ſtaine of conſcience and of foule,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act ſilent, then a bragging nothing,
There's no mercy in't—what durſt moue you fir,
To thinke me whooriſh ? a name which Ide teare
out

From the hye Germaines throat, if it lay ledger
there

To diſpatch priuy ſlanders againſt mee.
In thee I deſye all men, their worſt hates,
And their beſt flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they intangle the poore ſpirits of fooles,

Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.
 Fish that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
 Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke
 With a worme fastned on a golden hooke.
 Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
 For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,
 Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,
 Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
 Had angling rod cast towards me? cause you'le say
 I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,
 Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
 O shame take all her friends then: but how ere
 Thou and the baser world censure my life,
 Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much
 Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
 Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue con-
 quer'd.

I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
 I that can prostitute a man to mee,
 And so I greete thee.

Lax. Heare me.

Mol. Would the spirits of al my flanders, were
 claspt in thine.

That I might vexe an army at one time.

Lax. I do repent me, hold. *They fight.*

Mol. You'l die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*

Mol. Confession is but poore amends for wrong,
 Vnlesse a rope would follow.

Lax. I aske thee pardon.

Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore sir.

Lax. I yeeld both purse and body.

Mol. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life.

Mol. I scorne to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i'faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of
 a fencer. Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this
 a lletcherous viage? Here's bloud would haue seru'd

me this feuen yeare in broken heads and cut fingers,
& it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigions,
I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the
Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*

Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one
thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
Or for apparell like your common dame,
That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.
Bafe is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be Mistrisse of this house,
As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

Enter Trapdore.

Heere comes my man that would be : 'tis his houre.
Faith a good well fet fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his vmbles ; he walkes stiffe,
But whether he will stand to't stiffly, there's the point ;
Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a
woman
Choofe him shee meanes to make her head, by his
calfe ;
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes
A man without ; I'le try what he is within.

Tray. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three
& foure,
Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,
I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle.

Shee iustles him.

What a pox ailes you fir ?

Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman.

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-
fight :

Life he comes back againe. *She comes towards him.*

Mol. Was this spoke to me fir.

Trap. I cannot tell fir.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.

Trap. Coxcombe.

Mol. Y'are a flaue.

Trap. I hope there's law for you fir.

Mol. Ye, do you fee fir. *Turne his hat.*

Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what houle your off.

Mol. One of the Temple fir. *Philips him.*

Trap. Masse so me thinkes.

Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

Trap. I like you the worfe because you shift your lodging so often, Ile not meddle with you for that tricke fir.

Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

Trap. You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse fir.

Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I ha done, and glad to serue me too.

Trap. How fir, serue you, not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there no more women in England I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

Trap. Mistresse.

Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push fir,

Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.

Mol. You a fighter.

Trap. No, I praife heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

Mol. As how I pray fir.

Trap. Life 'thad bene a beaftly part of me to haue drawne my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd shame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainement.

Trap. Thanke your good Mistreship.

Mol. How many fuites haue you.

Trap. No more fuites then backes Mistresse.

Mol. Well if you deferue, I cast of this, next weeke,
And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worship.

Mol. Come follow me to S. *Thomas Apostles*,
Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing
I do.

Trap. I follow my deere Mistresse. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Gallipot as from supper, her husband
after her.*

Maiſt. Gal. What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

Mist. Gal. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the
baby would haue a teate it kyes ſo, pray be not ſo
fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext
at you to ſee how like a calfe you come bleating
after me.

Maiſt. Gal. Nay hony *Pru* : how does your riſing
vp before all the table ſhew? and flinging from my
friends ſo vnciuily, fye *Pru*, fye, come.

Mist. Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Maiſt. Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats
farre from my thought, ducke : why mouſe, thy minde
is nibbling at ſomething, what iſt, what lyes vpon thy
Stomach?

Mist. Gal. Such an aſſe as you : hoyda, y'are beſt
turne midwife, or Phyſition : y'are a Poticary already,
but I'me none of your drugs.

Maiſt. Gal. Thou art a sweete drug, sweeteſt *Pru*,
and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Mist. Gal. Muſt you be prying into a womans
ſecrets : fay ye?

Maiſt. Gal. Womans ſecrets.

Mist. Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come
vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your noſe hang
ouer it.

Maiſt. Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Maiſt. Gal. No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled ——

Mist. Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne,—
fiſh—fiſh.

Maiſt. Gal. Ha, ha, tis ſuch a waſpe; it does mee good now to haue her ſing me, little rogue.

Mist. Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide theſe aterne husbands: ſuch cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you ſcuruily.

Maiſt. Gal. Vpon my life ſhe breeds, heauen knowes how I haue ſtraind my ſelfe to pleaſe her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens ſhould get children ſo fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the moſt part as gentle as milch kine: ſhall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

Maiſt. Gal. Thou ſhalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold ſweete *Pru*.

Exit Maiſt. Gallipot.

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Maſter *Laxton* ſhew your head, what newes from you? would any husband ſuſpect that a woman crying, Buy any ſcurui-graffe, ſhould bring loue letters amongſt her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance? had iealouſy a thouſand eyes, a ſilly woman with ſcuruy-graffe blinds them all;

Laxton with bayes

Crown I thy wit for this, it deſerues praiſe.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wife,

Lacke what poore ſhift is loue forc't to deuife?
(Toth' point.)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature——(a ſweete beginning) *pardon my long abſence, for thou ſhalt ſhortly be poſſeſſed with*

my presence; though Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida: tho Eneus made an affe of Dido, I will dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man beneath the siluer moone shall make more of a woman then I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to liue so, as hitherto I haue and will.

Thy true Laxton euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.

Maisť. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp,
ha, how, reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of
capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out
of the country, I hold my life,—steale,—steale.

Misť. Gal. O beshrow your heart.

Maisť. Gal. What letter's that? I'll see't.

She teares the letter.

Misť. Gal. Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see
the downefall of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for
euer I'me vndone.

Maisť. Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's
that thou tear'st?

Misť. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me

Beyond a womans suffering.

Mist. Gall. What meanes this?

Mist. Had you no other vengeance to throw
downe,

But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?

Mist. Gal. Deere woman,

Mist. Gal. When the full fea of pleasure and con-
tent

Seem'd to flow ouer me.

Mist. Gal. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of
bedlam, tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at
nurse false sicke, or dead?

Mist. Gal. Oh no.

Mist. Gal. Heauens bleffe me, are my barnes
and houses

Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,

I can build more, sweete *Pru.*

Mist. Gal. Tis worse, tis worse.

Mist. Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Jonas*
funcke.

Mist. Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in
the waues,

Rather then both should be the scorn of slaues.

Mist. Gal. I'me at my wits end.

Mist. Gal. Oh my deere husband,

Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,

Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,

I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,

Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate

To be by thee orethrowne?

Mist. Gal. Defend me wisedome,

From falling into frenzie, on my knees.

Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy
lyes on thy bosome.

Mist. Gal. I shall fure run mad.

Mist. Gal. I shall run mad for company then:
speake to me,

I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, . . *Pru*,—why *Pru*.

Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed

Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,
 Tush I forgiue thee, hast thou on my bed
 Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head?
 Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,
 Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done
 before,

Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

Mist. Gall. Oh.

Maißt. Gal. Out with him.

Mist. Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,
 This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,
 To him was I made sure ith fight of heauen.

Maißt. Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Mist. Gall. Yes, yes, before
 I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
 Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,
 The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer
 bow,

For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,
 (But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
 But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he sent,
 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
 Swearing with oathes most damnably to haue me,
 Or teare me from this bosome, oh heauens saue me.

Maißt. Gal. My heart will breake,—sham'd and
 vndone for euer.

Mist. Gal. So blacke a day (poore wretch) went ore
 thee neuer.

Maißt. Gal. If thou shouldst wrastle with him at the
 law,

Th'art sure to fall, no odde flight, no preuention.
 Ile tell him th'art with child.

Mist. Gal. Vmh.

Maißt. Gall. Or giue out one of my men was tane
 a bed with thee.

Mist. Gal. Vmh, vmh.

Maißt. Gal. Before I loofe thee my deere *Pru*,
 Ile driue it to that push.

Mist. Gal. Worfe, and worfe still,

You embrace a mischiefe, to preuent an ill.

Maiſt. Gal. Ile buy thee of him, ſtop his mouth
with Gold,

Think'ſt thou twill do.

Maiſt. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my fences are ſet more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had ſpent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, ſend that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Maiſt. Gal. Forty *Pru*,
Say thou the word tis done, wee venture liues
For wealth, but muſt do more to keepe our wiues,
Thirty or forty *Pru*,

Miſt. Gal. Thirty good ſweete
Of an ill bargaine lets faue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man
When firſt I knew him of a meeke ſpirit,
All goodneſſe is not yet dryd vp I hope.

Maiſt. Gal. He ſhall haue thirty pound, let that
ſtop all :
Loues ſweets taſt beſt, when we haue drunke downe
Gall.

Enter Maifter Tiltyard, *and his wife*, Maifter Gof-
hawke, *and* Miſtreſſe Openworke.

Gods ſo, our friends; come, come, ſmoth your
cheeke ;

After a ſtorme the face of heauen looks fleeke.

Maiſt. Tilt. Did I not tell you theſe turtles were
together?

Miſt. Tilt. How doſt thou ſirra ? why ſiſter *Galli-*
pot?

Miſt. Open. Lord how ſhee's chang'd ?

Gofh. Is your wife ill ſir ?

Maiſt. Gal. Yes indeed la ſir, very ill, very ill,
neuer worfe.

Mist. Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulfes work.

Mist. Open. Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.

Mist. Tilt. In good fadnesse I finde best ease in that too,
Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

Mist. Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.

Mist. Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe Maister *Goshawke*?

Gosh. Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*, firra *Rosamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

Mist. Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

Gosh. Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red foone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not beleeue me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.

Mist. Open. It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

Gosh. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?

Mist. Open. Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.

Gosh. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

Mist. Open. Heere's my hand.

Gosh. No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

Mist. Tilt. Yes, yes, come wife.

Mist. Tilt. Introth sifter, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mist. Gal. I hope I shall: farewell good sifter: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

Mist. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome fir.

Omnes. Thankes fir for our good cheere,
Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.

Maiſt. Gal. It ſhall be ſo, becauſe a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'll giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound :
Tuff *Pru*, what's thirty pound? ſweete ducke looke
cheerely.

Miſt. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou
buiſt it deerely.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's againſt me, a pox of
your Potticarishp : oh for ſome gliſter to ſet him going ;
'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of theſe
Cittie hennes, becauſe their cockes are ſtil crowing
ouer them ; there's no turning tale here, I muſt on.

Miſt. Gal. Oh, husband ſee he comes.

Maiſt. Gal. Let me deale with him.

Lax. Bleſſe you fir.

Maiſt. Gal. Be you bleſt too fir if you come in
peace.

Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco fir ?

Miſt. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle fir, my
husband

Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concern-
ing you.

Lax. Zounes has ſhe ſhowne my letters.

Miſt. Gal. Suppoſe my caſe were yours, what would
you do,

At ſuch a pinch, ſuch batteries, ſuch affaultes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to diſſolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him ?
How could you ſhift this ſtorme off ?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Miſt. Gal. Beſides a ſtory of your death was
read

Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox meanes this ridling ?

Maiſt. Gal. Be wife fir, let not you and I be toſt
On Lawiers pens ; they haue ſharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them ; what need you fir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together fir to prooue
Your precontract, when ſh'has confeſt it ?

Lax. Vmh fir, . . . has ſhe confeſt it ?

Maiſt. Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me fir, vpon your letter
ſending.

Miſt. Gal. I haue, I haue.

Lax. If I let this yron coole call me ſlaue,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence* ? think'ſt thou vile
woman

I'le take theſe blowes and winke ?

Miſt. Gal. Vpon my knees.

Lax. Out impudence.

Maiſt. Gal. Good fir.

Lax. You goatish ſlaues,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine ?

Maiſt. Gal. Alas fir,
You make her fleſh to tremble, fright her not,
She ſhall do reaſon, and what's fit.

Lax. I'le haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hoſpitall, and more diſeaſed.—

Maiſt. Gal. But one word good fir.

Lax. So fir.

Maiſt. Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and
got

Two children on her body, thinke but on that ;
Haue you ſo beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty diſh haue fed
To dine vpon my ſcraps, my leauings ? ha fir ?
Do I come neere you now fir ?

Lax. Be Lady you touch me.

Maiſt. Gal. Would not you ſcorne to weare my
cloathes fir ?

Lax. Right fir.

Maist. Gal. Then pray fir weare not her, for shee's
a garment

So fitting for my body, I'me loath
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'le pay it ;
Shall that fir stop this gap vp twixt you two ?

Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke
you :

The mony being paid fir, I am gon :
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

Mist. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

Maist. Gall. Yes deere wife : pray fir come in, ere
Maister *Laxton* part

Thou shalt in wine drinke to him.

Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.

Mist. Gal. With all my heart ; . . . how dost thou
like my wit ?

Lax. Rarely, that wile

By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill ;

Yare apple eaters all, deceiuers still. *Exit Laxton.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave : Sir Dauby Dapper, Sir Adam Appleton, at one dore, and Trapdore at another doore.

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Dauby*, to Sir *Adam*.
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay : if hee be a knaue fir, hold him
fast.

Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching
now.

Trap. A Ducks egge fir, a ducke that has eaten a
frog, I haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other
will peep out presently ; the ducke that fits is the
bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mistresse)
the drake that must tread is your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Be quicke.

Trap. As the tongue of an oister wench.

Alex. And see thy newes be true.

Trap. As a barbars euery fatterday night . . . mad
Mol.

Alex. Ah.

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your
backe gate.

Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.

Alex. Good.

Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.

Alex. How shirt of male?

Trap. Yes fir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans
apparell.

Alex. To my sonne.

Trap. Clofe to your sonne: your sonne and her
Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not,
her blacke faeguard is turned into a deepe floppe,
the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her
waistcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient feate
of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing
collers.

Alex. Art fure of this?

Trap. As euery throng is fure of a pick-pocket, as
fure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas*
Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

Alex. Away ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud,
I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Alex. Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets;
harke.

Trap. They are made.

Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money;
hold it vp: maintain't.

Trap. Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfe penny halter.

Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet I'll make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. Ile do't presently, through a Tauerne grate,
drawer: pish. *Exit Trapdore.*

Adam. Has the knaue vext you fir?

Alex. Askt him my mony,
He sweares my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy
Will nere leaue heaping forrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alex. As is a ruffian Beare.

Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.

Alex. Worfe still and worfe,
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. Dauy. My sonne *Iacke Dapper* then shall run
with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too fir?

S. Dauy. As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*

Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches
fucke

My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on
smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Dauy. Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,
Or a starke foole; pray lend me your aduise.

Both. That shall you good fir *Dauy*.

S. Dauy. Heere's the sprindge
I ha fet to catch this woodcocke in : an action
In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred
I'th Counter to arrest *Iacke Dapper*.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

S. Dauy. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake
him ?

Adam. Breake him ?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Dauy. I'll make him sing a Counter tenor
sure.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall
learne

What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

S. Dauy. Hee's bridled there.

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
There for there wit then any where ; a Counter
Why 'tis an vniuersity, who not fees ?
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,
And follow the same studies (all alike.)
Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.
So does a prisoner ; with fine honied speech
At's first comming in he doth perfwade, beseech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy ;
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle Logicke, and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

Adam. Say they do.

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

S. Dauy. Say they trust him not.

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd
Be expuls'd from the Maisters fide, to th' twopenny
ward,
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts ;
Sir *Dauy* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

S. Dauy. There Gallants study hard.

Alex. True : to get mony.

S. Dauy. 'lies bith' heeles 'ifaith, thankes, thankes,
I ha sent for a couple of beares shall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder ?

S. Dauy. They looke like puttocks, these should
be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, fir wee'l leaue
you.

S. Dauy. My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well fir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam*

Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he.

By the fellowes discription : Saue you fi .

S. Dauy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not
my man tell you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate fir told vs, that in this
place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing
contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery
wicked member in a Citty.

S. Dauy. You'l watch then for ten thousand,
what's thy name honesty ?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I fir,

S. Dauy. An excellent name for a Seriant,
Curtilax.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them ; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax.*

Curt. That's my circuit fir, I coniure most in that
circle.

S. Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman fir, my name's *Hanger*.

S. Dauy. Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres fure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villainous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curt. We are as other men are fir, I cannot see but hee who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud; all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call vs knaues and cures, but many times hee that sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then we do in feuen.

S. Dauy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vn-beleeuers.

S. Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prifoners names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, beleeues to come out in hast.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes you to be.

Both. Oh fir.

S. Dauy. You know the vnthrif *Iacke Dapper*.

Curt. I, I, fir, that Gull? aswell as I know my yeoman.

S. Dauy. And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy Dapper*?

Curt. As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were fure his fathers skinne would yeeld him any money, he would when hee dyes flea it off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

S. Dauy. What toades are these to spit poyson on

a man to his face ? doe you see (my honest rascals ?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Iacke Dapper* will fally fa, fa : giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo' th backe fir.

S. Dauy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

Both. Braue fir.

S. Dauy. Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus fir.

S. Dauy. There boy, there boy, away : looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and fo I vanish.

Exit S. Dauy.

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow, vpon my life, stand close.

Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place ?

Curt. No nooke thou yonder.

Enter Mol and Trapdore.

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What sayes my braue Captaine male and female ?

Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete.

Trap. That's becaufe Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's such iustling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion ?

Mol. Carryon ? no, yet I spy rauens.

Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whist, whew.

Curt. Hump, no.

Mol. Peeping ? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'le

spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the flake.

Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

Hang. Whew.

Curt. Hemp.

Moll. Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iacke Dap. Did't euer see such an affe as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Serieant fly, fie Maister *Dapper* you'l be arrested else.

Iacke Dap. Run *Gul* and draw.

Gul. Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

Mol. Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away, I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.

Alex. Vnhappy in the follies of a sonne,
Led against iudgement, fence, obedience,
And all the powers of noblenesse and wit ;

Enter Trapdore

Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come ?

Trap. In mans apparell fir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Alex. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in fight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions
rids her fir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred
constables.

Alex. Good *Trapdore* faist thou so, thou cheer'ft
my heart
After a storme of sorrow,— my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to
light fir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lan-
thornes.

Alex. Place that a' the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.

Trap. Shee cannot misse it fir, I fee't so plaine
That I could steal't my selfe.

Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty ; what shee leaues,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpon her backe I'll lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that fir.

Alex. No, what lets it ?

Trap. Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire
 preffing,
 Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.
Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.
Trap. You'r of my minde for that fir.
Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond
 at it,
 It may be shee'l like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that shee must haue her
 choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you
 hold on this minde a little longer, it shall bee the first
 worke I doe to turne theefe my selfe; would do a
 man good to be hang'd when he is so wel pro-
 uided for.

Alex. So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee
 hung so too,
 The fight would please me more, then all their
 gillsterings :
 Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,
 That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page,
 and Mol.*

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office, without
 touch
 Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

Mol. I'de scorne to make such shift to bring you
 together else.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
 Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

Mary. Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse
 another.

Seb. I'de kisse such men to chuse *Mol*,
 Me thinkes a womans lip tafts well in a dublet.

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune
 then,
 Whose breathes grew stale before the fashon came,

If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hose too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake
seriously,

As some haue a conceit their drinke tafts better
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes every kisse she giues me now
In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie
Of all suspicion, this is my fathers chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,
At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.

Mol. And what's your businesse now, you haue your
mind fir ;

At your great suite I promised you to come,
I pittied her for names sake, that a *Moll*
Should be so crost in loue, when there's so many,
That owes nine layes a peece, and not so little :
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke ?

Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And must liue still beholding.

Mol. Any honest pittie
I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.

Seb. I'le offer no worfe play.

Mol. Nay and you should fir,
I should draw first and prooue the quicker man.

Seb. Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this
meeting,

But cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell finging.

Mol. Like a swan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

Seb. Hold on sweete *Mol.*

Mary. I'ue heard her much commended fir, for

one that was nere taught.

Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes put vs together fir, Ile play my part as wel as I can : it shall nere be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung fill, and nere offred thee it.

Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.

Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art heere where thou art knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal the viall an vnmanerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them fit wider to a worfe quality.

Mol. Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em fir, and thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithce let's heare thy dreame *Mol*.

Mol. *I dreame there is a Mistresse,
And she layes out the money, The song.
Shee goes vnto her Sisters,
Shee neuer comes at any.*

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

*Shee faves shee went to'th Burse for patternes,
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

Seb. That's a free Mistresse 'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that fings it, one of thine
own choosfing.

Mol. But shall I dreame againe ?

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was so great,
Shee lay with one o' the Nauy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.*

*Yet oft with him she cauel'd,
I wonder what shee ailes,
Her husbands ship lay grauel'd,
When her's could hoyse vp failes.
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,
To call whoore first: for so do those,
A pox of all false tayles.*

Seb. Marry amen fay I.

Alex. So fay I too.

Mol. Hang vp the viall now fir: all this while I was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, shee's trapt.

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cossen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deferues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now, There's many a younger brother would be glad To looke twice in at a window for't, And wriggle in and oute like an eele in a sandbag, Oh if mens secrete youthfull faults should iudge 'em, 'Twould be the general't execution, That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to sing the ballets, there would be so much worke: most of our brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them: they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

Mary. No poyson fir but serues vs for some vse, Which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace,
Foot I did here him sure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father,
'Twas like a fight of his, I must be wary.

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plundge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes,—fir I beseech you
take it,

Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it foure pound, here's forty shillings fir.
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me,
You shall haue tother forty.

Alex. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose forrowes had blind eies,
But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glasses—how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time fir, I'ue a suite to
you,

I'de craue your present kindnesse.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a musitian fir, one of excellent
fingring.

Alex. I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

Seb. Has the most delicate stroake fir.

Alex. A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart.

Seb. Puts downe all your famous musitians.

Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred
of 'em.

Seb. Forty shillings is the agreement fir betweene vs,
Now fir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe
on't.

Alex. And he stands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he fir.

Alex. And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile.

Seb. Therefore I'de stop his mouth fir, and I could.

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs fucceed.
Now fir I vnderstand you professe musique.

Mol. I am a poore seruant to that liberall science fir.

Alex. Where is it you teach ?

Mol. Right againſt Cliffords Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it : you haue many ſcholars.

Mol. And ſome of worth, whom I may call my maiſters.

Alex. I true, a company of whooremaiſters ; you teach to ſing too ?

Mol. Marry do I fir.

Alex. I thinke you'll finde an apt ſcholler of my ſonne, eſpecially for pricke-ſong.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am ſory for't, I haue the leſſe for that : you can play any leſſon.

Mol. At firſt ſight fir.

Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play tha: ?

Mol. I would be ſory any one ſhould mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleeeue thee, thou haſt ſo bewitcht my ſonne,

No care will mend the worke that thou haſt done,

I haue bethought my ſelfe ſince my art failes,

I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.

Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them

Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,

Theſe will I make induction to her ruine,

And rid ſhame from my houſe, grieve from my heart.

Here ſonne, in what you take content and pleaſure,

Want ſhall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman

His latter halfe in gold.

Seb. I thanke you fir.

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life : shame, in him ; and grieve, in mee.

Exit Alexander.

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers
guift,
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.

Mi. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (*Maister Goshawke*) so wild ?

Mist. Open. A Goshawke, a Puttocke ; all for prey,
he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.

Mist. Gal. Is't possible his smoth face should haue
wrinkles in't, and we not see them ?

Mist. Open. Possible ? why haue not many hand-
some legges in filke stockins villanous splay teete for
all their great rofes ?

Mist. Gal. Troth firra thou saist true.

Mist. Op. Didst neuer see an archer (as tho' aft
walkt by Bunhill) looke a squint when he drew his
bow ?

Mist. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward
Islington, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards
Pimlico.

Mist. Open. For all the world so does *Maister Goshawke*
double with me.

Mist. Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's
not for me.

Mist. Open. Because *Goshawke* goes in a shag-ruffe
band, with a face sticking vp in't, which shoves like
an agget set in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue
with him.

Mist. Gal. 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse
in thee.

Mist. Open. He has by often beating into me made mee beleeeue that my husband kept a whore.

Mist. Gal. Very good.

Mist. Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Mist. Gal. That were wholesome.

Mist. Open. I beleeu'd it, fell a fwearing at him, curfing of harlots, made me ready to hoyse vp faile, and be there as foone as hee.

Mist. Gal. So fo.

Mist. Open. And for that voyage *Goshawke* comes hither incontinently, but firra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Braineford* to make mee cry quack.

Mist. Gall. Art fure of it?

Mist. Open. Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Goshawke* i' the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

Mist. Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* firra) but I am ridd of him now.

Mist. Open. Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

Mist. Gall. Troth meere shallow things.

Mist. Open. Idle fimple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done) are fure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what fimple animalls they are.

Mist. Open. Then they hang the head.

Mist. Gal. Then they droupe.

Mist. Open. Then they write letters.

Mist. Gal. Then they cogge.

Mist. Open. Then deale they vnder hand with vs, and wee must inge with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords wil, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

Enter Gofshawke.

Mist. Gal. Hush firra, *Gofshawke* flutters.

Gofsh. How now, are you ready?

Mist. Open. Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

Gofsh. Vs? why, must shee make one i'the voiage?

Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, doe I know how my husband will handle mee?

Gofsh. 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but lickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

Mist. Gal. I beleeeue you'l eate of a coddess head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gofsh. So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?

Misl. Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I must haue a bout with your Potticariship.

Misl. Gal. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speake with you.

Misl. Gal. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Misl. Gal. Shall? away foust Sturgion, halfe fish,
halfe flesh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your
tayle puf-cat for this.

Misl. Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's
cut already: your worst;

Lax. If I do not, ——— *Exit Laxton.*

Gosh. Come, ha' you done?

Enter Maister Openworke.

Sfoote *Rosamond*, your husband.

Maißt. Open. How now? sweete Maist. *Goshawke*,
none more welcome,

I haue wanted your embracements: when friends
meete,

The musique of the spheares founds not more sweete,
Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:
Wife: how now sister?

Gosh. Silence if you loue mee.

Maißt. Open. Why maskt?

Misl. Open. Does a maske grieue you sir?

Maißt. Open. It does.

Misl. Open. Then y'are best get you a mumming.

Gosh. S'foote you'll spoyle all.

Misl. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with
maskes

As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

Ma. Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeues to
beauty, that rob eies

Of admiration in which true loue lies,

Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?

Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered

To read the vild't looks ; many bad faces,
 (Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cafes)
 Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues
 Dambe misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,
 Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,
 But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,
 And sweare it was some beldame. Come off with't.

Mist. Open. I will not.

Mist. Open. Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by
 spirits.

Hide none but bad ones, for they poyson mens fights,
 Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stufte,
 (By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
 Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this sayle.

Mist. Open. Saile ?

Mist. Op. Ha ? yes wife strike saile, for stormes
 are in thine eyes :

Mist. Open. Th'are here fir in my browes if any
 rise.

Mist. Open. Ha browes ? (what sayes she friend)
 pray tel me why

Your two flagges were aduaunst ; the Comedy,
 Come what's the Comedy ?

Mist. Open. Westward hoe.

Mist. Open. How ?

Mist. Open. 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

Gosh. Are you both madde ?

Mist. Open. Is't Market day at *Braineford*, and
 your ware not fent vp yet ?

Mist. Open. What market day ? what ware ?

Mist. Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis
 drawne and staies your cutting vp.

Gosh. As you regard my credit.

Mist. Open. Art madde ?

Mist. Open. Yes letcherous goate ; Baboone.

Mist. Open. Baboone ? then tosse me in a blanc-
 ket.

Mist. Open. Do I it well ?

Mist. Gall. Rarely.

Gosh. Belike fir shee's not well ; best leaue her.

Maiſt. Open. No,

I'll ſtand the ſtorme now how fierce ſo ere it blow.

Miſt. Open. Did I for this looſe all my friends ?
refuſe

Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made

A ſtale to a common whore ?

Maiſt. Open. This does amaze mee.

Miſt. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerſion
now ?

A Strumpets leauing ?

Maiſt. Open. Roſamond.

Gosh. I ſweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.

Miſt. Open. Thou haſt ſtruck ten thouſand daggers
through my heart.

Maiſt. Open. Not I by heauen ſweete wife.

Miſt. Open. Go diuel go ; that which thou ſwear'ſt
by, damnes thee.

Gosh. S'heart will you vndo mee ?

Miſt. Open. Why ſtay you heere ? the ſtarre, by
which you faile,

Shines yonder aboute *Chelſy* ; you looſe your ſhore

If this moone light you : feeke out your light whore.

Maiſt. Open. Ha ?

Miſt. Gal. Puſh ; your Weſterne pug.

Gosh. Zounds now hell roares.

Miſt. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of
oares,

This very morning.

Maiſt. Open. Oares ?

Miſt. Open. At *Brainford* fir.

Maiſt. Open. Racke not my patience ; Maiſter
Goshawke, ſome ſlaue has buzzed this into her, has he
not ? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman ? 'tis a
lie : What old baud tels thee this ? S'death 'tis a lie.

Miſt. Open. 'Tis one to thy face ſhall iuſtify all
that I ſpeake.

Maiſt. Open. Vd' foule do but name that rascal.

Miſt. Open. No fir I will not.

Gosh. Keepe thee there girle :—then !

Mist. Open. Sister know you this varlet ?

Mist. Gall. Yes.

Mist. Open. Sweare true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd ? a second *Iudas* ? a common hangman ? cutting a mans throate ? does it to his face ? bite mee behinde my backe ? a cur dog ? sweare if you know this hell-hound.

Mist. Gall. In truth I do.

Mist. Open. His name ?

Mist. Gall. Not for the world ;

To haue you to stab him.

Gosh. Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

Mist. Open. A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

Draw out his sword.

Gosh. What do you meane fir ?

Mist. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character : I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head speak : or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it ; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'll kill him :—the streete.

Or at the Church dore :—there—(cause he seekes to vnty

The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

Mist. Open. My husband titles him.

Mist. Open. Maister *Goshawke*, pray fir

Sweare to me, that you know him or know him not, Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote besides my wiues.

Gosh. By heauen that man I know not.

Mist. Open. Come, come, you lie.

Gosh. Will you not haue all out ?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moone Should do you wrong, but if I had his name, I'de print it in text letters.

Mist. Open. Print thine owne then,

Did'st not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore ?

Mist. Gal. And that in sinfull *Brainford* they
would commit
That which our lips did water at fir,—ha ?

Mist. Open. Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web
In mine owne house t' inſnare me : haſt not thou
Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this rooſe,
And turned it all to poyſon ? ſpitting it,
On thy friends face (my husband ?) he as t'were
ſleeping :

Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,
That they might glance on thee.

Mist. Gal. Speake, are theſe lies ?

Gosh. Mine own ſhame me confounds :

Mist. Open. No more, hee's ſtung ;
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)
Goodneſſe I ſee is but outſide, wee all ſet,
In rings of Gold, ſtones that be counterfet :
I thought you none.

Gosh. Pardon mee.

Mist. Open. Truth I doe.
This blemiſh growes in nature not in you,
For mans creation ſlicke euen moles in ſcorne
On faireſt cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.

Mist. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Mist. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt
rotten pill ?

For at the heart lies the old chore ſtill.
I'll tell you Maſter *Goshawke*, I in your eie
I haue ſeene wanton fire, and then to try
The ſoundneſſe of my iudgement, I told you
I kept a whoore, made you beleue t'was true,
Onely to feele how your pulſe beat, but find,
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,
This rub put by, our loue ſhall runne more euen.

Mist. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no
more ?

Gosh. No :—you teach me a tricke for that.

Mist. Open. Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

Mai. Open. Make my house yours fir still.

Gosh. No.

Mai. Open. I say you shall :

Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

*Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,
Laxton muffled a loose off.*

Omnes. How now ?

Mai. Gall. With mee fir ?

Greene. You fir ? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.

Mist. Gall. What's the matter husband ?

Greene. — I haue caught a cold in my head fir, by sitting vp late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

Mai. Gal. So fir.

Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Craftino*, doe you see, *Craftina sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in Bow Church.

Mai. Gal. Where fir ? what saies he ?

Greene. Bow : Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precontract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another ; y'are best fir take a copy of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

Omnes. A Citation ?

Mai. Gal. You pocky-nosed rascall, what slaue fees you to this ?

Lax. Slaue ? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare fir ?

Gosh. *Laxton* ist not ?—what fagary is this ?

Mai. Gal. Trust me I thought fir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fiftene pound, besides the thirty you had first,—for then you swore.

Lax. Tush, tush fir, oathes,

Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, . . tell you what ;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maiſt. Gal. An hundred pound?

Miſt. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none :
what a 100 pound?

Maiſt. Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman
offers thus,

If I will make the monyes that are paſt
A 100 pound, he will diſcharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vexe us more.

Miſt. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las ; take fir but three-
ſcore,

Do you ſeeke my vndoing?

Lax. I'lle not bate one ſixpence, . . . I'lle mall
you pufſe for ſpitting.

Miſt. Gal. Do thy worſt,
Will foureſcore ſtop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Miſt. Gal. Y'are a ſlaue,
Thou Cheate, I'lle now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, ſeeing your woemen are
ſo hote, I muſt looſe my haire in their company
I ſee.

Miſt. Ope. His haire ſheds off, and yet he ſpeaks
not ſo much in the noſe as he did before.

Goſh. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maiſter
Greenewit, is your wit ſo raw as to play no better a
part then a Somners?

Maiſt. Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an
honeſt man in this company?

Miſt. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did diſ-
ſemble,

Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no ſhift but that.

Maiſt. Gal. A very cleane ſhift : but able to make
mee lowfy, On.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him flie more lofty.

Maiſt. Gall. A' the top of you wife : on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing waſted them, comes now for more,

Vſing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whoſe ſinne keepes him in breath : by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Maiſt. Gal. My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a ſhop-boord will ſerue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon : of that wee'l talke hereafter : y'are a villaine :

Lax. Heare mee but ſpeake fir, you ſhall finde mee none.

Omnes. Pray fir, be patient and heare him.

Maiſt. Gal. I am muzzled for biting fir, vſe me how you will.

Lax. The firſt howre that your wife was in my eye,

My ſelfe with other Gentlemen fitting by,
(In your ſhop) taſting ſmoake, and ſpeech being vſed,
That men who haue faireſt wiues are moſt abuſed,
And hardly ſcaped the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely ſuch ſpots in Citty dames were ſtain'd,
Juſtly, but by mens ſlanders : for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had ſo much of her heart ;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer ſo fine ſpunne, ſhould your ſelfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Maiſt. Gal. Yet *Pru* 'tis well :

Play out your game at Irish fir : Who winnes ?

Miſt. Open. The triall is when ſhee comes to bearing :

Lax. I ſcorn'd one woman, thus, ſhould braue all men,

And (which more vext me) a ſhee-citizen.
Therefore I laid ſiege to her, out ſhe held,
Gaue many a braue repulſe, and me compell'd

With shame to found retrait to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore
Nere to prsumne againe : she said, her eie
Would euer giue me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,
Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers : did so ; then seeing I wrought
Vpon her meekeness, mee she set at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You see what streame I stroue with, but sir I sweare
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment :
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.

Maiſt. Gal. If this no gullery be sir,

Omnes. No, no, on my life.

Maiſt. Gal. Then sir I am beholden (not to you
wife)

But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,
Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maiſt. Open. Brother, we haue a iest,
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

Maiſt. Gal. Wee'l crowne our table with it : wife
brag no more

Of holding out : who most brags is most whore.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beautious Ganymed,
and *Sir* Thomas Long.

Iacke Dap. But prethee Maister Captaine *Iacke* be
plaine and perspicuous with mee ; was it your *Megge* of
Westminsters courage, that rescued mee from the Poul-
try puttockes indeed.

Mol. The valour of my wit I ensure you sir fetcht

you off brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those desperates, Sir *Bewtious Ganymed* here, and fir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your ranfome from captiuity.

Sir Bewt. Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes. how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyft, & away flid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the fuburbs I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra *Iacke Dapper*.

Iac. Dap. What sai'ft *Tòm Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

Iack Dap. Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke, Mol.*

Mol. What faies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bewt. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Iack Dap. Mol and I'll be i' the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

Iack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Dauby* laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

Omnes. Your father? away *Iacke*.

Jack. Dap. By the taffels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke stratageme thinke you ? hee thought becaufe a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowly prifon could make an affe of mee.

Omnes. A nafty plot.

Jack. Dap. I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which all the wilde beafts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Mol. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland*.

Omnes. Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Ganymed*, *Sir Thomas Long* ? and how does Maifter *Dapper* ?

Jack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord ?

L. Nol. No faith *Iacke*.

Jack. Dap. My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs ? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Heeres fuch a merry ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with fuch company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Jack Dap. Here's moft amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes. Amorous weather. *They walke.*

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word ?

*Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch
o're one eie, and Teare-Cat with him, all
tatters.*

Trap. Shall we fet vpon the infantry, thefe troopes of foot ? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorifh Maifter and Miftrefle, wo'd I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Tear-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discover me : wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of filuer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd fouldiers.

Jacke Dap. Where are you maim'd ?

T. Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you ? by my troth I loue a fouldier with my soule.

Sir Bewt. Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd ?

T. Long. In any part of the Low countries ?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the siege of *Belgrad*.

L. Nol. Who seru'd there with you sirra ?

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home fir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Jack. Dap. You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

Trap. Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscana*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennesis*, and diuerse others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

Jack. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English,

What art thou ?

T. Cat. Ick mine Here. Ick bin den
ruffling Teare-Cat,

Den braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all
Dutchlant.

Guerefen: Der Shellum das meere Ick
Beafa

Ick woert gaeb.

Ick slaag bin stroakes on tom Cop.

Dastick Den hundred touzum Diuell
halle,

Frollick mine Here.

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iob-
bering.

Moll. Not a crosse, *Sir Bewtious*, you bafe rogues,
I haue taken measure of you, better then a taylor can,
and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue
itted mee.

Trap. Your Worship will not abuse a souldier.

Moll. Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp
by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession,
souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should
be a trapdore here abouts. *Pull off his patch.*

Trap. The balles of these glasiars of mine (mine
eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of
seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

Icke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene such
knauiery in blacke patches as now I see.

Mol. Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of
dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite
like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you sirra? a bird of this feather
too.

T. Cat. A man beaten from the wars sir.

T. Long. I thinke so, for you neuer stood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow souldier?

T. Cat. I am cal'd by those that haue seen my
valour, *Tear-Cat.*

Omnes. Teare-Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-Iacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a flaue, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T. Cat. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by fight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him saile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then my-selfe.

Iack. Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd souldier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirra are an vpriht man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T. Cat. Brother to this vpriht man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes. Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,

and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Iack. Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy stayes for me in a boufing ken, braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee sayes his wench staies for him in an ale-houfe : you are no pure rogues.

T. Cat. Pure rogues ? no, wee fcorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our ftalling ken, you fhall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cuffin.

Mol. So, fir, no churle of you.

T. Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting ?

Iack. Dap. Zounds, I'll giue a fchoolemaifter halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but ftrowle fir, halfe a harueft with vs fir, and you fhall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T. Long. Well fayd *Mol*, cant with her firra, and you fhall haue mony, elfe not a penny.

Trap. I'll haue a bout if fhe please.

Mol. Come on firra.

Trap. Ben mort, fhall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a hogfhead vnder the Ruffemans, and there you fhall wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rafcall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your flampes.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry ? what was his gibberifh ?

Mol. Marry this my Lord sayes hee ; Ben mort (good wench) fhall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung ? fhall you and I rob a houfe, or cut a purfe ?

Omnes. Very Good.

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hogfhead vnder the
Ruffemans :

And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire Captaine, as 'tis fit a
fouldier should lie.

Mol. And there you shall wap with mee, and I'll
niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bewt. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap ?

Jack. Dap. Nay teach mee what nigging is, I'de
faine bee nigging.

Mol. Wapping and nigging is all one, the rogue
my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling : if it please you.

Sir Bewt. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*.

Mol. Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-boufe
In a boufing ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. *The song.*
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,
By the follamon vnder the Ruffemans.
By the follamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And fcoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my boufy nab might skew rome boufe
well

Auaft to the pad, let vs bing,
Auaft to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnes. Fine knaues i'faith.

Jack Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheeles,
and the grunting of five hundred hogs comming from
Rumford market, cannot make a worfe noyse then
this canting language does in my eares ; pray my
Lord *Noland*, let's giue these fouldiers their pay.

Sir Bewt. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nor. Heere *Mol.*

Mol. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you: my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings fixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordship.

T. Cat. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistreship, wheresoeuer we come.

Moll. You'l maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

Trap. Elfe trine me on the cheats: hang me.

Mol. Be sure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maundring I'le doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat*.

T. Cat. *I præ, sequor*, let us go moufe.

Exeunt they two manet the rest.

L. Nol. *Mol* what was in that canting song?

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the onely milke which these wilde beasts loue to sucke, and thus it was:

A^rrich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,

To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de fit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowfy hedge die,
Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of such stufte
my Lord

Not worth the opening.

*Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with foure or fve men
after him, one with a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

T. Long. Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1. *Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

2. *Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there bee any filuer shels amongst them, for all their fattin out-fides.

Omnes. Let's try?

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumpers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Mol. This braue fellow is no better then a foyft.

Omnes. Foyft, what's that?

Mol. A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foyfting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i' the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i' the streetes, whil't shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleness of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fiae ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. *Cut.* Zounds wee are smoakt.

Omnes. Ha?

2. *Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1. *Cut.* All the diseases of fixeene hospitals boyle her: away.

Mol. Blesse you fir.

1. *Cut.* And you good fir.

Mol. Do'ft not ken mee man?

1. *Cut.* No trust mee fir.

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'me bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play

i' the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best ; do you see ? no more.

i. *Cut.* A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not · *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell :

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord ?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurse ? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol* ? I must confesse,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,
I haue sat amongst such adders ; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houfes
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name :
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies : and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foyfts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discouered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Jack Dap. How do'st thou know it ?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.

Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close trickes of curtizans ; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow ?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare
 That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
 Your knowledge in those villanies, to faue
 Your friend from their quicke danger : must you have
 A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
 Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cut-purse fo.
 How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes ?
 How many chaste, whose names fill slanderes bookes ?
 Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their
 scornes

Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,
 Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,
 I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

Omnes. A braue minde *Mol* i'faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary ?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone sure.

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne
 me to you or to the world : A fencer I hope may be
 cal'd a coward, is he so for that ? If all that haue ill
 names in London, were to be whipt, and to pay but
 tweluepence a peece to the beadle, I would rather
 haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll* : 'twere a
 sweete tickling office i'faith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
 Greenewit, and others.*

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent
 girle,
 Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon ?

Greene. How will your care preuent it ?

Gosh. 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knows whe-
 ther.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-
 strings

Enter a seruant.

Held out so long from breaking : now what newes sir ?

Seruant. They were met vppo'th the water an houre
since, fir.

Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce ? come Gentlemen,
'Tis *Lambith* workes against vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad
matches, then your fixe wet townes, twixt that and
Windsor-bridge, where fares lye foaking.

Alex. Delay no time sweete Gentlemen : to Blacke
Fryars,
Wee'll take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe
my mistresse,
Are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower ?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my
care ?

I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter fir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander.*

You'r well met, and most rightly serued,
My daughter was a scorne to you.

Alex. Say not so fir.

Fitz.All. A very abiect, thee poore Gentlewoman,
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you
ioy fir,
Of your sons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather
shortly

To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbes passing well fir.

Alex. O play not with the miferies of my heart,
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,

And scornefull aire let in : rather let pitty
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.
Like one that giues almes to a curfing beggar,
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you
Toward my deferuing child, which then grew fond
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should haue come neere your
house,

Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart.

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

Greene. You vrge a thing past sence, how can he
helpe you ?

All his assistance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em ?
One brings vs water-newes ; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower ; whose sounds are truest ?

Gosh. In vaine you flatter him fir *Alexander*.

Fitz-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee
grossly.

Green. Hee doe's it well i'faith.

Fitz-All. Both newes are false,

Of Tower or water : they tooke no such way yet.

Alex. Oh strange : heare you this Gentlemen, yet
more plundges ?

Fitz-Alla. Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet
more clofe, then if they were further off.

Alex. How am I lost in these distractions ?

Fitz-Alla. For your speeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashnesse ; fore you all,
I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his sonnes reuenewes, which are lesse,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him ;
That I could (if my will stucke to my power)
Preuent this marriage yet, nay banish her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

Alex. Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap
vpon me
Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter :
I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,
So he would marry the meaneft drudge I hire.

Greene. Hee talkes impossibilities, and you belecue
'em.

Fitz-Alla. I talke no more, then I know how to
finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pittie :
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring
Of his affection was my daughters first,
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him
In those possessions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,
To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her :
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this diseafe, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

Greene. Troth but you shall not vndertake such
matches,
Wee'l perswade so much with you.

Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleue this token : fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully : all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse
In that refusall.

Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a
beggar.

Green. Are you mad sir ?

Fitz-All. 'Tis done.

Gosh. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies ?

Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

Fitz-All. I, I, sir I.
I aske no fauour ; trust to you for none,

My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son.

Exit Fitz-Allard.

Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.

Gosh. Of an old knight i'faith.

Alex. Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,

Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth fruites, of comfort and of honour ;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

Enter Moll.

Gosh. Life, heere's *Mol.*

Green. *Iack.*

Gosh. How dost thou *Iacke* ?

Mol. How dost thou Gallant ?

Alex. Impudence, where's my sonne ?

Mol. Weakenesse, go looke him.

Alex. Is this your wedding gowne ?

Mol. The man talkes monthly :

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

Exit Moll.

Gosh. Why fir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No Priest will marry her, fir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one :
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

Alex. What ere' she be, she has my blessing with her,

May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

Green. Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne fir.

Gosh. Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,

No portion with her, but her lips and armes ?

Alex. Why ? who thriue better fir ? they haue most blessing,

Though other haue more wealth, and leaft repent,
Many that want moft, know the moft content.

Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthfull finner.

Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft
and drunkenneffe,

Nothing but death can wipe away.

There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are
gray,

Nay, I difpaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentle-
men,

No face can come vnfortunately to me,

Now fir, your newes ?

Enter a feruant.

Seruant. Your fonne with his faire Bride is neere
at hand.

Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.

Green. Now you'r refolu'd fir, it was neuer she.

Alex. I finde it in the muficke of my heart.

*Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-
Allard.*

See where they come.

Gosh. A proper lusty prefence fir.

Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies coun-
feld him

To choose a goodly perfonable creature,
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare discouer my offence,
I kneele for pardon.

Alex. My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue
could aske it,

Rife, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height

Then to that feat where grieve delected it,
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,
Hide not mine happinesse too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen.

They vnmaske her.

Omnes. Heart, who this *Mol* ?

Alex. O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,
To be stricke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.

Fitz-All. Darkenesse and death.
Haue you deceau'd mee thus ? did I engage
My whole estate for this.

Alex. You askt no fauour,
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,
Play false with me, I'll be as cruell to thee
As grieve to fathers hearts.

Mol. Why what's the matter with you ?
Lesse too much joy, should make your age forgetfull,
Are you too well, too happy ?

Alex. With a vengeance.

Mol. Me thinkes you should be proud of such a
daughter,
As good a man, as your sonne.

Alex. O monstrous impudence.

Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt Knight,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most
thicke,
And come of brauely with your purffe vnpickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or
knife,

While y'au'e a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.

Alex. A diuell rampant.

Fitz-Alla. Haue you so much charity,

Yet to releafe mee of my laft rafh bargaine ?
And I'le giue in your pledge.

Alex. No fir, I ftand to't, I'le worke vpon aduantage,
As all mifchiefes do vpon mee.

Fitz-All. Content, beare witneffe all then
His are the lands, and fo contention ends.
Here comes your fonnes Bride, twixt two noble friends.

Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Gany-med, with Mary Fitz-Allard betweene them, the Cittizens and their wiues with them.

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.

Seb. Forgiue mee father,
Though there before your eyes my forrow fain'd,
This ftill was thee, for whom true loue complain'd.

Alex. Bleffings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,
Beginne your peace heere, to be fign'd in heauen,
How fhort my fleepe of forrow feemes now to me,
To this eternity of boundlefse comforts,
That finds no want but vtterance, and expreffion.
My Lord your office heere appeares fo honourably :
So full of ancient goodneffe, grace, and worthineffe,
I neuer tooke more ioy in fight of man,
Then in your comfortable prefence now.

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to vertue,
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your fonnes Bride,
Noble *Fitz-Allards* daughter, to whose honour
And modeft fame, I am a feruant vow'd,
So is this Knight.

Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,
Bring forth thofe deeds of land, my care layd ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleneffe may challenge,
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prize now,

As deerely as that flesh, I call myne owne.
 Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse
 When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,
 Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes
 Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere
 I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

Mary. Duty and loue may I deserve in those,
 And all my wishes haue a perfect close.

Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so
 sweete,
 Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,
 The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,
 Which my first care provided, thei'r thine owne,
 Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,
 That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
 Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
 Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Seb. I hope so too fir.

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple
 seruice here.

Seb. For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnre-
 quited.

Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot
 now condemne thee.

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should fir,
 I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,
 I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the
 people.

Heard you this iest my Lord?

L. Nol. What is it *Iacke*?

Mol. He was in feare his sonne would marry
 mee,
 But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Iacke*,
 when wilt marry?

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'll tell you when ifaith,
 When you shall heare,
 Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
 Honeesty and truth vnflandred,

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates bootéd, but not coacht,
Veffels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'll be married.

L. Nol. This founds like domef-day.

Mol. Then were marriage beft,
For if I fhould repent, I were foone at reft.

Alex. Introth tho' art a good wench, I'me forry
now,
The opinion was fo hard, I conceiu'd of thee.
Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Is the winde there now ?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse firft,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon miftresse.

Mol. Pardon ? for what fir ? what ha's your rogue-
ship done now ?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to con-
found you, by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How ?

Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I counsell you, you fhould neuer doo't.
Many a fnare to entrapp your Worships life,
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,
And when hee faw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to faue you.

Alex. To all which fhame and grieve in me cry
guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I caft the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne :
I fee the moft of many wrongs before thee,
Caft from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,

That deceiues mans opinion ; mockes his trust,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were
giuen me

As a Musitian, I pursue no pittie,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling pre-
fence,

Are glories set in mariage, beames of society,
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,
The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
At the returne of euery smiling spring :
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no fadnesse
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.



Epilogus.

A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
 The picture of a woman (euery part,
 Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell :
 People (who pafs'd along) veiwing it well,
 Gaue feuerall verdicts on it : some dispraised
 The haire, some sayd the brows too high were
 raised,
 Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
 Some wisht her nose were shorter ; some, the eyes
 fuller,
 Others sayd roses on her cheekes should grow,
 Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
 The workeman still as fault was found, did mend
 it,
 In hope to please all ; (but this worke being ended)
 And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
 So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile
 At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
 Is this our Comedy. Some perhaps do floute
 The plot, saying ; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too
 meane,
 Some for the person will reuile the Scène.
 And wonder, that a creature of her being
 Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
 In the worlds eie, none weighes so light : others
 looke
 For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,

Epilogus.

(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) or Cut-
purse,
Of Nips and Foyfts, nastie, obscœne discourfes,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honest eare or eye vnfit.
And thus,
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter)
shall
In striuing to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons : if what both haue
done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence.
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does
woe you,
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her
to you.

FINIS.

Troia-Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphing,

OR,

The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiuing of that worthy Gentleman, Sir IOHN SWINERTON Knight, into the Citty of LONDON, after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, being the 29. of October. 1612.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Deuices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully exprest.

By Thomas Dekker.



LONDON,

Printed for Nicholas Okes, and are to be sold by Iohn Wright dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1612.



To the Deferuer of all those Honors,
Which the Customary Rites of this Day,
And the generall Loue of this City bestow vpon
him, Sir Iohn Swinerton, Knight, Lord
Maior of the renowmed City
of London.

Honor (*this day*) takes you by the Hand, and giues you welcomes into your New Office of Pretorship. A Dignity worthie the Cities bestowing, and most worthy your Receiuing. You haue it with the Harts of many people, Voices, and Held-vp hands: they know it is a Roabe fit for you, and therefore haue clothed you in it. May the Last-day of your wearing the same, yeeld to your Selfe as much Ioy, as to Others does this First-day of your putting it on. I fwimme (for my owne part) not onely in the Maine Full-sea of the General praise and Hopes of you. But powre out also (for my particular) such a streame as my Prayers can render, for a succeffe answerable to the On-set: for it is no Field, unlesse it be Crowned with victory.

I present (Sir) vnto you, these labours of my Pen, as the first and newest Congratulatory Offerings tendred into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe) deserue to see accepted, I know notwithstanding you will

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

giue to them a generous and gratefull entertainment, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you Yesterday were a Brother, and This Day a Father) who most freely haue bestowed these their Loues vpon you. The Colours of this Peece are mine owne; the Cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting, that could be had, and euery thing had that was required. To their Lasting memory I set downe This; And to your Noble Disposition, this I Dedicate. My wishes being (as euer they haue bene) to meete with any Obiect, whose reflexion may present to your Eyes, that Loue and Duty, In which

I stand Bounden

To your Lordship.

Thomas Dekker.



Troia Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphant.

T*Ryumphes*, are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from *Peace* and *Abundance*; *Loue* begets them; and *Much Cost* brings them forth. *Expectation* feeds vpon them, but feldome to a surfeite, for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So inticing a shape they carry, that *Princes* themselues take pleasure to behold them; they with delight; common people with admiration. They are now and then the *Rich* and *Glorious Fires* of *Bounty*, *State*, and *Magnificence*, giuing light and beauty to the *Courts* of *Kings*: And now and then, it is but a debt payd to *Time* and *Custome*: and out of that dept come *These*. *Ryot* hauing no hand in laying out the *Expences*, and yet no hand in plucking backe what is held decent to be bestowed. A *sumptuous Thriftinesse* in these *Ciui*l *Ceremonies* managing *All*. For it were not laudable, in a City (so rarely gouerned and tempered) superfluously to *exceed*; As contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the *Day* of *spending* comes) not to be *sparing* in any thing. For the *Chaires* of *Magistrates* ought to be adorned, and to shine like the Chariot which carries the *Sunne*; And *Beames* (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the *One* as from the *Other*: As well to dazle and amaze the common *Eye*, as to

make it learne that there is some *Excellent*, and *Extraordinary Arme* from heauen thrust downe to exalt a *Superior* man, that thereby the *Gazer* may be drawne to more obedience and admiration.

In a happy houre therefore did your Lordship take vpon you this inseperable burden (of *Honor and Cares*) because your selfe being *Generous* of mind, haue met with men, and with a *Company* equall to your selfe in *Spirit*. And vpon as fortunate a *Tree* haue they ingrafted their *Bounty*; the fruites whereof shoot forth and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the mouthes not onely of this *Citty*, but also of our best-to-be-beloued friends, the *Noblest strangers*. Vpon whom, though none but our *Soueraigne King* can bestow *Royall welcomes*; yet shall it be a *Memorall* of an *Exemplary Loue and Duty* (in those who are at the *Cost* of these *Triumphs*) to haue added some *Heightning* more to them then was intended at first, of purpose to do honor to their Prince and Countrey. And I make no doubt, but *many worthy Companies* in this City could gladly be content to be partners in the *Disbursements*, so they might be sharers in the *Glory*. For to haue bene leaden-winged now, what infamy could be greater? When all the streames of *Nobility* and *Gentry*, run with the *Tide* hither. When all *Eares* lye listning for no newes but of *Feasts* and *Triumphs*: All *Eyes* still open to behold them: And all harts and hands to applaud them: When the heape of our *Soueraignes Kingdomes*, are drawne in *Little*: and to be seene within the *Wall*es of this *City*. Then to haue tied *Bounty* in too straight a girdle: *Proh scelus infandum!* No; she hath worne her garments loose, her lippes haue bene free in *Welcomes*, her purse open, and her hands liberall. If you thinke I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as lanch into the *Riuer*, and there the *Thames* it selfe shall shew you *all the Honors*, which this day hath bestowed vpon her: And that done, step againe vpon the *Land*, and *Fame* will with her owne *Trumpet* proclaime

what I speake ; And her I hope you cannot deny to beleue, hauing at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to witnesse whether she be a *True-tong'd Fame* or a *Lying*.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is seated in his barge againe ; a lowd thundring peale of *Chambers* giue him a *Fare-well* as he passes by. And see ! how quickly we are in ken of land, as suddenly therefore let vs leap on shore, and there obserue what honorable entertainment the Citty affords to their new *Prætor*, and what ioyfull salutations to her noble *Visitants*.

The first Triumph on the Land.

THE Lord Maior, and *Companyes* being landed, the first *Deuice* which is presented to him on the shore, stands ready to receiue him at the end of *Pauls-Chayne*, (on the south side the Church) and this it is.

A *Sea-Chariot* artificially made, proper for a God of the sea to fit in ; shippes dancing round about it, with *Dolphins* and other great *Fishes* playing or lying at the foot of the same, is drawne by two *Sea-horses*.

Neptune.

In this Chariot sits *Neptune*, his head circled with a *Coronet* of siluer *Scollup-shels*, stucke with branches of Corall, and hung thicke with ropes of pearle ; because such things as these are the treasures of the *Deepe*, and are found in the shels of fishes. In his hand he holds a siluer *Trident*, or *Three-forked Mace*, by which some Writers will haue signified the three *Naturall qualities* proper to *Waters* ; as those of fountaines to bee of a delicious taste, and Christalline colour : those of the Sea to bee saltish and unpleasant, and the colour fullen, and greenish : And lastly, those of standing Lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor

cleere, nor cloudy, butal together vnwholesome for the taste, and loathsome to the eye. His roabe and mantle with other ornaments are correspondent to the quality of his person; Buskins of pearle and cockleshells being worne vpon his legges. At the lower part of this Chariot sit *Mer-maids*, who for their excellency in beauty, aboue any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to bee still in the eye of *Neptune*.

At *Neptunes* foot sits *Luna* (the *Moone*) who beeing gouernesse of the sea, and all petty Flouds, as from whose influence they receiue their ebbings and flowings, challenges to herselfe this honour, to haue rule and command of those Horses that draw the Chariot, and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her state and condition, with a siluer *Crescent* on her head, expresseing both her power and property.

The whole Chariot figuring in it selfe that vast compasse which the sea makes about the body of the earth: whose *Globicall Rotundity* is *Hieroglically* represented by the wheele of the Chariot.

Before this *Chariot* ride foure *Trytons*, who are feyned by poets to bee Trumpeters to *Neptune*, and for that cause make way before him, holding strange Trumpets in their hands, which they sound as they passe along, their habits being Antike, and Sea-like, and sitting vpon foure seuerall fishes, viz. two *Dolphins*, and two *Mer-maids*, which are not (after the old procreation), begotten of painted cloath, and browne paper, but are liuing beasts, so queintly disguised like the natural fishes, of purpose to auoyd the trouble and pestering of Porters, who with much noyse and little comlinessse are euery yeare most vnneccessarily employed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this *Deuice* is to be deliuered, *Neptunes* breath goeth forth in these following *Speeches*.

Neptunes Speeches.

Whence breaks this warlike thunder of lowd drummes,
(Clarions and Trumpets) whose shrill eccho comes
Up to our Watery Court, and calles from thence
Vs and our Trytons? As if violence
Weere to our Siluer-footed Sister done
(Of Flouds the Queene) bright Thamesis, who does
runne

Twice euery day to our bosome, and there hides Ebbe
*Her wealth, whose Streame in liquid Chrifall &
glides Flow.

Guarded with troopes of Swannes? what does beget
These Thronges? this Confluence? why do voyces
beate

The Ayre with acclamations of applause,
Good wifhes, Loue, and Praifes? what is't drawes
All Faces this way? This way Rumor flies,
Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the Skyes
From earth receiue, with Musically rebounding,
And strike the Seas with repercussive sounding.

Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,
*Isis no danger fees: for her head weares Thamesis.
Crowns of Rich Triumphes, which This day puts on,
And in Thy Honor all these Rites are done.

Whose Name when Neptune heard, t'was a strange
Spell,

Thus farre-up into th' Land to make him swell
Beyond his Bownds, and with his Sea-troops wait
Thy wish't arriuall to congratulate.

Goe therefore on, goe boldly: thou must faile
In rough Seas (now) of Rule: and euery Gale
Will not perhaps befriend thee: But (how blacke
So ere the Skyes looke) dread not Thou a Wracke,
For when Integrity and Innocence sit
Steering the Helme, no Rocke the Ship can split.
Nor care the Whales (neuer so great) their Iawes
Should stretch to swallow thee: Euery good mans
cause

Is in all stormes his Pilot : He that's found
 To himselfe (in Conscience) nere can run a-ground.
Which that thou mayst do, neuer looke on't still :
For (Spite of Fowle gusts) calmer Windes shall fill
Thy Sayles at last- And see ! they home have brought
A Ship which Bacchus (God of Wines) hath fraught
With richest Iuice of Grapes, which thy Friends shall
Drinke off in Healths to this Great Festiuall.
If any at Thy Happineffe repine
They gnaw but their Owne hearts, and touch not
 Thine.

Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmur at bright Day,
Whiles Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.
Sownd, old Oceanus Trumpeters, and lead on.

The *Trytons* then fownding, according to his command, *Neptune* in his *Chariot* passeth along before the *Lord Maior*. The foure *Windes* (habilitmented to their quality, and hauing both *Faces* and *Limbes* proportionable to their blustering and boisterous condition) driue forward that *Ship* of which *Neptune* spake. And this concludes this first *Triumph* on the Land.

These two *Shewes* passe on vntill they come into *Pauls-Church-yard*, where standes another *Chariot*; the former *Chariot* of *Neptune*, with the *Ship*, beeing conveyd into *Cheap-side*, this other then takes the place ; And this is the *Deuice*.

The second Land-Triumph.

It is the *Throne* of *Vertue*, gloriously adorned & beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the *Seat* of so noble and diuine a *Person*.

Vpon the height, and most eminent place (as worthiest to be exalted) fits *Arete* (*Vertue*) herselfe ; her temples shining with a *Diadem* of starres, to shew that her *Descent* is onely from heauen : her robes are rich, her mantle white (figuring *Innocency*) and pow-

dred with starres of gold, as an *Embleme* that she puts vpon *Men*, the garments of eternity.

Beneath *Her*, in distinct places, sit the *Seauen liberall Sciences*, viz. *Grammer, Rhetoricke, Logicke, Musicke, Arithmetike, Geometry, Astronomy.*

Hauing those roomes allotted them, as being *Mothers* to all *Trades, Professions, Mysteries* and *Societies*, and the readiest guide to *Vertue*. Their habits are *Light Roabes*, and *Loose* (for *Knowledge* should be free.) On their heads they weare garlands of *Roses*, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet *Smels* are arguments of their cleere and vnspotted thoughts, not corrupted with uice. Euery one carrying in her hand, a *Symbole*, or *Badge* of that *Learning* which she professeth.

At the backe of this *Chariot* sit foure *Cupids*, to signifie that vertue is most honored when she is followed by *Loue*.

This *Throne*, or *Chariot*, is drawne by foure *Horses*, vpon the two formost ride *Time* and *Mercury*: the first, the *Begetter* and *Bringer forth* of all things in the world, the second, the *God* of *Wisedome* and *Eloquence*. On the other two *Horses* ride *Desire* and *Industry*; it beeing intimated hereby, that *Tyme* giues wings to *Wisedome*, and sharpenes it, *Wisedome* sets *Desire* a burning, to attaine to *Vertue*, and that *Burning Desire* begets *Industry* (earnestly to pursue her.) And all these (together) make men in *Loue* with *Arts, Trades, Sciences*, and *Knowledge*, which are the onely staires and ascensions to the *Throne of Vertue*, and the onely glory and vpholdings of Cities. *Time* hath his wings, *Glasse*, and *Sythe*, which cuts downe *All*.

Mercury hath his *Caduceus*, or *Charming Rod*, his fethered *Hat*, his *Wings*, and other properties fitting his condition, *Desire* carries a burning heart in her hand.

Industry is in the shape of an old *Country-man*, bearing on his shoulder a *Spade*, as the *Embleme* of *Labour*.

Before this *Chariot*, or *Throne* (as *Guardians* and

Protectors to Vertue, to Arts, and to the rest ; and as Afsistants to Him who is Chiefe within the Citty for that yeare) are mounted vpon horsebacke twelue Persons (two by two) representing the twelue superior Companies, euery one carrying vpon his left arme a faire Shield with the armes in it of one of the twelue Companies, and in his right hand a launce with a light streamer or pendant on the top of it, and euery horse led and attended by a Footman.

The Lord *Maior* beeing approached to this *Throne*, *Vertue* thus salutes him.

The Speech of ARETE (Vertue).

HAile (*worthy Pretor*) stay, and do Me grace,
 (*Who still haue cald thee Patron*) In this place
 To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine
 These peoples hearts in one, to make them thine.
 Bright Vertues name thou know'st and heaui'nly birth,
 And therefore (*spying thee*) downe she leapt to earth
 Whence vicious men had driuen her : On her throne
 The Liberall Arts waite : from whose breasts do runne
 The milke of Knowledge : on which, Sciences feed,
 Trades and Professions : And by Them, the seed
 Of Ciuill, Popular Gouernment, is sowne ;
 Which springing vp, loe ! to what heighth tis growne
 In Thee and *These is seene. And (to maintaine
 The Aldermen.

This Greatnesse) Twelue strong Pillars it sustaine ;
 Vpon whose Capitals, *Twelue Societies stand,
 The twelue Companies.

Graue and well-ordred) bearing chiefe Command
 Within this City, and (*with Loue*) thus reare
 Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.
All arm'd, to knit their Nerues (in One) with Thine,
To guard this new Troy : And, (that She may shine
In Thee, as Thou in Her) no Misers kay
 Has bard the Gold vp ; Light flies from the Day
 Not of more free gift, than from them their Cost :
 For whats now spar'd, that only they count Lost.

*As then their Ioynd-hands lift Thee to thy Seate.
(Changing thereby thy Name for one More *Great),*
Lord Maior.

*And as this City, with her Loud, Full Voice,
(Drowning all spite that murmures at the Choice,
If at least such there be) does Thee preferre,
So art thou bound to loue, both Them and Her.
For know, thou art not like a Pinnacle, plac'd
Onely to stand aloft, and to be grac'd
With wondring eyes, or to haue caps and knees
Heape worship on thee: for that Man does leeze
Himselfe and his Renowne, whose growth being Hye
In the weale publicke like the Cypres tree)
Is neither good to Build-with, nor beare Fruit;
Thou must be now, Stirring, and Resolute.
To be what thou art Sworne, (a waking Eye)
Afarre off (like a Beacon) to descry
What stormes are comming, and (being come) must then
Shelter with spread armes, the poor'st Citizen.
Sit Plenty at thy Table, at thy Gate
Bounty, and Hospitality: hee's most Ingrate
Into whose lap the Publick-weale hauing pow'r'd
Her Golden shewers, from Her his wealth should hoord.
Be like those Antient Spirits, that (long agon)
Could thinke no Good deed sooner than twas Don;
Others to pleasure. Hold it Thou more Glory,
Than to be pleas'd Thy Selfe. And be not fory
If Any strue (in best things) to exceed thee,
But glad, to helpe thy Wrongers, if they need thee.
Nor feare the stings of Euny, nor the Threates
Of her inuendomd Arrowes, which at the Seates
Of those Who Best Rule euermore are shot,
But the Aire blowes off their fethers, and they hit not,
Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her Sprites,
The poyson she spits vp, on her owne Head lights.
On, on, away.*

This Chariot or Throne of Vertue is then set forward, and followes that of *Neptune*, this taking place

iust before the Lord Maior : And this concludes the second Triumphant shew.

The third Deuice.

THe Third Deuice is a Forlorne Castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the Throne of *Vertue* comes neerer and neerer, there appeare aboue (on the battlements) *Enuy*, as chiefe Commandresse of that infernall Place, and euery part of it guarded with persons representing all those that are fellowes and followers of *Enuy*: as *Ignorance*, *Sloth*, *Oppression*, *Disdaine*, &c. *Enuy* herselfe being attired like a *Fury*, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre and leane, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhen about her arme.

The rest of her litter are in as vgly shapes as the dam, euery one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes, & arrows ready to bee shot at *Vertue*. At the gates of this Fort of Furies, stand *Ryot* and *Calumny*, in the shapes of Gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back the Chariot of *Vertue*, and to stop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke Artillery at her: but she onely holding vp her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, vntill the Chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrowes, which they shoote vp into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as hauing no power to do wrong to so sacred a Deity as *Vertue*.

This caue of Monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which *Enuie* onely breathes out her poyson to this purpose.

The speech of Enuy.

Enuy.

ADDers shoote, hyffe speckled snakes;
Sloth craule up, see *Oppression* wakes;
(Baine to learning.) *Ignorance*,

Shake thy Affes eares, *Disdaine*, aduance
Thy head *Luciferan* : *Ryot* split
Thy ribbes with curfes : *Calumny* spit
Thy rancke-rotten gall vp. See, See, See,
That witch, whose bottomleffe Sorcery
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that Hag
For whom your Dam pines, hangs out her flag
Our Den to ramfacke : *Vertue*, that whoore ;
See, see, how braue shee's, I am poore.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,
They dazzle *Enuy*, on : the Hag's put to flight.

Enuy. Snakes, from your virulent spawn ingender
Dragons, that may peece-meale rend her :
Adders, shoote your flings like quilts
Of Porcupines (Stiffe) ; hot Aetnean hils,
Vomit fulphure to confound her,
Fiends and Furies (that dwell vnder)
Lift hell gates from their hindges ; come
You cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,
Stop, stay her, fright her with your shreekes,
And put fresh bloud in *Enuies* cheekes.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,
They dazle *Enuy* : the Hag's put to flight.

Omnes. Shoote, shoote, &c. *All that are with Enuy.*

Either during this speech, or else when it is done,
certain Rockets flye vp into the aire ; the Throne of
Vertue passing on still, neuer staying, but speaking still
those her two last lines, albeit, shee bee out of the
hearing of *Enuy* : and the other of *Enuies* Faction
crying still, shoote, shoote, but seeing they preuaile not,
all retire in, and are not seene till the Throne comes
backe againe.

And this concludes this Triumphant assault of *Enuy* :
her conquest is to come.

The fourth Deuice.

THis Throne of *Vertue* passeth along vntill it comes
to the Crosse in *Cheape*, where the presentation of

another Triumph attends to welcome the *Lord Maior* in his passage ; the Chariot of *Vertue* is drawne then along, this other that followes taking her place, the Deuice bearing this Argument.

Vertue hauing by helpe of her followers, conducted the *Lord Maior* safely, euen, as it were, through the iawes of *Enuy* and all her Monsters: the next, and highest honour shee can bring him to, is to make him ariue at the house of *Fame*, and that is this Pageant. In the vpper seat sits *Fame* crowned in rich attire, a Trumpet in her hand, &c. In other feuerall places sit Kings, Princes, and Noble persons, who haue bene free of the *Marchant-tailors* : A particular roome being referued for one that represents the person of *Henry* the now *Prince of Wales*.

The onely speaker heere is *Fame* herselfe, whose wordes found out these glad welcomes.

The speech of Fame.

WElcome to *Fames* high Temple : here fix fast
 Thy footing ; for the wayes which thou hast past
 Will be forgot and worne out ; and no Tract
 Of steps obseru'd, but what thou *now* shalt Act.
 The booke is shut of thy precedent deedes,
 And *Fame* vnclaspes another, where shee reades
 (Aloud) the Chronickle of a dangerous yeare,
 For Each Eye will looke through thee, and Each Eare
 Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' hast yet but
 gon
 About a Pyramid's foote ; the top's not won,
 That's glasse ; who slides there, fals, and once falne
 downe,
 Neuer more rises : no art cures renowne,
 The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from
 thence
 By a strong armor, *Vertues* influence ;
 She guides thee, follow her. In this Court of *Fame*
 None else but *Vertue* can enrole thy names

Erect thou then a serious eye, and looke
What worthies fill vp *Fames* voluminous booke,
That now (thine owne name read there) none may
blot

Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quate
With any act of thine, which may disgrace
This Cittie's choice, thy selfe, or this thy place :
Or that which may dishonour the high Merits
Of thy renown'd society : roiall spirits
Of Princes holding it a grace to weare
That crimfon badge, which these about them beare,
Yea, Kings themfelues 'mongst you haue fellowes
bene,

Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen :
For instance, see, feuen English Kings there plac'd,
Cloth'd in your liuery, the first feat being grac'd
By second *Richard* : next him **Bullingbrooke* :

Henry the 4.

Then that Fift (thundring) *Henry*, who all France
shook :

By him, his sonne (sixth *Henry*) by his side
Fourth *Edward*, who the *Roses* did diuide :
Richard the third next him : and then that King
Who made both *Roses* in one branch to spring :
A sprig of which branch (highest now but one)
Is *Henry Prince of Wales*, followed by none :
Who of this brotherhood, last and best steps forth,
Honouring your Hall : to heighten more your worth.
I can a register show of feunteene more
(Princes and Dukes all) : entomb'd long before,
Yet kept aliue by Fame ; Earles thirty-one,
And Barons sixty-six that path haue gone :
Of Viscounts onely one your order tooke :
Turne ouer one leafe more in our vast booke,
And you may reade the names of prelates there,
Of which one Arch-bishop your cloth did weare.
And Bishops twenty-foure : of Abbots feuen
As many Priors, to make the number euen :
Of forty Church-men, I one sub-prior adde,

You from all these, these from you honour had.
 Women of high blood likewise laid aside
 Their greater state so to be dignified :
 Of which a *Queene* the first was, then a paire
 Of Dukes' wiues : and, to leaue the roll more faire,
 Fiue Countesses and two Ladies are the last,
 Whose birth and beauties haue your order grac'd.
 But I too long spin out this thrid of gold ;
 Here breakes it off. Fame hath them all en-roll'd
 On a large file (with Others), And their story
 The world shall reade, to adde vnto thy glory,
 Which I am loath to darken : thousand eyes
 Yet aking till they enjoy thee : win then that prise
 Which Vertue holds vp for thee, And (that done),
 Fame shall the end crowne, as she hath begun.
 Set forward.

Those Princes and Dukes (besides Kings nominated before) are these.

John Duke of Lancafter.	} In the time of Richard the Second.
Edmund Duke of Yorke.	
The Duke of Gloster.	
The Duke of Surrey.	
Humfry Duke of Gloster.	} In the time of Henry the Fifth.
Richard Duke of Yorke.	
George D. of Clarence.	} In the time of Edward the Fourth.
Duke of Suffolke.	
Iohn D. of Norfolke.	} In the time of Richard the Third.
George D. of Bedford.	

Edward D. of Buckingham, In the time of Henry the 7. with others, whose Rol is too long here to be opened.

The Queene spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard the 2. Dukes wiues these, viz :—

The Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Richard the 2.

Elionor Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of H. the 5.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,
The Prior of Saint Bartholmewes.
And his Sub-Prior.
The Prior of Elſinge-spittle.
Thomas Arundell, Arch-biſhop of Canterbury.
Henry Bewfort, Biſhop of Winton.
The Abbot of Barmondſey.
The Abbot of Towrchill.
Philip Morgan, Biſhop of Worſter.
The Abbot of Tower-hill.
The Prior of Saint Mary Ouery.
The Prior of Saint Trinity in Cree-Church.
The Abbot and Prior of Weſtminſter.
Kemp Biſhop of London.
W. Wainfleete, B. of Wincheſter.
George Neuill, Biſhop of Wincheſter, and Chauncelor
of England.
Iohn May, Abbot of Chertſay.
Laurence, Biſhop of Durham.
Iohn Ruffell, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

If I ſhould lengthen this number, it were but to trouble you with a large index of names onely, which I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to be otherwiſe feaſted.

The ſpeech of *Fame* therefore being ended, as 'tis ſet downe before, this Temple of her's takes place next before the *Lord Maior*, thoſe of *Neptune* and *Vertue* marching in precedent order. And as this Temple is carried along, a ſong is heard, the muſicke being quaintly conueyed in a priuate roome, and not a perſon diſcouered.

THE SONG.

Honor, eldeſt child of *Fame*,
Thou farre older then thy name,

London Triumphant.

Waken with my fong, and fee
 One of thine, here waiting thee.
 Sleepe not now,
 But thy brow,
 Chac't with Oliues, Oke, and Baies
 And an age of happy dayes
 Vpward bring,
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Longing round about him flay,
 Eyes, to make another day,
 Able with their vertuous light,
 Vtterly to banish night.
 All agree,
 This is hee,
 Full of bounty, honour, store,
 And a world of goodnesse more
 Yet to spring
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Enuy, angry with the dead,
 Far from this place hide thy head ;
 And *Opinion*, that nere knew
 What was either good or true ;
 Fly, I fay,
 For this day
 Shall faire *Iustice*, *Truth*, and *Right*,
 And such happy sonnes of *Light*,
 To us bring,
 Whilst we sing
 In a Chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
 Be as old and good as fame,
 Euer be remembred here,
 Whilst a blessing, or a teare
 Is in flore,
 With the pore,
 So shall *Swinerton* nere dye,
 But his vertues vpward flye,
 And still spring,
 Whilst we sing,
 In a Chorus ceasing neuer,
 He is liuing, liuing euer.

And this concludes this fourth *Triumph*, till his lordships returne from the *Guild-hall*.

In returning backe from the *Guild-hall*, to performe the ceremoniall customes in *Pauls Church*, these shewes march in the same order as before ; and coming with the Throne of *Vertue*, *Enuy* and her crue are as busie again, *Enuie* uttering some three or foure lines at the end of her speech onely : As thus :

Enuy. **F**Iends and furies, that dwell vnder,
 Lift hell-gates from their hindges : come,
 You clouen-footed brood of *Barathrum*,
 Stop, stony her, fright her with your shreekes,
 And put fresh blood in *Enuyes* cheekes.
Vertue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,
 They dazzle *Enuy* ; on, the Hag's put to
 flight.

This done, or as it is in doing, those twelue that ride armed discharge their pistols, at which *Enuy* and the rest vanish, and are seene no more.

When the *Lord Maior* is (with all the rest of their Triumphs), brought home, *Iustice* (for a fare-well) is mounted on some couenient scaffold close to his entrance at his gate, who thus salutes him :—

The speech of Justice.

MY this-dayes sworne-protector, welcome home,
 If Iustice speake not now, be she euer dumbe :
 The world giues out shee's blinde ; but men shall see
 Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.
 For one-yeare therefore, at these gates shee'll sit,
 To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit
 (If shee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :
 And though I know thy wisdom built up strong,
 Yet men (like great ships) being in storms, most
 neere

To danger, when vp their failes they beare.
 And since all Magistrates tread still on yce,
 From mine owne schoole I read thee this aduice :

Do good for no mans sake (now) but thine owne,
 Take leaue of friends and foes, both must be knowne
 But by one face : the rich and poore must lye
 In one euen scale : all suiters, in thine eye,
 Welcome alike ; euen hee that seemes most base,
 Looke not vpon his clothes, but on his case.
 Let not *Oppression* wash his hands i' th' teares
 Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers
 Can pluck downe thunder, and poore orphans cries
 Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flies
 Vp to Heauen-gates, and there the wrong does tell,
 Whilst *Innocence* leaues behind it a sweet smell.
 Thy Conscience must be like that scarlet dye ;
 One fowle spot stains it all : and the quick eye
 Of this prying world, will make that spot thy scorne.
 That Collar (which about thy necke is worne)
 Of Golden Eesses, bids thee so to knit
 Mens hearts in loue, and make a chayne of it.
 That sword is seldome drawne, by which is meant,
 It should strike seldom : neuer th' innocent.
 'Tis held before thee by anothers hand,
 But the point vpwards (heauen must that command)
 Snatch it not then in wrath ; it must be giuen,
 But to cut none, till warranted by Heauen.

The head, the politicke body must aduance
 For which thou hast the cap of maintenance,
 And since the most iust magistrate often erres,
 Thou guarded art about with officers,
 Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,
 Should teach thee what to do, what leaue vndone.
 Nights candles lighted are, and burne amaine,
 Cut therefore here off thy officious traine,
 Which *Loue* and *Custome* lend thee ; all delight
 Crowne both this day and Citty : a good night
 To thee, and these graue senators, to whom
 My last fare-wels in these glad wishes come,
 That thou and they, (whose strength the City beares),
 May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The Title-page of this Booke makes promise of all the shewes by water, as of these on the land ; but *Apollo* hauing no hand in them, I suffer them to dye by that which fed them ; that is to say, powder and smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-foyst-fashion), was too lowd for any of the *Nine Muses* to be bidden to it. I had deviz'd *one* altogether musically, but *Time's* glasse could spare no sand, nor lend convenient howres for the performance of it. Night cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of these triumphes, whose brightnesse beeing ecclipsed, my labours can yeeld no longer shadow. They are ended, but my loue and duty to your Lordship shall neuer.

———— *Non displicuisse meretur,
 Festinat (Prætor) Qui placuisse tibi.*

FINIS.



IF

IT BE NOT GOOD,

The Diuel is in it.

A

Newv Play,

AS IT HATH BIN

lately Acted, vvith great
applause, by the Queenes Maiesties
Seruants : At the Red Bull.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.



LONDON,

Printed for I. T. And are to be sold by *Edward Marchant*,
at his shop against the Croffe in *Pauls*
Church-yarde. 1612.



TO MY LOVING, AND LOVED FRIENDS

and fellowes, the Queenes

Maiesties seruants.



Knowledge and Reward dwell far a-sunder. Greatnes lay once betweene them. But (in his stead) Couetousnes now. And ill neighbour, a bad Benefactor, no pay maister to Poets. By This Hard-Houskeeping, (or rather, Shutting vp of Liberalities Doores,) Merit goes a Begging, & Learning starues. Bookes, had wont to haue Patrons, and (now,) Patrons haue Bookes. The Snufft hat is Lighted, consumes That which Feeds it. A Signe, the World hath an ill Eare, when no Musick is good, vnles it Strikes-up for Nothing. I haue Sung so, but wil no more. A Hue-and Cry follow, his Wit, that sleeps, when sweete Tunes are sounding. But tis now the Fashion. Lords, look wel : Knights, Thank well ; Gentlemen, promise well ; Citizens, Take well ; Gullies, Swear well : but None, Giue well, I leaue therefore All, for You : And All (that This can be) to You. Not in hope to Haue ; but in Recognition of What I Haue (as I think) Already (your Loues.)

Acknowledgement is part of payment sometimes, but it neither is, nor shall be (betweene you and me) a Cancelling. I haue cast mine eye vpon many, but find none more fit, none more worthy, to Patronize this, than you, who haue Protected it. Your Cost, Counsell, and Labour, had bin ill spent, if a Second should by my hand snatch from you This Glory. No : When Fortune (in her blinde pride) set her foote vpon This imperfect Building, (as scorning the Foundation and Workmanship :) you, gently raizd it vp

(on the same *Columnnes*,) the *Frontispice* onely a little more *Garnished*: To you therefore deferuedly, *Whole Frame* is the consecrated: For I durst sweare, if *Wishes* and *Curses* could haue become *Witches*, the necke of this *Harmles Diuell* had long a goe bin broken.

But I am glad that *Ignorance* (so insolent for being flattered) is now stript naked, and her deformities discouered: And more glad, that *Enuie* sits maddingly gnawing her owne *Snakes*, whose *Stinges* she had armed to strike *Others*. *Feede* let her so still. So, still let the *Other* be laughed at. Whilst I (*pittyng* the *One*, and not *Dreading* the *Other*,) send these *my Wishes* flying into your *Bosomes*; That the *God* of *Poets*, may neuer pester your *Stage* with a *Cherilus*, nor a *Suffenus*, (*Males*, *Eminent* in nothing but in *Long Eares*, in *Kicking* and in *Braging* out *Calumnies*) vpon whose *Cruppers* may be aptly pind, *That Morrall* of poore *Ocnus* making *Ropes* in *Hell*, whilst an *Asse* stands by, and (as he twists) bites them in funder. But if *His Versifying Deity*, sends you *Any*, *I wish* they may be such, as are worthy to sit, *At the Table of the Sun*. None els.

I wish a *Faire* and *Fortunate Day* to your *Next New-Play* for the *Makers-sake* and your *Owne*,) because such *Braue Triumphes* of *Poesie*, and *Elaborate Industry*, which my *Worthy Friends Muse* hath there set forth, deserue a *Theater* full of very *Muses* themselues to be *Spectators*. To that *Faire Day* I wish a *Full*, *Free*, and *Knowing Auditor*. And to that *Full Audience*, *One Honest Doore-keeper*. So, *Fare-well*.

Yours. Tho: Dekker.



Prologue.

WOULD t'were a Custome that at all New-plays
The Makers sat o'th Stage, either with *Bayes*
To haue their *Workes Crownd*, or beate in with
Hissing,

Pied and bold *Ideotes*, durst not then fit *Kissing*
A *Muses* cheeke : *Shame* would bafe *Changelings* weane,
From *Sucking* the mellifluous *Hypocrene* :
Who write as blinde-men shoote, (by *Hap*, not *Ayme*,)
So, Fooles by lucky *Throwing*, oft win the Game.
Phæbus has many Bastards, *True Sonnes* fewe,
I meane of those, whose quicke cleare eyes can viewe
Poesies pure *Effence*, It being so diuine
That the *Suns Fires*, (euen when they brightest shine)
Or *Lightning*, when most subtile *Ioue* does spend it,
May as soone be approchd, weyed, touchd, or com-
prehended.

But tis with *Poets* now, as tis with Nations,
Thil-fauourdst *Vices*, are the brauest *Fashions*.
A Play whose *Rudenes*, *Indians* would abhorre,
Itt fill a house with *Fishwiues*, *Rare*, *They All Roare*.
It is not Praise is fought for (Now) but *Pence*,
Tho dropd, from Greasie-apron *Audience*.
Clapd may he bee with *Thunder*, that plucks *Bayes*,
With such *Foule Hanäs*, & with *Squint-Eyes* does
gaze

On *Pallas Shield* ; not caring (so hee *Gaines*,
A Cramd *Third-Day*, what *Filth* drops from his *Brains*.
Let *Those* that loue *Pans pipe*, daunce still to *Pan*,
They shall but get long *Eares* by it : Giue me *That*
Man,

Who when the *Plague* of an Imposum'd *Braynes*
 (*Breaking out*) infects a *Theater*, and hotly raignes,
 Killing the *Hearers* hearts, that the vast roomes
 Stand empty, like so many Dead-mens toombes,
 Can call the *Banish'd* Auditor home, And tye
 His Eare (with golden chaines) to his Melody :
 Can draw with *Adamantine Pen* (euen creatures
 Forg'de out of th' *Hammer*, on tiptoe, to *Reach* vp,
 And (from *Rare silence*) clap their *Brawny hands*,
 T' *Applaud*, what their *charmd* soule scarce vnder-
 stands.

That Man giue mee ; whose Brest fill'd by the *Muses*,
 With Raptures, Into a second, them infuses :
 Can giue an Actor, Sorrow, Rage, Ioy, Passion,
 Whilst hee againe (by selfe-same Agitation)
 Commands the *Hearers*, sometimes drawing out
Teares,

Then smiles, and fills them both with *Hopes & Feares*.
 That Man giue mee : And to bee such-a-*One*,
 Our *Poet* (this day) striues, or to bee *None* :
 Lend not (*Him*) hands for *Pittie*, but for *Merit*,
 If he *Pleaze*, hee's *Crownd*, if *Not*, his *Fate* must beare
 it.





IF THIS BE NOT
A GOOD PLAY, THE
DIVELL IS IN IT.

Enter (at the found of hellish musick,) Pluto, and Charon.

Plu. H^A!

Cha. So.

Plu. What fo.

Cha. Ile be thy flaue no longer.

Plu. What flaue?

Cha. Hels drudge, her Gally-flaue. I ha' wore
My flesh toth' bones, bones marrowles, at the *Oare*
Tugging to waft to' thy Stygian empire, Soules,
Which (but for *Charon*) neuer had come in Sholes,
Yet (fwarmde they nere fo) them on shore I fet,
Hell gets by *Charon*, what does *Charon* get?

Plu. His Fare.

Cha. Scuruy fare, ile first cry garlick.

Plu. Doe;

And make hel flinck, as that does hither.

Cha. If I doe

266 *If this be not a good Play,*

Some like that smell, my boate to shore ile pull ;
Not worke a stroake more.

Plu. How ?

Cha. Not touch a Scull.

Plu. Why ?

Cha. I ha' no doings : Graues-end-barge has
more,

And caries as good as any are in hell ;
I feare th' infernall riuers are frozen or'e
So few by water come : els the whores that dwell
Next dore to hell, goe about : besides, tis thought,
That men to find hell, now, new waies haue sought,
As Spaniards did to the Indies. *Pluto*, mend
My wages, or row thy selfe.

Plu. Vgly, grumbling slaue,
Haue I not raifde thy price ? yet still do'st craue ?
Such bold braue beggers (heard off ner'e before,
Are thy fares now, they teach thee to beg more.
Thy fare was (first) a halfe-peny, then the foules gaue
thee

A peny, then three-halfe-pence, we shall haue thee
(As market-folkes on dath,) so damned deere,
Men will not come to hell, crying out th'are heere
Worse racke then th'are in tauernes : why doest howle
for mony ?

Cha. For mony : Ile haue ij.d. for each soule
I ferry ouer ; I'me old, craz'd, Stiffe, and lam'de,
That foule thats not worth ij.d. wou'd twere damb'd.

Plu. Thou shalt not.

Cha. I will haue it, or lye still,
If *Charon* fill hell, hell shall *Charon* fill :
For Ghosts now come not thronging to my boate,
But drop by one and one in ; none of note
Are fares now : I had wont braue fellowes to ply,
Who, (hack't and mangled) did in battailes dye.
But now these gallants which doe walke hells
Rowndes,
Are fuller of diseases, than of wounds.
If wounded any take my boate, they roare,

Being stabd, either drunke, or flaine about some
whore.

Thats all the fight now.

Prod. Charon.

Within.

Plu. Get thee gon :

That call'd for.

Prod : Charon.

Cha. Ball not. Ile come anon.

Haggas of hell gnaw thee with their fowle furd-
gummes.

Plu. *Pluto*, no wonder if so few hither comes ?

Cha. Why :

Gingerly : See See,

One of thine owne promooters, (with hawkes eyes,

That should for prey be watching) here fnoying lyes.

Plu. With a mischife ! cabind ! a fury.

Char. Ile Ferret out more.

Ruffman comes vp, Furie Enters.

Cha. Another : looke : dancing a bawde on's
knee.

Enter Shackle-soule comes vp.

Shack. I doe enquire if rich bawdes Carted bee
On earth as well as poore ones : I sleepe not *Pluto*.

Plu. Twiſt ſtronger-knotted whips, Ile wake you
(ſlaues !)

Cha. Two of thy Summers dead-drunke here too.

Lur. Thou lyeſt.

Charon.

Lurchall and another Spirit comes vp.

Cha. I come : If I muſt worke, let theſe
Thy Prentices, plye their occupation,
T'vphold hells Kingdome, more muſt worke then one.

Exit.

Plu. Ha ; Are there whipping-poſts for ſuch as
dwell

268 *If this be not a good Play,*

In Idlenes on Earth, and yet shall Hell
 (As if wee tooke bribes here too,) let such passe !
 Ile haue you tawde : Is not the world as t'was ?
 Once mother of Rapes, Incests, and Sodomies,
 Atheisme, and Blasphemies, plump Boyes indeed.
 That fuck'd (our Dams brest) is shee now barren ?
 Ha !

Is there a dearth of villaines ?

Omn. More now then euer ?

Plu. Is there such penurie of man-kinde Hell-
 houndes ?

You can lye snoring.

Ruff. Each Land is full of Rake-hells.

Shac. But sholes of Sharkes eate vp the Fish at
 Sea.

Lur. Braue pitchy villaines there.

Plu. Yet you playing here.

Omn. No, No ; most awefull *Pluto*.

Plu. Were you good Hell-hounds, euery day
 should bee

A *Symon-and-Iude*, to crowne our bord with Feasts

A blacke-eyde foules each minute : were you honest
 diuels

Each officer in hell should haue at least,

A brace of whores to his break-fast : aboue vs dwell,
 Diuells brauer and more subtile then in Hell.

Omn. Weele fill thy pallace with them.

Plu. Ile trye that : goe :

Rufman, take instantly a Courtiers shape

Of any country : choose thine owne disguise

And returne swiftly.

Ruf. Yes.

Exit.

Plu. *Shackle-foule* weare thou

A Friers graue habit.

Shac. Well.

Exit.

Plu. *Grumshall* walke thou

In trebble-ruffes like a Merchant.

Lur. So : tis don.

Exit.

Plu. The barres of our latigious Courts had wont

To crack with thronging pleaders, whose lowde din
Shooke the infernall hell, as if 't had bin
An earth-quake bursting from the deepe Abisse,
Or els *Ioues* thunder, throwne at the head of Dis
(The God of gold,) for hiding it below,
Thereby to tempt churles hither. Nor did we know
What a Vacation ment : continuall terme
Fattend hels Lawyers, and shall fo againe.

Enter *Rufman*, *Shackle-foule* and *Lurchall*.

Ruf. Here.

Shac. Here.

Lur. Command vs.

Plu. Fly into the world :

As y'are in shapes transformde be fo in name,
For men are out-fides onely : be you the fame ;
Hye thee to *Naples*, (*Rufman*), thou shalt finde
A Prince there (newly crownde,) aptly inclinde
To any bendings ; least his youthfull browes
Reach at Stars only, wey down his loftiest boughes
With leaden plomets, poison his best thoughts with
taft

Of things most sensuall ; if the heart once waft
The body feeles consumption ; good or bad kings
Breede Subiects like them : cleere streames flow from
cleere springs.

Turne therefore *Naples* to a puddle : with a ciuill
Much promising face, and well oylde play the court
diuell.

Ruff. Ile doo't in brauery : if as deepe as hell,
Thy large eares heare a Land curse me, my part's
playd well.

Plu. Fly *Shackle-foule*.

Shac. Whither ?

Plu. To the Friery,
Best-famde in *Naples* for strickt orders : throw
What nets thou seeft can catch them : Amongst
'em fow

Seedes of contention, or what euer fin
They most abhor, sweate thou to bring that in.

Shac. A wolfe in lambe skin leapes into the rout,
Bell, booke, or candle cannot curse me out ;
He curse faster than they.

Plu. Doe : *Grumball.*

Lur. Here.

Plu. Be thou a cittie-diuell, make thy hands
Of Harpyes clawes, which being on courtiers lands
Once fastend, ne're let loose, the Merchant play,
And on the Burse, see thou thy flag display.
Of politicke banck-ruptisme : traine vp as many
To fight vnder it, as thou canst, for now's not any
That breake, (theile breake their necks first) if, beside
Thou canst not through the whole citie meete with
pride,

Riot, lechery, enuy, Auarice, and such stufte,
Bring 'em all in coach'd, the gates are wide enough.
The spirit of gold instruct thee : hence all.

Omn. Fly.

Plu. Stay, least you should want helpers at your
calling
Any diuels shall come, (Starch hound, Tobacco
spawling,
Vpshotten, Suckland, Glitterbacke, or any
Whom you shall neede to imploy, but call not many,
The's but few good in hell. And stay, remember
We all meete to heare how you prosper.

Omn. Where ?

Plu. The Tree

Blasted with Goblins, that about whose roote
5. Mandrakes growe, i'th Groue by *Naples* there,
Meete there.

Omn. Wee shall.

Plu. Our blessings with you beare.

Ruff. Dread King of Ghosts, wee le pley our thrift
fo well,

Thou shalt be forc'd to enlarge thy Iayle of Hell.

Plu. Be quicke th'at best, let sawcy mortals know,

How ere they sleepe, there's one wakes here below.

Exeunt.

¶ *Enter Alphonso (King of Naples) Crownde, wearing Robes Imperiall, Swordes of State, Maces, &c., being borne before him, by Octavio Astolfo, (2. vnckles) Narcisso, Iouinelli, Brisco, (Counts with others, Counte Spendola meeting them.*

Spn. One of those gallant Troupes went forth to meete

Your admird Mistresse (*Erminhild* the faire)
Hath left your Conuoy with her on the way.

K. And brings glad newes of her being here (this day)

Let Canons tell in Thunder her Arriuall,
Flourish When shee's at hand our selfe will meete her.

Omn. On.

Hee takes his Seate ; All kneele.

K. Pray rife ; vntill about our browes were throwne,

These sparkling beames, such adoration
Was not bestowde on vs : whom does the knee
Thus louely worship ? this Idoll, (Gold) or mee ?
Indeed t'is the worlds *Saynt*, if that you adore,
Goe, pray to your coffers. None to vs shall bow,
Giue God your knees.

Oct. Whose owne voice does allow
That Subiects should to those who are *Supreme*,
Bend, as to God, (all Kings being like to him)

Ast. Thou wonder of thy time, Ile pay no more
To thee of dutie than has bene before
And euer shall be payd to those sit Hye.

K. Pray mocke not mee' with such Idolatry,
Kings, Gods are, (I confesse) but Gods of clay,
Brittle as you are, you as good as they,

272 *If this be not a good Play,*

Onely in weight they differ, (this poore dram)
Yet all but flesh and blood ; And such I am.
If such, pray let mee eate, drinke, speake, and walke,
Not look'd cleane through, with superstitious eyes,
(Not star'de at like a Comete.) As you goe
Or speake, or feede (vn wondered at) let mee so.

Off. Not Kings of Ceremonie.

K. Vncle what then ?

Still are they Kings.

Off. But shew like common men.

K. Good vncle know, no Sunne in this our
Spheare,

Shall rule but Wee, let others shine as cleare,
In goodnes, None in greatnes shall.

Afl. Blest raigne !

The Golden worlde is molding new againe.

K. All that I craue is this, and tis not newe,
Pay vnto *Cæsar* onely *Cæsar*s due.

Off. We owe thee loyall hearts, and those wee le
pay,
Each minute (Mirrour of Kings.)

Iou. Marke, the olde Lords promise their hearts,
but no money.

Off. Here are the names of bold conspirators,
(Yong *Catilines*, and farre more desperate)
Who in your Fathers dayes kindled the fires
Of hote Rebellion.

K. Which are now burnt out.

Off. Who knowes that ? embers in dead Ashes
lye.

King, Set thy hand to this let Traytors dye.

Afl. Tis fit you should doe so.

Off. Sound Pollicie.

K. Men many things hold fit, that are not good,
A yong Beginner and fet vp in blood !
(Butchers can doe no more.) Shall Recordes say
Being Crownde, he playd the Tyran the first day,
How should that Chronicler be curs'd ? your paper.
When such a fatall booke comes in my sight,

Ile with *Vespasian* with I could not write,
Their bond is canceld. I forgiue the debt,
See that at liberty, they all be fet.

Omn. A Princely Act.

Off. If wisely tis well done.

Spem. That raigne must last, which mercy has
begun.

K. Beare witnes all, what pace the Chariot
wheeles

Of our new gilded Soueraigntie shall run.

Ruf. A mayne gallop I hope.

K. And here I vow to end as tis begun.

Aff. Heauen fill thee full of dayes, but (being all
told)

Ending no worfe, their summe wee le write in gold.

Off. The course youle take deere Lord.

K. This : pray obserue it.

Iou. Call you this Coronation day ? would I were
ith streetes where the conduites run claret wine, there's
some good fellowship.

Off. Peace.

K. Each weeke within the yeere shall be a booke
Which each day ile reade o're : I well may doe't,
The booke being but six leaues (six dayes,) the
feuenth

Be his that owes it ; Sacred is that and hye ;

And who prophanes one houre in that, shall dye.

Spem. How manie wilbe left aliue then this day
fortnight ?

Off. First, beate all Tauernes downe then, Soules
are lost

(Being drownde in Surfets) on that feuenth day most.

Stay (best of Kings) mine owne hand shall set downe

What lawes thou mad'st first day thou wor'st a
Crowne.

Begin, begin thy weeke.

K. Write Monday.

Off. So fo,-Monday.

274 *If this be not a good Play,*

Iou. They say Monday's Shooemakers holliday,
Ile fall to that trade.

Oel. I haue writ it downe my liege.

Iou. Peace, harken to your leffon.

K. That day, from morne till night, Ile execute
The office of a Iudge, and wey out lawes
With euen scales.

Iou. Thats more than grocers doe.

K. The poore and rich mans cause
Ile poize alike : It shall be my chiefe care
That bribes and wrangling be pitch'd o're the barre.

Iou. We shall haue old breaking of neckes then.

K. Downe with that first.

Oel. O for a pen of gold !
Youle haue no bribes.

K. None.

Oel. Yet terme-time all the yeere !
A good strong law-suite cannot now cost deere.

K. Haue you done ?

Oel. I'me at bribes, and wrangling done pre-
sently.

Nar. We must all turne pettifoggers, and in stead
of gilt rapiers, hang buckram bags at our girdles.

Iou. All my clients, shalbe women.

Spem. Why ?

Iou. Because they are easiest fetched ouer : there's
something to be gotten out of them.

Oel. Thy monday's taske is done : whats next ?

Iou. Sunday if the weeke goes backward.

King. Tuedayes wee'le fit to heare the poore-
man's cryes,
Orphans and widowes : our owne princely eyes
Shall their petitions reade : our progresse then
Shal be to hospitalls which good minded men
Haue built to pious vse, for lame, sicke, and poore
Weele see whats giuen, what spent, and what flowes
or'e

Churles (with Gods mony) shall not feast, swill wine,

And fat their rancke gutts whilest poore wretches
pine.

Iou. This is a braue world for beggers, if it hold.

Of. Poore wretches pine, So are they left : tot'h
next.

Kin. Wednesdaies weele spend—

Iou. In fish dinners.

Kin. In th' affaires

Of farren states, treat with embassadors,
Heare them and giue them answeres. Thursday, for
warres.

Iou. That's well : better be together by th' eares,
then to goe halting to hospitalls.

Kin. Our Neapolitane youths (that day) shall try
Their skill in armes, poore scorned Soldiers
Shall not be suffer'd beg here (as in some landes)
Nor stoope slaue-like to Captaines proud commands,
Starue, and lie nastie, when the selfe-same pay,
The Souldier fights for, keeps the Leaders gay.
Nor shall he through ice and fire make gray his
head,

Weare out new Moones, onely to earne his bread,
Wade vp to'th beard in torrents ; and be drown'd
All faue the head ; march hard to meete a wound
I'th very face, and euen his heart-strings cracke,
To win a towne, yet not to cloath his backe :
And the blacke storme of troubles being gon,
Shund like a creditor, not looked vpon,
But as court-pallats (when bright day drawes nye)
Rold vp in some darke corner is throwne by.
Vncle write that.

Of. Fast as my pen can trot.

Spem. What a number of tottred roagues wilbe
turn'd into braue fellowes a this new change of the
moone.

Iou. The brauer they are, the sooner are mercers
vndon.

Of. Souldiers are downe too.

Kin. Downe with Learning next.

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For friday shalbe spent it'h reuerend Schooles,
 Where wee le fift branne from floure, (hisse babling
 fooles,
 But crowne the deepe-braind disputant) none shall
 hold
 Three or four Church-liuings (got by *Symonious*
 gold)
 In them to fat himselfe as in a flye,
 When greater Schollers languish in beggery :
 And in thin thred-bare cassacks weare out their age,
 And bury their worth in some by vicorage :
 This wee le fee mended.

Enter Iouenella.

Iou. Tyth pigges youl'e fmoake for this.
Kin. So fet it downe.
Of. Schollers languish in beggery—So :
 Thy fridaies law is writ ; for Satterday, what ?
King. I mary fir, All our cares now for that.
 Well to begin, and not end so were bafe,
 The winning of the gole crownes each mans race.

Narcisso stepping in before in the Scene, Enters here.

Nar. Sir, theres a stranger newly ariu'de your
 court,
 And much importunes to behold your Highnes.
Kin. What is he ?
Nar. Of goodly prefence.
Kin. Let him fee vs.

Rufman brought in by all.

Ruff. The powers that guide me, guard thee, I
 haue heard thy name
 In regions far hence, where it does rebound
 Lowder than here at home ; to touch this ground
 I ha pass'd through countries, into which none here

Would willingly faile I thinke, and with me bring,
My loue and seruice, which to your grace I tender.

Kin. What are you, and whence come you ?

Ruff. From *Heluetia*.

Spem. What hell sayes hee ?

Iou. Peace you shall know hot hell time enough.

Ruff. I am an Heluetian borne, the house from
which I am descended, ancient and well knowne to
many princes : Bohor is my name.

Iou. Zounds ! Bohor ! has struck two of my teeth
out with his name ;

Ruff. A Shalkan Tartar being my grandfather
Men call me *Shalkan Bohor*. About the world
My trauailes make a girdle (perfect round :)
So that, what wonders Kings on earth euer found
I know, and what I know, Is yours.

K. Braue Heluetian,
We giue you thanks and welcome : your arriual
Is faire and to our wifh, of all those dayes.
Which Time sets downe, to number vp a weeke,
Every day haue we tasked ; faue only one,
How in these courts of Kings (through which you
haue gon,)

Doe Princes waite their howres ?

Ruff. How but in that,
For which they are borne Kings ? (Pleasure :) euery
man's ayme,

Is to hit pleasure : onely tis change in name,
Thats all the difference ; Are Kings Tirants ? Blood
Is then their pleasure : thirst they after warres !
Ambition tickles them : that for which man most
cares,

Good or bad, tis his pleasure, and to gaine it,
His soule must compasse it, tho hell restraîne it :
To this marke all mens thoughts, Creation drew,
That all might strue for a thing, thats got by fewe :
Who are those few but Kings ? and tis fit they
Should haue it, because true pleasure does soone de-
cay.

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K. How like you his counsell?

Omn. Rarely.

Oct. What ruffians this?

K. Bohor tha't warm'd our yong blood; Al cares
of state,

Shall that day sleepe, to our selfe weelee Saturday
haue,

Pleasure (the slaue of Kings shall then be our slaue,

Lords let there be a proclamation drawne,

What man soeuer (strange or natie borne,)

Can feast our spleene, and heighthen our delight,

He shall haue gold and be our fauorite.

Tilts, turneys, masques, playes, dauncing, drinking
deepe

Tho ere noone all *Naples* lye dead-drunke a sleepe.

Oct. How King?

Kin. Weele haue it so vnle.

Omn. Downe with that too.

Iou. Print Satterday in great text letters.

Oct. Well, well, it shall.

Our swan turnes crow, poifond with one drop of
gall.

Kin. Ile haue this proclamation forthwith drawne.

Nar. And publish al the daies.

Prif. And Satterday.

Iou. Especially that at large if you can in red, like
a Dominicall letter.

Kin. Goe see it don.

Iou. My taske.

Exit.

Kin. Why sigh you? Of six dayes wo'd you not
spare me one?

Oct. Thine owne lawes from thine owne mouth,
weele proclaime,

If thine owne words thou e'atst, bee't thine owne
shame.

Enter Iouinelli hastily.

Iou. Your long expected happines is arriu'd,

The princeffe of Calabria.

Kin. Thou crown'st me agen :
Deere vncke, honored Lords, with our whole court
Honor her hither ; I am rapd with Ioy,
And loſt till I behold her : fetch me my loue.

Oſ. I feare deepe whirlepooles tho it run ſmooth
about.

Ki. To our worthy friend your welcomes.

Exit Oſ. & Aſ.

Iou. But pray Sir tell vs, meane you that we
indeed
Shall haue but one playing day through the whole
weeke?

Kin. All *Iouinelli*, wee be Iouiall all.

Prif. Till Satterday came, we liu'de in terrible
feare.

Thanke *Bohor*, who your dead ſpirits vp did reare.

Kin. Had I (as firſt I did begin) gon on,
I like a Schoole-boy ſhould haue worne my crowne,
As if I had borrowed it.

Ruff. Had bin moſt vile.

Kin. Ile be a Sea, (boundles.)

Spn. Thou art a funne,
And let no baſe cloudes muffle thee.

Kin. Braue Kings all !
Crowne, Scepter, Court, Cittie, Country, are at your
call.

Iou. There ſpake young *Ioue* indeede.

Prif. The tyde now turnes.

Nar. And now weele ſwim.

Kin. And laugh, tho the whole world mournes.

Floriſh. *Omn: Tantara, hey. Trumpets.*
Erminhild brought in.

Enter Octavio and Aſtolphe, vſhering Erminhild,
attended by Ladies and others.

Nar. Call vp your luſtieſt ſpirits: the Lady's
come.

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K. O my earthly blisse ! embraces ! kisses ! how
fweete
Are you to parted Louers when they meete ?
That entertainment which the Duke your Father,
Lent royellie (late to mee,) I now can pay
At a Kings charge : to our *Neapolitane* Court,
None (brightest *Erminhild* can come longd for
More then your selfe.) You haue stolne vpon vs
(Ladie)

Erm. You haue good Law against me, (playing
the thiefe)
Your Grace may keepe mee prisoner.

K. In these Armes ;
From whence not *Ioue* shall raunsome thee ; We
Twaine
Will wed, and bed, and get a Prince shall raigne
In *Naples* brauely, when wee both lye dead :
Till then, Pleasures wings, to their full bredth be
spread. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Scumbroth, ringing a Bell ; Alphege, a Fryer
& Shackle-foule, in a Friers weede, with cloth to lay.*

Scum. A mangier, a mangier, a mangier, I must
needs haue a mangie voice, when I doe nothing but
ball for a company of hungry Scabs ; a mangier.

Alph. You must be nimble *Rush.*

Sha. As a drawer in a new Tauern, first day the
bush is hung vp.

Scum. A mangier, a manger, a mangier. *Exit.*

Alp. So : the Lord Priors napkin here, there the
Sub-priors : his knife and case of pick-toothes thus :
as for the couent, let them licke their fingers in stead
of wiping, and suck their teeth in steede of picking.

Shac. What other dutie Sir, must I call mine ?

Alp. As you are nouice, you are to say grace de-
murely, waite on the Priors Trencher soberly, steale
away a mouthfull cunningly, and munch it vp in a
corner hungerly. Ply your office, *Rush.* *Exit*

Shack. Thankes good Frier Alphege : yes, Shackle-
foule will play
The taske hee's fet to : Diuels neuer idle lye :
Frier Russh ! ha, ha : y'haue now an excellent quire,
To sing in hell, the Diuell and the Frier.

*Enter Prior, Subprior, Alphege, Hillary, Russh,
and other Friers. All sit : dishes brought in
before.*

Pri. Where's *Russh*, our *Iunior Nouice* ?

Ru. Here Lord Prior.

Pri. Stand foorth, and render thankes.

Ru. Hum, hum :

For our bread, wine, ale and beere,
For the piping hot meates heere :
For brothes of fundrie tast and sort,
For beefe, veale, mutton, lamb, and porke.
Greene-fawce with calves head and bacon,
Pig and goose, and cramd-vp capon.
For past raiz'd fliffe with curious art,
Pye, custard, florentine and tart.
Bak'd rumpes, fried kidneys, and lam-stones,
Fat sweete-breads, luscious maribones,
Artichoke, and oyster-pyes,
Butterd Crab, prawnes, lobsters thighes,
Thankes be giuen for flesh and fishes,
With this choice of tempting dishes :
To which proface : with blythe lookes fit yee,
Russh bids this Couent, much good do't yee.

Pri. How dar'st thou mock vs thou ill nurtur'd
flaue ?

Sub. Contemn'st thou our order and religious
fare ?

Shac. He has spoken treason to all our stomaches.

Omn. Downe with the villaine.

Sub. Mischiefe on vs waites

If wee feede so vile a wretch.

Pri. Thrust him out at gates.

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Shac. I doe coniure you by my hallowed beades
To heare me speake.

Pri. Canst thou excuse thy selfe ?

Shac. Alas (my Lord) I thought it had bin here
As in the neighbouring Churches, where the poor't
Vicar

Is filled vp to the chin with choice of meates,
Yet seekes new wayes to whet dull appetite,
As there with holy spels mens foules they cherish,
So with delitious fare, they themselues nourish.
Nor want they argument for sweete belly-cheere
To proue it lawfull.

Sub. Most prophane and fearefull.

Shac. But since your order (pious and reuerend)
Tyed to religious fasts, spends the sad day
Wholy in meager contemplation,
I absolution beg on both my knees,
For what my tongue offended in : las ! poore *Rust*
(See't by his cheekes) eates little : I can feede
On rootes, and drinke the water of the Spring
Out of mine owne cup : make an Anatomy
Of my most sinfull carcas : then pardon mee.

Pri. Thy ignorance is thy pardon, wee beleuee
thee.

Shac. *Gratias reuerende domine Prior.*

Pri. But do our brethren in parts more remote,
Feede so delitious faist thou ?

Shac. *Rust* cannot lye.

Sub. Thou falsely doest accuse those holy men.

Pri. How can it stand with their profession ?

Sub. Thou faist (vile yongman) they haue argu-
ments

To proue it lawfull gluttonously to feede.

Omn. *Rust*, answere the Sub-prior.

Shac. *Audite fratres*, they doe not onely proue it
lawfull, but make it palpable, that hee who eates not
good meate is damde.

Sub. *Benedicite.*

Scu. What shall become of all vs then ?

Pri. Thou art distracted, whence canst thou force argument?

Shac. From fillie reason, would you heare me speake?

Pri. Speake freely and be bold, listen.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Shac. He that eats not good meate is dambd:

Sic Disputo.

If he that feedes well hath a good foule, then è

Contra.

No, he that feedes ill, hath a bad and a poore foule.

Scu. Thats wee.

Shac. And so consequently is dambd, for who regards poore foules? and if they be not regarded they are cast foorth, and if cast foorth, then they are dambde.

Sub. I deny your minor, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Shac. *Sic probo*: the foule follows the temperature of the body, hee that feedes well hath a good temperature of body, *Ergo*, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Pri. A ful and edyfying argument.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Sub. I deny that the foule follows the temperature of the body.

Shac. *Anima sequitur temperaturam Corporib*, It is a principle, & *contra principia non est disputandum*. All wee.

Pri. Its most apparent.

Scu. O most learned *Rush*!

Sub. A shallow Sophister, heare me farder.

Pri. Subprior, wee heare the rest disputed at our leifure: you take too much vpon you.

Scu. Shall I take this vpon me my Lord?

Pri. Hence with this trash, we haue too long forborne to tast heauens blessings fully, which to our dutie had more enabled vs, *Rush* thart some Angel.

Sub. Rather some diuell sent to bewitch our foules.

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Pri. Sub-prior no more.

Sub. I must speake, heare me brethren,
Shall we (bound by solemne oathes) t' abiure the
world,

And all her forceries : to whom night and day
Are as one hower of prayer ? whose temperance makes

vs

Endure what ful-fild bellie Gods admire ;
Shall we (by zealous patrons) tyde to obserue
Dirges and *Requiems* for their peacefull foules,
In glottonous riot bury sacred almes ;
Turne Sanctimonious zeale and Charitie
To loathsome furfet ? and those well-got goods
Our benefactors sau'd, by their owne fasts
And moderate liuing, shall we feede vpon
Ful-gorging vs till we vomit ? fore-fend it heauen ?
By all the Saints, by him first taught our order
What temperance was, here shall poore *Clement* feede,
Till his ore-wearied life, takes her last leaue
Of this all tempting world where all sinnes breede.

Pri. Howes this ? are you become our confessor ?
Best thrust vs out at gates, locke vp the Cloister,
And cal in whom you like : be you the Prior.
Speake are you agreed, *Rush* be our maister-cooke ?

Scu. You haue my voice.

Alp. And mine.

Pri. Doe you all consent ?

Omn. Yes, all.

Sub. First fend this fiend to banishment.

Pri. We haue most voices on our side.

Sub. You may ;

Las ! most men couet still the broadest way.

Pri. Giue *Rush* his charge then, *Scumb* : you must
resigne.

Scu. With a good maw, I shal haue a fatter office
to be his scullion.

Shac. Worthy Lord Prior, heare me yet,
I must not my profession let,
To *Scumbroath*, what I know ile teach,

To make caudels, Iellies, leach,
Sirrup of violets, and of rofes,
Cowflip fallads, and kick chofes,
Preferue the apricock, and cherry,
Damfin peare-plom, raspis berry;
Potates ike if you shall lack,
To corroborate the back :
A hundred more shall *Rush* deuice,
And yet to early mattins rife,
Our ladies office, fing at prime,
At euen-fong, and at compline time.
Chant Anthems, Aniuerfaries, Dirges,
And the dolefull *de profundis*.

Pri. Thou shalt not change thy order : Sirra,
cooke,
From *Rush* take leffons againft night, for fare
Abundance and delitious.

Scu. I fhall be greedy to learne of him fir, fince
your lordfhip is turnde, our very Iack and his fpits
fhall turne too. *Exit.*

Enter 2. Pilgrimes.

Pri. What men are thefe ?

Sub. Welcome good holy father.

Both. Thankes reuerend maifter.

1. Pil. Bleft fir, according to the Churches rite
We (Pilgrimes, to Ierufalem bound) this night
Defire repofe, and pious charitie
In your moft holy Couent.

Pri. You are moft welcome.

Alphege, goe lead 'em in.

Shac : By no meanes.

Pri. Why.

Shac. Tis mortall fin.

Sub. O black impietie !

Pri : How ? fin to feed religious votaries !

Shac : Rather to nourifh idle vagabonds :

The Cleargy of other lands, haue with much pietie

286 *If this be not a good Play,*

And thrift destroyde those drones, that lazily
Live eating vp the labours of the bee.
A churchman there cares but to feede the foule,
He makes that charge his office. Alsmisdeeds ! alas !
They through the Lawyers hands are fitt't to passe.

Sub. Can you heare this Diuell ?

Shac. Besides my reuerend Lord,
These manderers here as spies, and foone beare word
To Princes eares of what they heare and see.

Pri. Ha *Rush* ! thou speak'st right.

Sub. Damnd iniquitie !

Pri. Hence with those runnagates.

Omn. Come, hence.

Pri. Spurne 'em away.

Sub. Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere seene this
day.

Stay comfortles poore foules, my pittying teares
Shall speake what my tongue dares not, here holy men,
You nere shall say when next we meete againe,
Frier *Clement* to the hungrie grutch'd his meate,
Or to the weary pilgrim lodging, this makes you eate,
And when you haue relieu'd your fainting limbes,
Commend me in your prayers, and midst your
hymmes

Thus wifh, that he who did your Iorney funder,
May neuer liue, to breake his holy order.

Pri. Old superstitious dotard ; beate hence these
beggars.

1. *Pil.* Many old mans curses will on his foule be
spent,

Who thus defaces, Charities monument : *Exeunt.*

Shac. I told you they were curs, that cease to
barke, no longer then you feede them.

Pri. Frier, thou speak'st right :

Make hast with fare delitious, wee le crowne the night.

Exeunt. Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ha ha, laugh Lucifer, dance grim fiends of
hell,

Of foules thou iudge iust, but most terrible,
I must exact a double pay from thee,
Nere hadst thou Iorney man deserude such fee,
Let me cast vp my reckonings, what I ha won
In this first voiage : Charity ! shees vndon :
Fat gluttony broke her back : next her step'd in
Contention (who shakes Churches) now the sweete fin
(Sallow lechery,) should march after : Auarice,
Murder, and all finnes els, hell can deuice,
Ile broach : the head's in, draw the body after,
Begin thy feast in full cuppes, end in slaughter.
That damnedst fury : oh, but Frier *Clement's* free !
True : ha'lt no snare t' intrap him ? let me fee.
Hees old, choake him with gold ; hold on thy
Reuells,

Pluto makes Shackle-foule president of Diuels. Exit.

Enter K. Octauio, Narcisso, Iouinelli, Spendola.

K. What pictar's that (*Vncle Octauio* ?)

Oct. The picture of thy state, (drawne by thy
felfe,)

This is that booke of statutes, were enacted
In the high Parliament of thy roiall thoughts
Where wisedome was the speaker. And because
Thy subiects shall not be abusde by lawes
Wrap'd vp in characters, crabbed and vnknowne,
These thine owne language speake.

K. Hang 'em vp vncle.

Oct. What sayes the King ?

Iou. You must hang vp the lawes.

Oct. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through
which great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bith wing,
there dies.

No no, thy lawes ile fix full in thy fight,

Hangs a table vp.

(Like sea-markes,) that if this great ship of sway
And kingly ventures, loose her constant way.

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I'th bottomles gulph of state, (beaten by the stormes
Of youthfull follie, raging in monstrous formes)
Shee may be sau'de from sinking and from wrack,
(Steerd by this compasse, for the points of it
Shall guide her so, on rockes she cannot split.

Kin. You are our carefull pilat. In this voiage
Of Gouernment, be you our Admirall.
Wifedome and Age being props, realmes feldome fall.

Enter Brisco.

Oct. Oraculous is thy voice.

Kin. How now count *Brisco*?

Me thinkes I read a comedy in thy lookes.

Nar. Has met some merry painter, hees drawne
so liuely.

Omn. Come count your newes.

Bris. I shall bestow them freely :

The phyckie of your proclamation workes :

Your gilded pills (roll'd vp in promises

Of princely fauours to his wit, who highest

Can raise your pleasures) slip so smoothly downe

Your Subiects throates, that all (vpon a sudden)

Are loosely giuen.

Kin. How ? loosely giuen ? why count ?

Br. Name but what sport, your Highnes would
haue Acted

I'me prologue toot ; your court must haue more gates

To let in rusling Saterday : without (now) waites

Musicke in some ten languages : each one sweares

(By *Orpheus* fiddle-case) they will tickle your eares

If they can doo't with scraping.

Bri. Theres seuen score Noife at least of english
fidlers.

Io. 7. score ! they are able to eate vp a citie in
very scraps.

Bri. Very base-viall men most of 'em : besides
whole swarmes of welsh harpes, Irish bag-pipes, Jewes
trompes, and french kitts.

All theſe made I together play :
But their dambd catter-wralling, frighted me away.

Oñ. Theſe ſports to pleaſe
A Princes eyes ?

Bri. How like you then of theſe ?
The cittie-waterbearers (trimly dight)
With yellow oaker-tankerds (pind vpright)
Like brooches in their hatts ; In their freſh loues
A may-game bring, All, wearing dog-skin gloues.
Made not to ſhrinke it'h wetting.

Kin. Bid theſe poore men drinke well, and ſo be
gon.

Bri. What will you haue then ?
Will you ſee the Turners ſhew, brauely prepaide
With colours, drumes, and gunnes (with ruſt halfe
mar'de

Bearing that, of which they long haue bin depriu'de.

Kin. What iſt ?

Bri. Their daring Giant, (newly reui'de)

Omn. For *Ioues* ſake lets ſee that.

Oñ. O fie (Prince) fie !

In thy court painted monſters, they come not here,
Ride forth, thou ſhalt meete Giants euery where.
Me thinkes (yong Lords) your ſoules being new re-
finde

With beames of honor, ſhould not be declin'de
To ſports ſo low and vulgar : but ſince the King
Of birdes (the Eagle) lets you ſpred a wing
So neere his owne, you ſhould put vp ſuch game
As fits an Eagle, and purſue the ſame.

And not like rauens, kites, or painted Iayes
Soare high, yet light on dunghills, for ſtinking preyes.

Iou. Old Lord you raue.

Nar. What ſports wood you deuife ?

Oñ. Moſt fit for Kings. Were I (before his eyes)
To preſent obiects, they ſhould all be rare,
Of Romane triumphs, laden w'th the ſpoiles of warre :
Or Lions, and wilde-Boares kill'd by actiue force :
Or ſea-fights : or land-battailes on foote, or horſe :

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Such fights as these, kindle in Kings braue fire,
And meeting spirits that dare mount, mount 'em
higher,

Where apish pastimes lay our foules downe flat,
Groueling on earth, base and effemminate.

Bri. I haue bowles of this bias too, for your
Lordships alley.

King. Trundle 'em out before him.

Bri. The wodden-leg Souldier,
Waites to present you with his shew of warre.

Off. I marry my liege.

Bri. The Scholler has his deuice, the Mariner his.

Off. These are Kings sports indeed.

Bri. Will you see these?

Kin. Faith be it so; because wee now rather
please

Our vncler than our selfe, pray fetch in these.

The rest cashere.

Spem. Send the fidlers merily home.

Bri. And yet pa 'em scruily! tis impossible.

Iou. And bid the water-bearers cense the citie
Ther's many a foule thing in it.

Off. Marshall 'em in.

Bri. Ile fetch these worthy spirits in my selfe.

No, no, wee ayde you fir.

Iou. March: and giue vs roome.

Exeunt.

Ki. Sdeath! if these doting gray-beards might
haue their wills,

We neuer shall haue ours: let vs crosse them

As they crosse vs.

Omn. How, how!

Kin. Euery deuice

Their Ningles bring in, abuse with scruie iest,
Beet nee're so good.

Omn. Agreed.

Nar: If *Ninies* bring away the Nest.

Ki. Teach *Iouinelli* and *Brisco* when to giue fire.

Dromes and trompets founding.

*Enter Octauio, Iouinelli, Brisco, Rufman, the Souldier,
Scholler, Mariner.*

Sol. I am a Souldier.

Ion : We know that by your legges.

Sol. Does my stump grieue you ?

Bri. Not if you bestir your stumps nimbly fir.

Nar. What hot shot's this ?

Sol. A Souldier fir : thats all :

Thats more than fir I thinke you dare be. Zounds !
bafful for my limbes lost in seruice ! your noble
father

Has clapt this buff-ierkin, when this Stump of wood
Has vp tot'h knee flucke three howres in french blood :
When such as you, with your Spangled rofes, that day
Brauely bestird their heeles, and ran away :

Ile stand toot, I.

Spem. With one leg.

Sol : Yes : with one.

Off. Yong Lords, thus to scorne Souldiers, tis ill
don.

Kin. Vncle, heres no man scornes 'em ; must we
be brau'de

By a staring fellow, for a little fighting ? goe.

Sol. Fighting ! I cannot halt I, but speake plaine,
No King on earth baffalls me, ide baffall againe,
Th' whole race of great turkes, had iem ith field : I ha
brought

With me a hundred Souldiers, (old Seruitors)
Poore as my selfe in clothes ; picke out fise hundred
Of such filke-stocken men, if they beate vs, hang vs,
S'bloud if we tosse not them, hang's agen : a fort
We ha built without, and mand it, this was the sport
A Souldier wood ha giuen thee : my one hundred
Had taught thee all the rules i'th Schoole of warre.

Kin. All this ile read without mayme, wound or
scarre.

Sold. What say you to an Engine, that at once
Shall spoile some thirtie men ?

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Iou. Thirtie men : nothing.

Sold. If nothing ! hast thou bin beate for this ?
farewell.

Iou. I can fetch twenty scriueners haue don more
With a bare goose-quill.

Sold. Maist thou but liue, to need a Souldiers
arme,
That laught to see him bleed. *Exit.*

Bri. You haue lost the day sir, for your Souldiers
fly.

Kin. Fly to the diuell let 'em.

Iou. Your leaders before.

Spen. You fight all vnder one cullors ? doe you
not ?

Scho. Sir :
These pleasures to the King which I prefer,
Flow from *Ioues* braine.

Nar. Heyda ! heres one has beaten out *Ioues*
braines.

Spen. Wud I had thee hung vp at our maine kit.

Sch : No Sir *Ioues* braine, (*Minerua* queene of
wit)

If all the *Muses* and the Arts can fit
With their high Tunes, such choice and Princely eares,
Apollo (Father to them all)—appeares——

Iou. *Apollo* was an Asse ; he let a wench whom he
lou'de to be turnd into a Bay-tree, and now shees glad
for a peny to flick Ale-house-windows, and wynde
dead coarfes.

Bri. Let *Apollo* goe and lye with his owne
Daughters.

K. Are you a Scholler Syr ?

Iou. A school-master as I take it, and comes to
present a verie prettie shew of his schollers in broken
Latin.

Of. Can wee be dumb and see this ?

Sch. O haples Learning !
Flie and complaine, to Heauen (where thou wert
borne)

That thou (whome Kings once nurfde,) art now their
fcorne. *Exit.*

Nar. How blowes the winde Syr ?

Seaf. Wynde ! is *Nore-Nore-West.*

Nar. To hoyfe your fayles vp too, I thinke tis
bef.

Sea. A blacke Guft is comming ; vp a-low-there
hey : A young-man vp toth Top-maft-head, and looke-
out : ftand to your Sayles : ftand to your Top-failes :
let goe your Harriars, let goe, amaine louere amaine,
quicke, quick, Good fellowes.

Omn. Hees mad.

Sea. Whoes at Helme ? beare vp hard : and hard
vp : and thou beeft a man beare vp ; Star-borde, Port-
agein : off with your Drablers, and your Banners ;
out with your Courfes : Ho,—I fpie two Shippes
yonder, that yaw too and agen, they haue both fprung
a Leake, I thinke the Diuell is fucking Tabaccho,
heeres fuch a Mift : out with your boate, and you
Besmen, cut-downe Maſte-bith borde ; beare vp,
Ime a Blunt-fellow you fee, All I fay is this,
You that fcorne Sea-men, ſhall a Sea-man miſſe. *Exit.*

Of. Now by my life I haue patient ſtood too long.
To fee rich merit and loue, payde with baſe wrong :
Learning ! and Armes ! and Traffique ! the triple wall
That fortifies a Kingdome, race em downe All !
This Seaman, (hee that deareſt eames his bread)
Had rigd and mann'd 4. Gallies brauely furniſht,
With Souldiers, Rowers, and Fire-workes for a Sea-
fight.

K. You are full of Squibs too, pray goe fire em all.

Of. Muſt I bee then caſhierde too ? mary and
ſhall.

To faue thy ſinking Honour, Ile ſend hence
Theſe men with thanks, with praife, and recompence.

Exit.

Omn. Pray doe.

K. Braue *Shalcan-Bohor*, all this while
Our eye has followed yours, and ſeene it ſmile,

(As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,
Which made vs flight them off; to ingrosse you
(Our best and richest prize :) ith Courts of Kings
Through which you ha pass'd, you ha seene wonders,
flew em.

Ruff. I shall at opportune howers. If your Grace
Arride the toyes, they bragd of (Fire-workes,
And such light stufes) Sit fearelesse without danger
Of murdring shot, which villaines might discharge
In (idle counterfet Sea-fights) you shall see
At opening of this hand, a thousand Balles
Of wilde-Fire, flying round about the Aire—there.

Fire-workes on Lines.

Omn. Rare, Rare.

K. Tis excellent, Sdeath from whence flew they?

Bri. Hell, I thinke.

Iou. Hell! Nay, if any that are in Hell, skip vp
euer so nye Heauen, as these Diuells that spit fire did,
Ile drinke nothing but Gun-powder.

Ruff. Ha, ha, a trifle this. Your Scholler there,
Come with his Arts and Muses shallow, leaden braine,
Your swaggering Souldier, lead a tottered traine
Of ruffianly Boore-hallers: I noted all
These feasts for Kings: ith garden of varietie
The vast world! you are staru'de midst your satietie,
Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,
But shake the fruite of euery pleasure downe.

K. Thanks *Bohor*; why else weares a King his
Crowne?

Shalcan, all *Naples* shall not buy thee from mee.

Ruff. Nor you and these from me.

K. Aske what thou wilt haue
But to stay here.

Ruff. Loe, this is all I craue.

K. Thou hast our fast embraces.

Ruff. Swift as mans thought,
Various delights shall bee each minute borne,

And dye as fast that fresh may rise ; we scorne
To serue vp one dish twice ; bee't nere so rare,
Will you that gainst to morrow I prepare
A Feast of strange Mirth for you ?

K. Deare *Bohor* doe.

Ruff. I shall ; Nor doe I thus your loue pursue,
With seruile hopes of Golde, I neede it not :
If out the jawes of Hell Golde may bee got
Blacke Artes are mine to doo't ; and what delights
Those worke bee yours.

K. Thou art gracious in our fight. *Exeunt.*

¶ *A Table is set out by young fellowes like Merchants
men, Bookes of Accounts vpon it, small Deskes to
write vpon, they sit downe to write Tickets, Lurchall
with them.*

1. Come fellow *Lurchall* write.

Lur. Fuh, Stay not for mee,
I shall out-goe you all.

2. I hold 5. Crownes,
We all leaue you behinde vs.

Lur. Don ; but I
Must not leaue you behinde mee ; what paines a poore
Diuell

Takes to get into a Merchant ? hees so ciuill,
One of Hell must not know him, with more ease
A Diuell may win ten Gallants, then one of these,
Yet a Merchants wife, before these ten is wonne
To entertaine her Diuell, if Pride be one.
But *Lurchall*, now tha'rt in, and for yeares bound,
To play the Merchant, play him right : th'ast found
A Master, who more villenie has by hart,
Then thou by rote ; See him but play his owne part,
And thou doest Hell good seruice ; *Barteruile*,
Theres in thy name a Haruest makes mee smile.

Bart. *Lurchall* :—within.

Omn. My master calls.

Lur. I.

*Enter Barteruile.**Men too and fro bring in Bags, & haue Bills. Exit.**Bart.* Oh, art there?

This day twixt one and two a Gallants bound
 To pay 400. Crownes to free his Landes
 Fast morgag'de to mee, *Lurchall*, get thee vp hye
 Into my Turret, where thou mayest espie
 All commers euery way; if by thy gueffe,
 Thou feest the Gull make hither.

Lur. So Syr.*Bart.* That, his Hower

Lye gasping, at the last Minutes; let him beate at
 dore,

Within Ile beate his heart out.

Lur. Ile let him stand.

Bart. Do, take my *Watch*, go faster. All his Land
 Is fund with these two Figures, (2. and 1.)
 At past one, (his,) strike but two, tis mine owne.

Lur. Ile turne the wheelles: and spin the howers
 vp faster.

Bart. The Citie-clockes then strike, and kill thy
 Master.

Would all the Citie Sextons, at my cost
 Were drunke this day 4 howres.

Lur. Troth so wud I,
 And wee their Iackes ath Clocke-houfe.

Bar. Wee'de strike merily.

Fly vp to'th top ath houfe,

Lur. There fir, Ile fit,
 And croake like a Rauen, to damb thee in hels pit.
Exit.

*Barteruile set amongst his men reading a long scroll.**Bar.* How goes this moneth?*Omn.* Much shorter than the last.

Bar. Weddings this moneth 12. thousand: not
 worth the scoring,

But thinke ther's little marying, we ha so much
whoring.

Grynding milles so much vfde ; about the citie
Such grinding, yet no more mony ; fuites in law,
Full brought to an end this moneth, no more but
ten :

This law will begger vs : had I the bags againe,
I bought this combrous office with, the King
Should make his best of't : hee that did farm't before
Had it for lesse than I, yet receiude more.
How much remaines of the falt tribute due ?

1. *Ser.* 7000. Crownes.

Bar. Thats well : a fauorie summe :
These our Italian tributes, were well deuifde,
Me thinks tis fit a subiect should not eate
But that his Prince from euery dish of meate
Should receiue nourishment : for (being the head)
Why should he pine, when all the body is fed ?
Besides, it makes vs more to awe a King,
When at each bit we are forc'd to thinke on him.

Enter a Brauo with mony.

1. *Ser.* What payment's this ?

Bra. The pension of the Stewes, you neede not
vntye it, I brought it but now from the sealers office :
ther's not a peece there, but has a hole in't, because
men may knowe where twas had, and where it will be
taken againe : blesse your worship ? Stew-mony fir,
Stew-Prune cash fir.

Bar. They are sure, tho not the foundest pay-
maisters,
Read whats the summe.

1. *Ser.* But bare 200. crownes.

Bra. They are bare crownes indeede fir, and they
came from Animals and vermin that are more bare :
wee that are clarkes of these flesh-markets haue a great
deale of rotten mutton lying vpon our hands, and
finde this to bee a fore payment.

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Bar. Well, well, the world will mend.

Bra. So our furgeons tell 'em euery day ; but the pox of mendment I fee.

Bar. Doe not your gallants come off roundly then ?

Bra. Yes fir, their haire comes off fast enough, we turne away crack't french crownes euery day. I haue a fuite to your worship in behalfe of all our dealers in small wares, our free-whores fir, you know my meaning.

Bar. If your whores are knowne, whats thy fuite ?

Bra. I should haue brought a petition from 'em, but that tis put off fir, till clensing-weeke, that they may all be able to set to their hands, or else a whores marke.

Bar. Well, well, whats their request ?

Bra. Marry fir, that all the shee-tobacco-shops, that creepe vp daily in euery hole about the Citie, may bee put to silence.

Bar. Why pray thee honest fellow ?

Bra. I thanke your good worship, I had not such a sweete bit giuen me this 7 yeeres, honest fellow ; marry fir Ile open to you your suppliants cases : they that had wont to spend a crowne about a smocke, haue now their delight dog-cheape, but for spending one quarter of that mony in smoake : besides fir, they are not contented to robbe vs of our customes only, but when their pipes are fowle with spitting and driueling in those foresaide shops, they haue no place to burne 'em in, but our houfes.

Bar. Draw their petition, and weelee see all cur'de.

Bra. Let a frost come first fir : I thanke your venerable worship ; the pox gnaw out so many small guts as haue payde thee crownes. *Exit.*

Enter Lurchall running.

Lur. The tyd's against you fir, the crownes are come.

Bar. How goes my watch ?

Lur. As most watches vse to goe fir, sleepily,
heauily.

Bar. Not reach'd to one yet ; wert thou to be
hangd,
The hower had gallop'd.

Lur. I spurd it all that I could.

Bar. S'death keep his howre, heauen helpe poore
Citizens,
If Gentlemen grow thus warie : let him in.

Exit Lurchall.

Barren now, that hast in craft so fruitfull bin.
Your businesse fir to me.

Enter with 2. Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doe you not know me fir ?

Bar. No in good truth fir.

1. *Gent.* To know you I am bold fir,
You haue lands of mine in morgage, this is my day,
And heres your crownes.

Bar. Signior *Innocentio* ;
My memorie had quite lost you, pray sit both,
A bowle of wine here.

1. *Gent.* Sir it shall not neede :
Please you to fetch my euidence, whil't we tell.

Bar. What needes this forward spring ? faith two
moneths hence
Had bin to me as welcome.

1. *Gent.* Sir I thanke you.

2. *Gent.* Your hower drawes on Signior *Inno-*
centio,

Bar. Goe beate a drumme ith garret, that no
tongues
Of clockes be heard but mine.

Lur. Little past one.

Bar. Winde, winde.

Lur. Thus wind't thou to damnation.

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2. *Gent.* Ile part with none fir, pardon me, till I
fee

Your writings : will you fetch the euidence fir.

Bar. What euidence fir, haue I of yours ?

1. *Gent.* My friend fir, whose mony hee lends me
to redeeme my morgage.

Bar. Which you would haue for your securitie.

2. *Gent.* Tis so fir ?

Bar. No fir *Innocentio*,

To morrow on your bare word will I lend you 30:
crownes more : I loue you fir, and wish you beware
whose hands you fall into : the worlds a serpent.

2. *Gent.* This does but spend the hower fir, will
you take your mony ?

Bar. With all my heart.

1. *Gent.* Let me see my writings then.

Bar. Haue you such couenant from mee ? I re-
member none.

1. *Gent.* Your conscience is sufficient couenant fir.

Bar. Ha ! whats that conscience ? I know no
law-termes I,

Talke to me as to Citizen.

2. *Gent.* Weele dally no longer ;

We knew what snake would sting vs, and therefore
brought

Our medicine gainst his venome : youle keepe the
writings,

And weele ith Court of conscience tender your
crownes,

Whither this writ does summon you.

Lur. A fox, and ore-taken ?

Bar. Serue writs vpon me, yet keepe my mony
too ?

Dull slaue hast thou no braine ?

Lur. Braine ! trye this.

Bar. Peace.

2. *Gent.* Will you as fits a Christian giue vs in
What is our right, and take your crownes fir yet ?

To doe you all seruice, till I you all confound.

1. *Ser.* Maister Siluerpen the procter fir, sends word, if you come not in to morrow and personally depose your payment of the 200. crownes, youle be non-suited.

Bar. That is a law-draught goes downe coldly.

Lur. Why fir? Tis but your sweareing the mony is payde.

Bar. If oathes had back-dores to come in at, without danger of damnation, to catch a mans soule bith back, sweareing were braue.

1. *Ser.* What answere shall I giue the Proctors man?

Lur. Tell him my maister shall come in and sweare.

Exit and Enters.

Bar. Doe, tell him: on thee Ile build: now all my feare
Is for apparance at the Chancellors Court.
No trick to faue that?

Lur. I haue a braue one fort.

Exit. 1. for wine: bring't in.

Bring in a pottle of wine: will Carlo here my fellow,

Depose a truth if he see it, to helpe his maister?

Bar. What thou not honest Carlo?

2. *Ser.* Yes fir.

1. *Ser.* Here's the wine. *Enter with wine.*

Lur. Set this to your head anon fir, when tis there

Away you, and to morrow thou mai'st sweare
Before the Chancelor, and sweare true, if hee
Were in that case thou leftst him, twere in vaine
To hope he could liue, till thou camst back againe.

Bar. All Knights a'th Post learne this trick: the
fits vpon me now.

Lur. Take a good draught, twill helpe you fir : It
gulpes,
Hees almost breathles Carolo, away.

Car. I am gon. *Exit.*

Lur. Hees gon, hees gon fir.

Bar. One gulpe more had choaked me ;
This wine had washed my feares off, th'aft giuen mee
power

To make me doate vpon thee. Carolos gon.

Lur. Yes and will fweare his heart out, to your
good.

Sweare let him ; bee thy felfe and hee dambde too.

Bar. So I may get by it. In my bosome sleepe
(My doue, my loue,) prosper but thou and I.

Lur. And let all els finck.

Bvr. Let 'em : so I kisse gold,
The yongmans whore, the faint of him thats old.

Exeunt.

*Enter Prior, Alphege, Hillary, and Friers with
pruning kniues, spades, &c., met by Subprior,
and Shackle-foule.*

Sub. Whither (mad-men) run you ?

Omn. To our Vines.

Sub. Your Vines ?

(The tree of sin and shame ?) this Serpent here,
Has with that liquorish poison, so fet on fire,
The braines of *Nicodeme* and *Siluester*,
That they in drunken rage haue stabd each other.

Pri. Stabd !

Shac. Yes, they bleede a little, but haue no
harne,
Their yong blood with the grapes Iuice being made
warne,

They brawld and struck, but I kept off the blowes,
Yet the Subprior faies from me their quarrell rose.

Sub. It did.

Shac. In very deede (for I not fweare)

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It did not fir : to me you malice beare,
As if that all such mischife don, were mine,
But cause your selfe shall see how I repine
To see vice prosper, pardon me good Lord Prior,
If I a tell-tale be of what mine eyes
Beheld with water in them : sin will rise
In holy fircles I see sometimes.

Pri. What sin ?

Sub. What hast thou seene ?

Shac. Wud present I had not beene,
But till I had vtter it, my clogd conscience beares
A man vpon a woman.

Omn. Ha !

Shac. I speak't in teares :
Scumbroth our cooke, and a female I beheld
Kissing in our orchard : on her lippes he dwelld
I thinke some halfe howre.

Sub. Shame to our reuerend order !
A woman in our couent ! Sin black as murder.

Pri. Our cooke shalbe feuerely punished : a
woman,
A tempter here.

Omn. Abhorrible !
Rush, thoult rebuke sin.

Shac. Though my Lord I'me bad, I'me not giuen
that way.

Pri. Let vs some plagues inuent to lay on this
lecherous knaue.

Shac. Some light punishment
(Good my Lord Prior) suppose twere your owne fault,
Whip as you would be whipt, the best's naught.

Sub. He shalbe punisht, and then loose his place.

Pri. That fir shall be as we will : to our Vines :
away.

Sub. For shame giue or'e, dare you prophane this
day
That is to holy vses consecrate ?

Pri. Why ? what day is this ?

Omn. Lambert the marter.

Pri. No matter,
To vex thee deeper, this whole day weele spend,
Onely about our Vines.

Sub. You vex not me,
But heauen : what warrants you to this ?

Pri. Our will.

Sub. Thou hast thy will, thy wish thou ne're shalt
haue,
In fight of heauen who fees and punishes
Mens blacke impieties ; And in sight of these
(Sharers in thy full sin :) And in his sight,
T' expresse whose vilenes, there's no epithite.

Pri. No matter what he saies Ruff.

Shac. I'me knowne what I am.

Sub. To thee I prophecie, (vicious old man to
thee,
Who er't with lift-vp-hands, and downe-bowed knee,
Seemest to' haue had worke in heauen : now (full of
spite,

Onely to eate a liquorish appetite ;
Digst our religious wales vp, planting there
Luxurious fruits to pamper belly-cheere :
(For all thy paines to dresse it,) of this Vine
Thy lustfull lips shall neuer tast the wine.

Pri. Distracted foole, in stead of my iust anger,
Thou onely hast my pittie : thou prophecie ?

Omn. Ha, ha.

Sub. Laugh on, but since nor prayers preuaile nor
teares,
Ile powre my grieve into my Princes eares. *Exit.*

Shac. Heele goe and complaine to the King.

Pri. Let him complaine,
Kings cannot Subiects of their foode restraine.
Away.

Exeunt : Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ingender sin with sin ; that wines rich
heate

May bring forth Lust, Lust murder may beget,
 But here strike faile, this barke awhile hale in,
 And lanch into the deepe, a brighter sin :
 Ho, *Glitterbacke*, ascend, to shackle-foule,
 To shackle-foule ascend, ho *Glitterbacke* ;
 Thou richest spirit, thrust vp thy golden head
 From hell thus hie : when ? art imprisoned
 In misers chests so fast thou canst not come ?
 Or fearst thou theeues, or cutpurfes ? here be
 some

Can saue thee from their fingers : when ? Arise ;
 And dazle th' approaching night with thy glistring
 eyes.

Glitt. Here.

A golden Head ascends.

Shac. How thou sweatst with comming ? Saue me
 those drops
 (Golds pure *Elixar*) stilling from thy lockes :
 Shake from thy browes and hayre that golden
 showre,
 So : get home : quicke : (to hell) leaft hell grow
 poore,
 If Rich mens pawes once fasten thee, and beware
 It'h way thou meetst no Lawyers : theile pull thee
 bare,
 Hence : downe.

Glitt. Ime gon.

Descendit.

Shac. Coole night will call Frier *Clement* forth
 anon :
 Angels, be you his strong temptation :
 Wines lustfull fires him warme not : At this spring,
 (Scorde by the rest for him,) spred thy gilt wing,
 Full in his eye ; As he drinks water downe,
 In streames of *Auarice*, let his weake foule droune.

Exit.

Enter the King, Narcisco, Brisco, Spendola, Fouinelli, Rufman, followed by Astolfo.

Ast. I doe beseech your Highnes, yet turne backe
And comfort the sad Lady, whose faire eyes
Are worne away with weeping.

Iou. If her eyes be worne away, what should a man
doe with a blind wife? kill her with flyes?

Kin. I cannot abide a woman thats fond of me.

Spen. Nor I.

Nar. I would loue a woman but as I loue a walnut,
to cracke it, and peelee it, eate the meate, and then
throw away the Shell.

Iou. Or as noble-men vse their great hofes, when
they are past seruice: sell 'em to brewers and make
'em drey-hofes: So vse a woman.

Ast. So fo.

Ruf. The Indians are warme without clothes, and
a man is best at ease without a woman: or if your
Highnes must needs haue one, haue
Factors to buy the fairest, doate not any,
But like the turke, regard none, yet keepe many.

Kin. You heare the Iuries verdit.

Ast. Whose foreman's the diuell?

These counsell thee to thy destruction.

Kin. Destruction? why? the heauen can abide but
one sun,

I hope we on earth may loue many mens daughters:
Tell *Erminhilda* so: send her home to the duke her
father:

And tell him too, because the disease of mariage
Brings the stone with it, I hate a woman; I loue not
To be cut: inclosde grounds are too rancke.

Ruf. Best feeding on the Commons then,
Will you not mary this chaste Lady then?

Kin. No sir, and will you now my reason haue?
A womans is an insatiate graue
Wherein hee's clambd that lyes buried.

Omn. On, on, away.

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Ruf. Braue battailes ! fight you, but ile win the day.
Exeunt.

Manet Astolpho. Enter Octauio and Ermynhilda.

Erm. I heard the storie, tell't not or'e againe,
Twere crueltie to wound men, being halfe flaine.

Oct. Tis crueltie too much, and too much shame
That one of your high birth, youth, beautie, name,
And vertues shining bright, should hence be sent
(Like some offender into banishment)
Abusde by a King, and his luxurious traine,
Of parasites, knaues, & fooles, (a kingdomes bane,)
For them, by him not carde for ; you came not so,
But as his bride, his Queene, and bedfellow.

Erm. And yet am neither, from my fathers court
Came I (being fude by Princes too) for this ?
To see him, his subiects scorne, and my selfe his ?
Once thought I that his loue had bin (as fate)
Vnmoueable ; and ist now turn'd to hate ?
Yes, yes, hees wauering as the running streame,
And far more ydle than a mad-mans dreame.

Ast. Send to the duke your father, let him inforce
Your plighted marriage.

Erm. Worfe than a diuorce.
No : to his eyes since hatefull I am growne,
Ile leaue his Court and him, and dye vnknowne.

Exit.

Ast. All runnes I see to ruine.

Oct. If he persue,
These godles courses, best we leaue him too,
That land to it selfe must a quick downefall bring,
Whose King has lost all, but the name of King.

Exeunt.

*Enter Subprior with an earthen pot, and a lanthorne ;
Scumbroath with him with a peice.*

Sub. Get thee to bed thou foolish man and sleepe.

Scu. How? Sleepe? no fir no, I am turnd a tyrant
and cannot sleepe:

I stand centinell perdu, and somebody dyes if I sleepe,
I am possesst with the diuell and cannot sleepe.

Sub. What diuell possesses thee?

Scu. The fencers diuell, a fighting diuell; Russh
has committed a murder vpon my body, and his carc-
cas shall answere it; the cock of my reuenge is vp.

Sub. Murder! what murder?

Scu. He has taken away my good name, which is
flat manslaughter, and halfe hangd me, which is as
much as murder, he told the Lord Prior and you that
I was kissing a wench: Its a lye, I giue him the lye,
and he shall fight with me at single pistall against my
caliuer, do I looke like a whore-monger? when haue
you seene a wench thus hiary as I am: Russh thou
diest for this treason against my members concupiscen-
tiallitie.

Sub. Thou wut not kill him, wut thou?

Scu. No, but Ile make him know what tis to boile
a cooke in's owne greafe.

I am scalding hot, I am chargd with furie, I carie
a heart-burning within me. I kisse a whore? I shall
haue boyes cry out to me, now who kist Mary? No
Russh, *Scumbroth* shall giue thee fuger pellets to eate, I
will not be danc'de vpon.

Sub. Let me perswade thy peace of minde to
night,

Get thee to rest, if Russh haue thee belide,
Reioyce, by wrongs to haue thy patience tride.
He shall forgiuenes aske thee.

Scu. Let me but haue one blow ats head with my
cleauer Ith kitchin, and I freely forgiue him, or let me
bownce at him.

Sub. These bloudie thoughts will dam thee into
hell.

Scu. Doe you thinke so? what becomes of our
roaring boyes then that stab healths one to another,
doe you thinke they will be dambd vp too?

310 *If this be not a good Play,*

Sub. I thinke so, for I know it, deere sonne to prayer,
Two finnes befet thee, murder, and despaire,
I charge thee meete me at my cell anon,
To saue thee will I spend my orison.
In name of heauen I charge thee to be gon.

Scu. Well fir, the cold water of your counsell has laid the heate of my furie : he had met with his match, but I wil shoote off my anger, I will be gon, and why ? Looke you, because the moone is vp and makes hornes at one of vs ; As the noblemans coach is drawne by foure horses, the knights by two, & the cuckold by three, euen so am I drawne away with none at all. *Vale, Bonos Noches* : I am posselt still : It buzzes, here. *Vale. Exit.*

Sub. Blest star of light, stucke there to illuminate
This world darkned or'e with sin : thou watchest late,
To guide mans comming home, shewing thereby
Heauens care of vs, seeing how we tread awry.
We haue two great lights for midnight and for noon,
Because blacke deeds at no time should be don.
All haile to thee (now my best guide) be giuen,
What needs earths candle, hauing the lamp of
heauen ?
Now *Benedicite* ? where am I ?

Enter Russh.

Russh. O whether am I going ? which way came I ?
Ah wellada, I come to fill my pot,
With water not with thee ; thou art mis-begot.
Else wouldst thou not lye there ; what Orphans blood
Hast thou suckt out, to make this golden flood ?
None drinke this well but I, how is it than
Thou thus way-lay'st me, (theefe to the soule of man ?
Would some poore wretch (by losse of law vndone)
Had thee : goe doe him good : me canst thou none.
My wholesome cup is poyfond, it flowes or'e
With mans damnation (gold,) drinke there no more.

Shac. Not tast what all men thirst for ? old and
so braue,
When mony assaults, one combat more Ile haue.

Enter Scumbroth.

Scu. So, ho, ho, father, Subprior.

Sub. Whoes there ? what art thou callst me ?

Scu. One that feedes the hungry, the cooke sir,
Scumbroth.

Sub. Come hither, I haue for thee a golden
prize.

Shac. Ha ha : heele take it.
Villaines and fooles will ha gold, (tho got from hell,)
But they who doe so, (as thou shalt) pay for't well.

Exit.

Scu. But stay, father Subprior, before we goe one
step farder, what doe you thinke I haue done since I
went from you ?

Sub. No hurt I hope, say hast thou ?

Scu. Hurt ? If I did hurt in that, how much
harne doe Almanake makers, whol ye coldly quiuering
at it all the yeare long ? I did doe nothing but stand
staring at the man in the moone.

Sub. And what good thoughts bred that within
thee ?

Scu. This : I thought to my selfe, what a happy
fellow that man in the moone was, to see so many
fooles and knaues here below, and yet neuer to be
troubled with 'em, nor meddle with 'em.

Sub. Hees happy that meddles not with this world
indeed.

Scu. If that man in the moone should write a
prognostication, oh he should not neede to tell astro-
nomicall lyes to fill his booke, nor talke in gibbrish no
man vnderstands, of *Quartiles, Aspects, Stations, Re-
trogradations, Peragrations ; Centricall, Eccentricall,
Cosmicall, Acronicall,* and such *Palquodicall, Solar,
Lunar, Lunaticall* vaulting ouer the railes of heauen,

that no Christian dare looke vpon their tricks, for feare his wit breake his necke.

Sub. Thou putst into a Sea, thou canst not found, Ignorance still is foe to Arts profound.
Come hither man, come hither.

Scu. Arts profound, Arts make men as very asses as women doe, I haue no Art, and yet I knowe this Moone that shines to night, fees more than you or I doe, for all your spectacles.

Sub. True, tis the eye of heauen.

Scu. Which of the eyes? tis but the left eye: and the Sun is the right: and yet the left sometimes fees more than the right, and the right as much as the left, there's paxonisme for you father, globicall paxonisme.

Sub. I vnderstand thee not.

Scu. No, why heres the oyfter opend, I say the Sun fees much knauery in a yere, & and the Moone more in a quarter: the Moone fees men caryed by a quarelling watch to prison, and the Sun fees the constable and the booke-keeper share fees the next morning.

Sub. Thats not well.

Scu. Yes, but they sweare tis well: the Moone fees bastards come bawling into the world, & the Sun fees 'em shifted and shuftled in doffers, away to nurse, & thats the cause we haue so many doffer-heads: the Moone fees old curmudgeons come reeling from Tauerns with sipping of halfe pintes of Sacke, and the Sun fees the same churles the next day, soberly cutting any mans throate for a pennie.

Sub. Enough of this: come hither: looke what here lyes.

Scu. What here lyes: mary, father Subprior, the diuell and some Vsurers mony haue bin here at their lecherie, and see what goodly children they haue begot: if you will ile keepe the bastards at nurse.

Sub. I am content that halfe this gold be thine,
(If it bee ask'd for neuer, for tis not mine,)
So thou wilt promise tother halfe to giue

To such as I appoint.

Scu. By this gold I will lay it out brauely, as you appoint me.

Sub. Looke not to prosper ; if thou dealst amisse ; Good workes are keyes opening the gates of blisse, That golden key, thou in that heape maist find ; If with it thou relieue the lame, sick, blind, And hungry.

Scu. I will doe it I protest.

Sub. One halfe bestow'd so, take thy selfe the rest. So fare thee well. *Exit.*

Scu. Farewell good father,—foole : Ile giue the blinde a dog to lead 'em, the lame shall to the whipping-post, the sick shall dye in a cage, and the hungry leap at a crust : I feede roagues, the pox shall : the world is changde : a begger yesterday, and full of gold to day : an asse to day, and a prow'd scab to morrow.

Glit. Stay : stand. *Golden head ascends.*

Scu. Stand : cannot a Gentleman grow rich, but he must keepe knaues about him ?

Glit. That gold is none of thine.

Scu. But all the craft in that great head of yours cannot get it out of my fangers. Zounds who the diuel art thou ?

Glit. A spirit sent vp from hell to make thee rich,

Scu. Thanke hell for it : hell makes worfe fooles rich in a yeere.

Glit. That gold I laide there for thee.

Scu. When doe you lay againe, that I may haue more of these egges ?

Glit. Spend those I charge thee first.

Scu. Yes, Head.

Glit. And brauely I charge thee.

Scu. What neede you be at such charges, Ile doe't : but shall the poore be a pennie the better for me, as the old fellow charged me, yea, or no ?

Glit. No.

Shac. No.

Within.

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Scu. Whose that?

Glit. Tis thine owne Genius cryes vnto thee no.

Scu. My Genius, I am a cooke, my Genius then belike is a scullion; but when this is spent, can my Genius tell mee whither I shall haue more.

Shac. More.

Glit. More.

1. More.

2. More.

} *within.*
} *In a big voice.*

Scu. Because my Genius keepes company with a great man, Ile take all their wordes; and his bond.

Glit. When thou hast spent all that: I charge thee come

To the blacke tree, that stands in Naples groue,
Clymbe boldly to the top, and keepe fast hold,
For there ile rayne on thee a showre of gold,
If what thou feest there, thou to any tell,
Diuels shall teare thee.

Shac. Away.

Omn. Away.

Scu. Farewell.

Exit.

Enter Shacklefoule laughing.

Shac. Ha, ha! downe downe bright spirit, thou wut bee mist anon, hell mynt stands ydle.

Glit. Loofe not that foole.

Shac. Be gon.

Glit. Haue care to meete at next infernall court:
The day drawes nye.

Goes downe.

Shac. I thanke thee for this spirit.

Exit.

Enter K. Rufman, Narcisso, Spendola, Brisco, Iouinelli.

K. You that complaine gainst *Barteruile*, (re-
ceiuer
Of all our tribute-monies) speak your wrongs;
Nay you haue deafd our eares too much already,

Hee does confesse your crownes (payde and receiude)

But to giue backe your writings ther's no claufe,
If them youle win, fight it out by our lawes.

Bar. I humbly thanke your highnes. A gratiuous doome.

1. *Gent.* One day to try this plea, to hel thowlt come. *Ex. 2.*

K. Toth' next, we ha businesse of our owne, toth' next :

O *Barteruile* ! for these 200. crownes.

Bar. I payde 'em to that man.

Bar. Now afore the King

And his Lords here, thou liest : th'ast payde me none.

K. Your chollers firra too hye.

Far. Tho my collar stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.

Thou say'st thowlt sweare th'ast payd it : vds nailes sweare so,

And the fowle feende goe with't : 200. crownes ?

I ha lost as much at loggets : sweare but to reuel,

And spend't in hel, gallop thee and that toth' diuel.

Far. Man wherefore doest not sweare ?

K. Reach me a booke.

Bar. Let me before I sweare, on my notes look,
Ile tell you the very day ; pray hold my staffe,
Till I draw out my false eyes.

Far. Draw thy heart out an't wut : thou maist wel say thy false eyes.

Bar. The day : August, 14.

Far. Thats now, be dambd, and so away.

Bar. On this day (August, 14.) I sweare I payde Into these handes, 200. crownes in gold.

Far. Zounds nor in siluer : by this booke I had none.

K. One of you two is periuriously forsworne.

Far. He, he, as I am true Christian man.

316 *If this be not a good Play,*

Iou. He sweares,
To your owne hands he payde them.

Bar. Else let that eye,
Which sees me play false, scourge my periury
With fearefull stripes.

Far. O iustice ! false downe dead !

Lurchall & Rufman about him.

Wud I had lost all, tho I had bin cozened,
Rather than thou thy soule.

Omn. He bleedes at mouth.

Far. See his staffe (beating the earth, for heauen
loues truth
Is burst in shiuers, and that gold he swore
Was pay'd to me, lyes scattred on the flore.

Ruff. He comes againe, the diuell will not receiue
him.

K. Take him away, wee le punish him for this
cryme.

Ruff. Beg his office : you a Courtier ?

Spn. I haue a suite to your highnes.

K. What ist count *Spendola* ?

Lur. Maister, looke vp man,
In this black trance had thy soule flyen away,
I had wrought hard and made a holliday.

Ruff. Loose not a minute (pue-fellow) leaue him
not yet,

I haue whales here too, lye playing in the net. *Exit.*

Far. Ile take this gold at venture, (sweete yong
King,)

For all this hel-hound owes me.

K. Doe, and be gone.

Far. I am pay'd: the diuels turn'd puritane I
feare,
He hates (me thinkes) to heare his own child sweare.

Exit.

K. The office of this periurde *Barteruile*,
I frankly giue away, diuiding it
To the Count *Spendola*, and our worthy friend
Braue *Bohor* here ; farme it to whom you please.

Both. We thanke your Highnes.

Spem. Who bids most, he buyes it.

K. If to his life, the diuel giues longer lease,
To build more worke for hel; goe see, & from him
Exact a strict account of what he owes vs.

Ruff. That strict account ile take.

Exit.

K. Show him no fauour.

Enter Octauio with petitions.

Oct. If now thou art a iust King, keepe thy word,
With thy poore subiects.

K. How now vncke? why.

Oct. This is thy day to heare the poore mans
crye :

And yonders crying enough, at thy Court gates ;
Fieue hundred white heads, and scarce 10. good hats,
Yet haberdashers too, of all trades some,
Crying out they are vndon.

Omn. Vndon, by whom?

Oct. Mary, looke: by such as you are, who goe
gay,
Weare't out, booke downe more, set to their hands but
neuer pay ;
Neuer in deare yeares was there such complayning
Of poore staru'd seruants, or (when plagues are raign-
ing)

Mourne orphans so and widdowes, as those doe
That owe these sorrowfull papers.

K. Pray how can I

To their complainings adde a remedy?

Oct. Ile tell thee how: are any here in debt
To Merchants, Mercers, Taylors? let 'em iet
In their owne sattins, pay for what they ha tane,
And these will goe lesse braue, tother lesse complaine.

Omn. Ha ha !

Oct. The mightie wrongs the weake, the rich the
poore,
This man should haue his owne, could he greaze more

318 *If this be not a good Play,*

His too-fat lawyer ; that wretch for's coat does sue,
But his coat's gon, and his skin flead off too,
If his purse bee ore-match'd : thefe grosse impure
And ranck diseafes, long vnto thy cure,
Thy word's in pawn fort, thefe are the poores cryes,
How wilt thou flop their throates ?

K. With halters.

Omn. Hang 'em.

Off. Hang 'em ! any halters here ! ift fo fet
down ?

This law-booke fpeakes not fo, yet tis thine own.

K. Still brauing me with this ? burne it.

Off. Yes doe.

If you burne all the weeke, burne faterday too :
Doe one good dayes-deed firft, read poore mens
plaints.

K. Hels plagues confound 'em : in their heads and
thine.

Vex me no more.

Off. I warrant thee ile faue mine. *Meetes the Sub.*
Holy Saint pardon me, (las good father, my braine
So wilde is I forgot thee, but ile to him againe,
Tis but an old mans head off. King take it, ile
fpeake whileft this ftands on my foulders.

K. But that you are——

Off. An honeft man, thoud'ft haue this, ô I
befeeke

Thy attention to this Reuerend fub-Prior,
Who plaines againft diforders of this Houfe ;
Where once Deuotion dwelt and Charitie,
Ther's Drunkenneffe now, Gluttonie, and Lecherie,
Tell thou the Tale.

Sub. Bad Storie foone is tolde ;
Becaufe tis foule, that Leafe does all infolde,
Their finnes grow hye, and fearefull, and ftrike at
Heauen,

Punifh them *THOV*, whose power from thence is giuen.

K. Your Friers fo luftie !

Iou. All the Barbers in *Naples* tell newes of that Priorie.

Brif. I would your Grace would let me purge this house of her infection ; bestowe the Liuing of it on mee, ile sweeten it in one Moneth.

Iou. Heele lay it in Lauender.

K. The Couent, the Demeafnes, Immunities, Rents, Customes, Chartres, what to this house of *Baall* foeuer is belonging—*Brisco* tis thine.

Ocf. Wut rob the Church too, (Now th'ast nothing left scarce for thy selfe ?)

Sub. O heauen for-fend such theft !

K. Bestowe it at thy pleasure.

Ocf. Woe to those dayes,
When to raise Vpstarts, the poore *CHVRCH* decayes.

Sub. Call backe thy gift (ô King) and ere these eyes

Behold vnhalloved hands to Tyrannize
Where many a good man has his Orifons said,
And many a *Requiem* bene sung out for the Dead,
(Till I am thrust out by Death) ô let mee haue
My dwelling there, there let me dig my Graue,
With mine owne Nayles, (shut vp from worldly Light,
Betweene two walls,) and dye an *Anchoryte*.

K. I referre you to your Patron there.

Brif. Thats I :

Shew mee first where your Abbey-gold sleeps, then goe dye.

Sub. I feare *RELIGIONS* Fall : Alacke I see
This world's a Cittie built by the most Hie,
But kept by man, (*GODS*) greatest enemie. *Exit.*

Ocf. Let ill-Newes flye together, thou art full of
teares,
But I more full of woes, of cares, of feares. *Exit.*

Enter Asolphe.

K. S'death shall wee haue yet faire weather ?

Iou. Heeres one storme more.

320 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ast. Calabrias Duke demaunds of you a Daughter.

K. Let me but lye with's wife, Ile giue him a Sonne.

Ast. Hee fends for *Erminghild*.

K. Deliuer her.

Ast. Shees not to be found.

K. Ya're an olde Foole,
To aske for that which is not.

Ast. Thus hee fayes,
Denie her and looke for warres.

K. So goe your wayes.

Ast. I'me quickly gone. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman and Barteruile.

K. With Sacke ile fweare you are,
This was short and sweete,—Seemes then we shal ha warres,

Bohor, the Drumme must scolde, the Canon thunder :
Fighting about a wench.

Omn. Tush, thats no wonder.

K. Who bayld him out of Hell? dambd periurde
caytiffe !
Out of mine eye.

Ruff. I neuer begd before,
Pardon his crime (I intreate) and backe restore
Both your hye fauour to him, and his place.

Bar. Let me want life, rather then want your
Grace.

Spen. Doe you thinke Ile loofe the Kings gift ?

Bar. Ile fend you Golde.

Spen. That stops my mouth, pray let him still Sir
hold,
This Office of *Receiuer*, I resigne
That part which I haue in it.

Ruff. And I all mine.

K. Sirra, thanke these Lords.

Bar. I shall their loues deferue.

K. *Barteruile*, wee haue warres, Ile haue thee

lend mee some 30000. Chicquines at least.

Bar. Take all my Golde.

K. Wel, get you home with your bags fir, weelee make bold.

Bart. Your Maiestie fhall haue what bags you will,

Bags onely, but Ile keepe my money still.

Exit.

Enter Octauio and Astolphe.

K. Now *Shalcan*, some newe Spirit.

Ruff. A thousand wenches
Stark-nak'd, to play at Leap-frog.

Omn. O rare fight !

Iou. Your vncke.

K. Sdeath, still haunted with this gray sprite.

Oct. You need no Taylors now, but Armorers,
Theres a deere reckoning for you all to pay,
About a Ladie ; the *Calabrian* Duke
Is on a March : the Lightning flashe now,
Youle heare the cracke anone. Before the starre
To call whome vp, the wakefull Cocke doth sing
Bee twice more seene abroad ; At your Citie gates
The Diuells purseuant will beate (the Canon)
Will these briske leaders (stucke with Estridge-
feathers)

Goe braue your enemie now, and beate him backe ?
Saue thee, thy Kingdome, and themselues from
wracke ?

K. Dotard, I scorne to take prescription
From any breath to which ours is supream,
Stood Diuels with fire-works on your battlements,
A thousand Armed *Ioues* at your proude walls
Hurling forked Thunder, and the gates rambd vp
With piles of Citizens heads, our spring-tyde pleasures
No aduerse windes, no *Torrent* shall resist :
Midst flames weelee dance, and dye a *Neronist*. *Exit.*

Omn. Fight you, yare good for nothing else.

Exeunt.

322 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ast. They mocke vs.

Off. All starke mad : let vs be wife,
And flye from buildings falling to'th furer side,
If wee can his safety, if not, (our owne.prouide.)

Exeunt.

Enter Barteruile like a Turke;—Lurchall.

Bar. Thou hadst like t'ha sent mee swearing into
Hell,
Ile weaue my Nettes my selfe, how doest thou like
mee ?

Is not this habite *Turke-Merchant-like* ?

Lur. A meere *Turke* fir, none can take you for
lesse.

Bar. King borrow 30000. Chequines of mee !
ha, ha !

Lur. But pray fir, what ist turnes you into a
Turke ?

Bar. That, for which manie their Religion,
Most men their Faith, all chaunge their honestie,
Profite, (that gilded god) *Commoditie*.
Hee that would grow damnd-Rich, yet liue secure,
Must keepe a case of Faces, sometimes demure.
Sometimes a grum-furly fir, now play the Iewe,
Then the Precisian ; Not a man weelee viewe.
But varies so. My selfe, (of bashfull nature)
Am thus supplied by Arte.

Lur. Mine owne deere creature.
But fir, your Aymes, and endes in this.

Bar. Mary these——
A hundred thoufand-Florens fill my Coffers,
Some of it is mine owne, and some the Kings,
Some taken vp at vse of fundry Merchants,
To pay at six six monthes, on mine owne band,)
Sue that, Ile keepe the monies in my hand.

Lur. Youle breake fir.

Bar. Not mine owne necke, but their backes ;
To get their monies, *Bartaruile* must die,
Make will, name an executer, which am I.

Lur. Rare !

Bar. Giuen out his kinsman, lately imployed him
in Turkey.

Lur. What will hence befall ?

Bar. Like an executer will I cozen all.
Make creditors Orphans, and widowes spend those
teares

They sau'de from their late husbands burialls ;
They get not ij.d. it'h pound.

Lur. Theile tell the King.

Bar. The King ? ha ha : the King is going this
way ;

He meanes to borrow,
(If the warres holds) my gold : yes : when to morrow.
All debts of mine, on him shall be conferrd,
I ha breifes and tickets which from time to time
Shew what large summes his minions ha fetcht from
me,

His tribute mony has payd it, that's no matter,
The world bites these dead, whom aliuie they flatter.
And so must I ; then giue it out I left
A compleate state, but the Kings death bereft
Me of those summes he owde.

Lur. Say the King preuailes.

Bar. With that wind must I likewise shift my
failes :

And where the fox gets nothing, will turne Ape,
Make legges, crouch, kisse my paw, present some stale
Deuice of vertues triumph to expresse
How much I ioy him safe, with nothing lesse.

Lur. But how can you excuse your turning Turke ?

Bar. Easiest of all : Ile sweare, this faude my
life,

Pursued by kennells of barking creditors :
For my much loue to him, and thus being forcde
To walke obscure, my credit fell to wracke,
Want of returne made all my factors breake,
In parts remote ; to recompence which losse,

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And that with safetie I may giue direction
To my disturbd state, craue I the Kings protection.

Lur. Protection ! whats that ?

Bar. A merchant, and yet know'st not
What a protection is ? Ile tell thee.

Lur. Pray fir, for I neuer broke with any man.

Bar. It is a buckler of a large fayre compasse
Quilted within with Fox-skinnes : In the midst
A pike sticks out, (sometimes of two yeeres long,
And sometimes longer.) And this pike keepes off
Serieants and Bailiffs, Actions, and Arrests :
Tis a strong charme gainst all the noisome smels
Of Counters, Iaylors, garnishes, and such hels ;
By this, a debtor craizde, so lustie growes,
He may walke by, and play with his creditors nose.
Vnder this buckler, here ile lye and fence.

Lur. You haue out-reacht me.

Bar. Ile out-reache the diuell :
But I tempt danger : goe thou and fetch some Frier
As if (at point of death,) I did desire,
(No, *Barteruile* did desire (to make confession :
If any creditors beate, or raile at dore,
Vpstarts this Turke and answeres them.

Lur. Why fetch I a Frier ?

Bar. I haue a reaching plot in that (boy) hasten,
That we may smile in our securer port :
Seeing others sea-toft : why tis but a sport
For him thats safe, to see the proud waues swallow
Whole fleetes of wretched soules : it needes must
follow,
Nature sent man into the world, (alone,)
Without all company, but to care for one,
And that ile doe.

Lur. True Citie doctrine fir.

Bar. Away, thy hast, our richest loue shall
earne.

Lur. I came to teach, but now (me thinkes) must
learne.

Exeunt.

Enter Scumbroth like a begger.

Scu. What faies the prodigall child in the painted cloth? when all his mony was spent and gon, they turnd him out vnnecessary; then did hee weepe and wist not what to don, for he was in's hofe and doublet verily, the best is, there are but two batches of people moulded in this world, thats to say Gentlemen and Beggers; or Beggers and Gentlemen, or Gentleman-like Beggers, or Beggerlike Gentle-men; I rancke with one of these I am sure, tag and rag one with another: Am I one of those whom Fortune fauours? No, no, if Fortune fauourd me, I should be full, but Fortune fauours no body but Garlicke, nor Garlike neither now, yet she has strong reason to loue it; for tho Garlicke made her smell abhominably in the nostrills of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stuncke worfe but for garlike: One filthy sent takes away another. She once smilde vpon me like a lambe, when shee gaue me gold, but now she roares vpon me like a Lion. Stay: what said head? Spend this brauely, and thou shalt haue more: can any prodigall newcome vpstart spend it more brauely? and now to get more, I must goe into the groue of *Naples* thats here, and get into a blacke tree, heares a blacke tree too, but art thou he?

Glitt. He.—*within.*

Scu. Ha ha, where art thou my sweete great head?

Glitt. Head.

Scu. O at the head, thats to say at the top: how shall I get vp? for tis hard when a man is downe in this world to get vp, I shall neuer climbe hie.

Glitt. Hye.

Scu. I will hie me then, but I am as heauy as a fow of lead.

Glitt. Leade.

Scu. Yes, I will lead (big Head) whatfoeuer followes, Many a gallant for gold, has climbde higher on a gallowes.

326 *If this be not a good Play,*

The storme euen as Head nodded) is comming :
Cooke, licke thy fingers, now or neuer.

Glitt. Now or neuer.

Rayne, Thunder and lightning: Enter Lucifer and Diuels.

Omn. Oooh.

Luc. This is the tree.

Scu. On which would you were all hang'd, so *I* were off it; and safe at home.

Luc. And this (I am fure tis this) the horrid groue
Where witches broodes ingender, (our place of meet-
ing).

Scu. Doe witches ingender here: zounds I shall bee the diuels bawde whilest he goes to his lecherie.

Luc. And this the hideous black infernall howre :
Ha ! no appearance yet ? if their least minute
Our vaffailes breake, finck shall these trees to hell.

Scu. Alas !

Luc. This groue ile turne into a brimstone lake
Which shall be euer-burning.

Scu. The best is, if I be a match in the diuels
tinderbox, I can stinck no worse than I doe alreadie.

Luc. Not yet come ? Oooh !

*Enter Shacklefoule, Rufman and Lurchall, at feuerall
dores with other diuels.*

Omn. Oooh, oooh. *embrace.*

Scu. Sure these are no Christian Diuels, they fo
loue one another.

Luc. Stand forth.

Sits vnder the tree all about him.

Scu. Frier *Rush* amongst 'em !

Luc. And here vnlade you of that pretious freight
For which you went, (mens foules ;) what voyage is
made ?

Omn. No fauing voyage, but a damning.

Luc. Good.

Scu. I thought the diuell was turnde Merchant, theres so many Pirates at Sea.

Ruff. Ith Court of Naples haue I prospered well,
And braue foules shall I shortly ship to hell.
In sensuall streames, Courtier and King I ha crownde,
From whence warre is flowing, whose tyde shall all
confound.

Scu. Are there gentlemen diuels too? this is one
of those, who studies the black Art, thats to say, drinks
Tobacco.

Luc. Are all then good ith Citie?

Lur. No Lucifer.

Scu. No nor scarce ith suburbes.

Lur. Great Prince of diuels, Thy hefts I haue
obayde,

I am bartring for one foule, able to lade
An Argocy; if Citie-oathes, if periuries,
Cheatings, or gnawing mens foules by vsuries,
If all the villanies (that a Citty can,)
Are able to get thee a sonne, I ha found that man.

Luc. Serue him vp,——*stands vp.*

Scu. Alas, now now.

Lur. Damnation giues his foule but one turne
more,
Cause he shall be enough.

Scu. Its no meruaile if markets be deere, when the
Citie is bound to find the diuell roast-meate.

Luc. Has *Rush* lyen ydle?

Shac. Ydle? no *Lucifer*.

Scu. All the world is turnd diuell. *Rush* is one
too.

Sha. Ydle? I haue your nimblest diuell bin,
In twentie shapes begetting fin.

Scu. One was to get me thrust out of the priory.

Sha. I am fishing for a whole schoale of Friers.
Al are gluttoning or muttoning, stabbing or swelling,

328 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ther's onely one Lambe scapes my killing,
But I will haue him : then theres a cooke——

Scu. Whose arse makes buttons.

Sha. Of whom I some reuenge haue tooke.

Scu. The diuell choake you fort.

Sha. He mickle scath has done me,

And the knaue thinkes to out-run me.

Scu. Not too fast.

Luc. Kick his guilty foule hither.

Sha. Ile driue him to despaire,

And make him hang himselfe.

Scu. For hanging I stand faire.

Luc. Goe, ply your workes, our Sessions are at hand.

Fire. We fly to execute thy dread command.

Exeunt 3.

Scu. Would I could flye into a bench-hole.

Luc. But what haue you don ? nothing.

i. Diu. We haue all like bees

Wrought in that Hyue of foule (the busie world :)

Some ha lyen in cheefsmongers shops, paring leaden waites.

Scu. Wud I were there but with a paring of cheefe.

i. Diu. For one halfe ounce, we had a chandlers foule.

Scu. If he melted tallow, hee smelt sweetly as I doe.

i. Diu. Walke round hels shambles, thou shalt see there sticks

Some 4. butchers foules, puffed queintly vp with pricks.

Scu. 4. Sweete-breads I hold my life, that diuels an affe.

i. Diu. Taylors ore-reachers, for to this tis growne,

They scorne thy hell, hauing better of their owne:

Scu. They fear not fattin nor all his workes.

i. Diu. I haue with this fist beate vpon rich-mens hearts,

To make 'em harder : and these two thumbes thrust,
(In open Churches) into braue dames eares.
Damning vp attention ; whilst the loose eye peeres
For fashions of gowne-wings, laces, purles, ruffles,
Fals, cals, tires, wires, caps, hats, and mufs, and pufs.
For so the face be smug, and carkas gay,
Thats all their pride.

Luc. Twill be a festiuall day
When those sweete Duckes comes to vs : loose 'em
not : goe :

More foules you pay to hell, the lesse you owe.
This Ewe-tree blast with your hot-scorching breath,
A marke, (toth' witch who next fits here) of death.

Omn. Ooooh.—*Fireworkes : Scumbroath falls.*

Exeunt Omn.

Scu. Call you this, rayning downe of gold ? I am
wet toth' skinne in the showre, but tis with sweating
for feare : had I now had the conscience that some
Vintners and Inholders haue ? here might I haue
gotten the diuell and all. But two sinnes haue vndone
me, prodigalitie, and couetousnesse ; and three Pees
haue pepperd me,

The Punck, the Pot, and Pipe of smoake
Out of my pocket my gold did foake.

I cannot sweare now, zounds I am gallant : but I can
sweare as many of the ragged Regiment doe, zounds I
haue bin a gallant. But I am now downe, deiected,
and debash'd, and can better drawe out a thirddendale
gallant, thats to say, a gallant that wants of his true
measure, than any tapster can draw him out of his
scores : thus he sets vp, and thus hee's pulld downe ;
thus is he raised, and thus declinde : *Singulariter,*
Nominatiuo, Hic Gallantus, a Gallant.

Genetiuo, Huius, braue.

Datiuo Huic, If he gets once a lick,
Accusatiuo Hunc, Of a taffaty Punck.

Accusatiuo Hanc, His cheekes will growe lanck,
Hunc, Hanc, & Hoc, With lifting vp her smock.

330 *If this be not a good Play,*

Vocatiuo, ô ! Hees gon if he cryes so.

Ablatiuo, *ab hoc*, Away with him, he has the pock.

Pluraliter, *Nominatiuo*, *Hi. gallanti*, If the pox he can
defie.

Genetiuo, *Horum*, Yet hees a begger in coram.

Datiuo, *His* : His gilt rapier he does misse.

Accusatiuo Hos, Without his cloake he goes.

Accusatiuo Has, To the Counter he must passe.

Hos, has, & Hæc, With two Catchpols at his back.

Vocatiuo, ô ! A hole he desirde, and to th' hole he
must goe.

Ablatiuo, *ab His*, Thus many a Gallant declined is.

Exit.

Enter Erminhild to the Subprior.

Sub. What art thou ?

Er. Daughter to the Calabrian Duke.

The haples troth-plight wife to your fad King.

Sub. Alack ! what notes are these I heare you
sing ?

Pardon me madam :

O Lady ! want of you has bred much woe ;

Calamitie does euey where ore-flow,

All long of your strange absence.

Drummes afar off marching.

Er. I confesse,

Loaden with your Kings contempt, and loath to beare
Shame to my country, who from thence came
freighted

With many glorious honours, I preferd

An obscure life before a publick shame ;

O then (good father) be it not my blame

If my supposde death, on the King haue throwne,

Dangers, which from himselfe are meerely growne.

Sub. What (princely Mayden) would you wish me
doe ?

Er. I doe coniure you sir, by all the bonds
Tye you to pious Acts, you would make way
To my incensed father ; giue him these lines,

This Ring, pledge of that blessing he deliuerd me
At our last parting : adde vnto these, if euer
His daughters memory to him were deare,
To wound the Prince let his rash hand forbear :
Since through each wound he giues him, I am flaine,
If the sad king you meete, venture to tell him
That more for him, than he for me, I bide,
And am his subiect stil, tho not his bride.

Sub. This shall I doe, how shall we meete againe ?

Er. Feares follow me so, I know not where nor
when.

Sub. Hearke how the found of horror beates the
Ayre,

Your fathers vp in Armes and does prepare
Sharpe vengeance, for this citie, woe is me : trust
you

To me, who nere made much of woman yet,
Rest here sweete maide, till an old Frier beget
What ioyes he can to comfort thee ? Is *Clement*
growne

A womans man now ? No, I am not mine owne,
Where your command may sway me : Much more in
this,

Where heauen (through vertues triall) makes you his.

Exit.

*A table is set out with a candle burning, a deaths head,
a cloke and a croffe ; Subprior fits reading :
Enter Shackle-soule, leading in an Italian Zany,
five or 6. Curtizans, euery one holding a Iewell.*

Shac. Thats he, & theres your golden hire to
charme him ;

Your fees ile treble, let but lusts flame be felt ;
The Alpine-snow at the sun's beames does melt,
So let your beauties thaw his frozen Age, *Musick.*
First t'act an old Lecher, then a diuell on hells black
Stage :

332 *If this be not a good Play,*

Strike, strike your silver strings : braue set of whores ?
At your striking vp, diuells dance, and all hell roares.

Zany and Curtizans fall into a short dance.

Sub. What sound offends mine eare ? Soule of temptation ?

Enchanters I defie yee, get you gon ;
Ime blind to your enticements, from this I learne,
At how deere rate the careles world does earne,
That thing calld pleafure : how many foules doe fall ?

(Sold for a little guilt to daube this wall ?)
Hence with your witchcrafts, the fight of this driues hence

All thoughts besieging our voluptuous fence.

Shac. Another baite, at this he will not bite.

The Zany finges : Subprior holds his head downe as fast asleepe.

Zany. Will you haue a daintie girle ? here tis :
Currall lippes, teeth of pearle : here tis :
Cherry cheekes, softest flesh ; that's shee,
Breath like *May*, sweete and fresh ; shee shee.
Be she white, blacke, or browne,
Pleasure your bed shall crowne,

Chose her then, vse her then,

Women are made for men.

Prettie, prettie wast :

Sweete to be embracde :

Prettie leg, ô prettie foote,

To beauties tree the roote,

This is she shall doo'te,

Or she shall doo't, or she shall doo't, she shall doo't,
she shall doo't.

Kisse, kisse, play, play, come and dally,

Tumble, tumble, tumble, in beauties valley.

Shac. His foule is chaine in pleasures, bind it
fast,
If he breake your charmes, the strongest spell comes
last. *Exit.*

All wake him.

Sub. Hence diuells incarnate, tis not the forcerie
Of your deceitfull tunes, shuts vp mine eye,
Mine eares are likewise stop'd, hence, hence I say.

Om. Ha ha, a man of yce, a clod of clay.

Exeunt.

Enter Shackle-foule, or some spirit in a frightfull shape.

Sub. Are all thy incantations spent now? art
come againe?
Base workmanship of heauen, what other traine,
Were all hells frightfull horrors stucke in thy looke,
Thou canst not shake me.

Shac. I can.

Sub. Thou liest, thou shalt not.

Shac. I bring thee tydings of thy death this
night.

Sub. How dost thou know that houre of my last
fight?
False herald, Minister of despaire and lyes.

Shac. I know to how many minutes thy daies
must rise.

Sub. Who giues thee the number.

Shac. All things to vs are knowne,
What euer haue bin, are or shalbe don.

Sub. Ile pose thee presently, whats this thou fiend
Which now I haue turnd too, doe but tell me that
And Ile belieue thee.

Shac. I scorne to be thy slaue.

Sub. Downe, downe, and sincke into thy damned
caue:
Looke here, dost fly thou hell-hound? I dare thee
stand,

334 *If this be not a good Play,*

Or'e thee by these holy fpells haue I ftrong com-
mand,

Thy battries are too weake : by good mens prayers,
The continence of faints, (by which as flayres,
They afcend to heauen) by Virgins chaftitie ;
By Martirs croud deaths, which recorded lye
In filuer leaues, aboue : I charge thee downe,
Howle where tha'rt bound in flauerie, till the laft
dome. *Exit.*

Shac. Stormes, thunder, lightning, rip vp the earths
wombe.

Sub. Eternall power, thanks on my humbled
knee,

Thou ftill to conftant brefts giu'ft victory.

Shac. No way to conquer thee ? Ile giue thee ore :
Ne're fifhd I fo, (yet loft a foule) before. *Exit.*

Allarums. Enter King, Rufman, Spendola, Brijco,
with drawne weapons. Iouinelli here.

Kin. Blacke horrors, mifchiefe, ruine and con-
fufion
affright vs, follow vs.

Ruf. Dare them to the face,
And you fright them.

Spen. No fafetie but to fly.

Kin. Whither *Spendola*, whither ? better ftay, and
die.

Enter Narcifco : King, Allarums afar of.

Omn. What hope ? what newes ?

Kin. Is my vnkle fled ?

Nar. Hee is gon :—And fights againft you.

Kin. Follow him damnation,
That leaues his Prince fo in diftreffe, in miferie ;
O bane of Kings ! (thou enchanting flatterie,)
Thy venome now I feele, eating my heart,
More mortall than an Indians poiſoned dart.

Ruf. Yar'e too deiected, gather head and fight it out.

Kin. The head's here, where are hands to lay about?

Enter Iouinelli.

Iou. Where is the King?

Kin. The man that title mockes
Is here, (thou sad-visage man) are any hirde to kill me,

Or betray me? let 'em come:

Griefes growing extreame, death is a gentle doome.

Iou. Prepare then for the worst.

Kin. I am armd fort: shew it.

Iou. Thy kingdome is a weake ship, bruizd, split, sinking,

Nor hast thou any pilot to waft vs o're

Out of this foule Sea, to some calmer shore.

Thy peoples hearts are turnd to rocks of flint,

The Scholler, Souldier, and the Mariner,

Whom (as themfelues say) once thou trodst vpon,

Now ferue as wheelles of thy destruction.

Flying swiftly backward, the kingly Lions quaild,

What shall the weaker heardees doe, if he fall?

Spem. Lets fly.

Omn. Zounds whither?

Brif. So we may be safe ——

Iou. But where?

Spem. At *Barteruile*: the churle's to me beholden,
His house so stands, we may enter without feare.

Omn. Beet so, to *Barteruile*.

Spem. What will your Highnes doe?

Kin. Die *Spendola*, a miserable King,
None here can hinder vs of that.

Spem. How? die? —— ha you any stomack to death firs?

Omn. Not I.

Spem. Nor I.

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Troth's, tho you grow desperate, wee le grow wise.

Omn. Farewell fir, wee le faue one. *Exeunt.*

King. Oh my cruellst enemies !

Stabs *Brutus* at me too ?

Ruf. Now mine owne or neuer.

Kin. Why art not thou gon ?

Ruf. I, Ile sticke to you euer :

I am no Courtier fir of fortunes making.

Kin. Thou art no wise man to preferre thy loue

To me, before thy life, pray thee leaue me.

Ruf. Not I.

K. I shall not hate the world so really

As else I would, O had the ancient race

Of men (who had long leases of their liues)

Bin wretched as we are, no recompence

Could the Gods haue giuen them for their being here,

But now more pittifull wise nature growes,

Who cuts of mans yeeres to cut off his woes.

Ruff. True fir, & teaches him a thousand waies

To leade him out this horrid giddy maze.

K. I apprehend thee, a small daggers point,

Opens the vaines to cure our plurizy.

Ruff. Than to be made your foes-slaue, better dye.

K. A hundred thousand deaths, than like a
captiue

Be chaine'd to grace prowd *Cæsars* Chariot wheele.

Ruff. Much lesse a pettie Dukes.

K. Fetch me deare friend,

An armed Pistoll, and mouth it at my brest :

Ile make away my selfe, and all my sorrowes

Are made away.

Ruff. The best and nobler spirits

Haue done the like.

K. Your brauest men at Armes

Haue done the like.

Ruff. Philosophers haue don it.

K. Great peeres haue don it.

Ruff. Kings haue done the like.

K. And I will doe it.

Ruff. Nay it shall nere be said,
I liu'd a minute after you : here, here.

K. I embrace thee noblest friend.

Ruff. Lets faile together.

K. Content braue *Bohor* : oh ! but whither ?
whither ?

Ruff. From hell, (this world,) from fiends, (in
shapes of men.)

K. No : into hel, from men to be dambd black
with fiends.

Me thinkes I see hell iawne to swallow vs.

Ruff. Fuh, this is but the swimming of your
braine,

By looking downe-wards with a timerous eye.

K. My soule was funck too low, to looke more
hye,

Forgiuenes heauen.——

Allarums.

Ruff. The whippes of furies lash mee : the foe
comes on.

K. And we will meete him, dare confusion,
And the worlds mixed poisons, there is a hand
That fights for Kings, and vnder that weele stand.

Allarum still a farre off : Enter a Frier running.

Ruff. Whither runnes this Frier ?

Fri. To saue my wretched life,
From th' insolent soldier, threatning the Cities spoile.

K. Of what house art thou ?

Fri. Of father Clements Order,
The Capachines Subprior : a quick messenger fetched
me to be rich Barteruiles confessor, who lyes a dying.

K. A dying !

Fri. He does, but I
Haue come thus far, with so much ieopardy,
That could I safely get the keys shore,
Nor the priory would I see more.
For charities sake, direct me, and defend me.

K. To helpe destressed men, religion bindes me,

338 *If this be not a good Play,*

Shouldst thou in this hot broiles, be met abroad,
It will be iudgde you leaue your Priory,
Carying gold and filuer with you.

Fri. Las I haue none.

K. But Frier if you be thus taken, your life is
gon,
Here, here, cast off thy habit, better that lye
Ith Streetes, than thou poore wretch ; weare mine, &
away
Strike downe that lane.

Fri. Thankes maister, for your liues ile pray.

Exit.

K. This *Bohor* shall disguise me, whither wilt thou
fly ?

Ruff. Ile shift I warrant : hast thou toth' Priory.

K. If we nere meete againe, (best friend) farewell.

Ruff. Not meete, yes, I hope, you must not thus
cheate hel.

K. I will not trust this fellow : toth' Priory, no :
Barteruiles Confessor : if to betray
Thou findest the churle apt, leaue him, if not, there
stay,
The downefall of that Prince, is quick and sleepe
Who has no heart to leaue, nor power to keepe. *Exit.*

Enter Barteruile and Lurchall, with the Courtiers.

Lur. Make the doore sure the house is round
beset.

Omn. Beset !

Bar. Put vp : feare nothing : Armies should they
enter,
Cannot here find you.

Omn. How shall we escape ?

Bar. Send for your trunks and iewels, ile ship
you this night meane time, this vnknowne way, leads
to a cellar, where a world cannot fetch you forth : In,
In, if danger pursue you, in a dry-fat ile packe you
hence.

Omn. Zounds into the dungeon?

Bar. So to Sardini : *Exeunt.*
Your cloakes and your gilt rapiers, downe, downe,
downe.

K. How soone meetes Babels-pride, confusion?

Lur. What nest of birds are these new-kild with
feare?

Bar. Fowle cannot last long sweete, therefore kept
there *(Sericants.*
In my cold cellar; flay, house beset? what fees?

Lur. Such as strike dead the heart, yet giue no
blowes.

Bar. This . . . footra for 'em : proclamations
Lurchall,
6000. Crownes are his, can these betray,
Soone earnd, wee le share, fetch the Calabrian hither,
They are here say : dam 'em.

Lur. You shall be dambd together. *Exit.*

Enter King as a Frier.

K. Wher's that deuote sicke man desires to take
Leaue off this world? *Deus hic* to all now here.

Bar. Now Domine Frier; what I to you con-
fesse

You are bound by oath to keepe.

K. I auer no lesse.

Bar. Keepe then this close, I am no Turke, not I,
But *Barteruile* disguisde in pollicy.

K. Are you the Sick man?

Bar. Sick of a disease,
Bad as a plague to Citizens, I must breake,
Play a banckrowts part) I haue monie of the kings,
Of merchants, Ile keepe all, these are Citie-springs;
Here lyes Serieants Leaguer : about my doores :
My house to me is an hospitall, they the sores
Which run vpon me vily, (peepe I but out,)
To raize this Dunkirke seige, thus cast I about.

K. Lets heare, pray how?

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Bar. Thus, thus sweete Domine Frier,
Ile be like you, a Capuchine : So, by your Prior,
Sub-prior, and couent, I may be fetcht hence,
Spite of all Showlder-clappers violence.
Tho the King should lay hands on me, I wud not
tary.

K. You neede not.

Bar. You are my guard, my Sanctuary.

K. But what your leuel in this, when this is don ?

Bar. Alas ! what leuell but pure deuotion ?

K. The Diuell you haue.

Bar. When I dye there, take All :
Will you goe to your prior and tell this ?

K. Yes I shall. *A March afar.*

Bar. Ile send him an earnest peny (a 100. Crownes)
As the first stone my charitie builds vpon.

What drom's this ? come, dispatch Frier, and be gon.
Exit.

K. Out of this hell thou meanest : yes ile fly
from thee
As from the Diuels hangman : thowlt else betray
mee.

World ! to what crest of villanie art thou growne ?
When (of good men) whole kingdomes scarce breede
One. *Exit.*

Lur. Heres the Duke of *Calabria* fir if you haue
made mee tell a lye, theile send me of a voiage to the
yland of Hogs and Diuels, (the *Barmudas*,) the Duke
fir.

Bar. His grace is welcome, las ! I had more
neede
To haue Phisitions and Apothecaries,
Than fighters at my gates : *Lurchall* why come they ?

Cala. Deliuer vp those monsters in thy house,
That haue deuoured a Kingdome and the King.
Tis death to thee, and him, if thou detainst 'em.

Bar. I detain 'em, here, here, here.

Ast. Reward if thou deliuerst them.

Bar. I me past rewarding in this world, I looke onely for good mens prayers, theres the key *Lurchall.*

Cal. Vnbind him : stay why did thy house receiue them ?

Bar. Full fore against my will : the bed I rise from

Count I my death-bed ; for (each minute) I looke
When Angells (heauens good porters) will let me in,
Yet (like my betters) I'me heauy laden with sin.
And being thus sicke, and at last gaspe, I sent
For my neerst cozen, my executor,
Who seeing braue fellowes beating at my gates,
Tooke 'em for honest men, let 'em in simply,
And vndertooke this night, to ha shipd 'em hence ;
My faithfull Seruant telling me this, (In zeale,
To you and my country) I bid him, All reueale.

Cal. Thast plaid a Subiects part in't.

Bar. Heele lead you to them.

Cal. My Lord, take force and seize 'em, nere stand vpon

More trialls ; giue 'em speedie execution.

Ast. Come fellow.—

Exeunt Ast : and Lurchall cum Militibus.

Bar. Your grace has don with me ?

Calab. Goe, looke to thy health :

The crownes the proclamation promised,
Shall to thy man be payd.

Bar. Thankes to your Grace :

Las what I did in this, was for no hire.

Cal. Ha ha, the rent of a cellar neuer was so deere.

On beate the drum.

Exit.

As they goe off ; Enter Oflauio with Rufman and a guard.

Ofla. Are the rest tane ?

Cal. Yes.

Ofl. The graund-Pyrat's here.

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Heres the Diuells bellows, kindled all those fires,
Which now are burning : This is the Snake, whose
sting

(Being kept warme in the bosome of a King)
Struck him to'th-heart : This hee, who by the force
Of his damb'd Arguments, was the first-diurce,
Of the Kings Loue, this is *Bohor*.

Cal. This that Serpent,
Y'haue all (like Traytors) wrought a Princes fall,
And all shall taste one death.

Of. Sirra, wheres the King ?

Ruff. Warrant mee life, ile bring you to the place
where you shall take him.

Of. Wult thou betray him Slaue ?

Ruff. Yes.

Cal. Thou shalt haue life.

Ruff. And you the King shall haue.

Of. And the Gallows shall haue thee, else hang
me.

Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Scumbroth.

Scum. Alas, wheres the sub-Prior ?

Sub. Here ; what ailest thou ?

Scu. Can you picke nothing out of my face ?
Is there not a Deaths-head standing on my shoulders ?

Sub. Why, what's the matter ?

Scu. The Lord Pryor is calld away.

Sub. Whither, by whome ?

Scu. By the Great-head, I thinke he couzened mee,
Hee is gone to the blacke-squibbe-tree, to *Judas Okes*,
set by the Diuell, I tolde you then, I saw Frier *Rush*
spit fire amongst other Hel-cats, and yee woud not
believe me. Now I tell you, that the Pryor is choackt ;
will his choaking goe downe your throate ?

Sub. How choackt ?

Scum. Yes, choackt : that of which men die ore-
night, and are well the next morning, wine has kild
the Lorde Pryor : he woud in a brauerie taste the

liquor of our Vines, because you threatned he should neuer licke his lippes after. And the Kernell of a grape stopt his winde-pipe, for want of a skowring-sticke.

Sub. Art thou fure hee is dead?

Seum. How dead, because I wud be fure, I cut his throate of purpose, to take out the Kernell.

Sub. Most fearefull and prodigious, whither runst thou?

Scum. To see more throates cut, and Execution certaine Gallants is this morning. And I came running to see them, who like a whore spoyles euery good thing that comes into his hand.

The hang-man, I leaue you to the Gallowes.

Enter Barteruile like a Frier, brought in by the Sub-prior, the King, Shackle-soule, and Lurchall, with others.

Rush. Welcome deare brother : now your heede must be

Not to looke backe at this worlds vanitie,
Riches and pleasures ; you haue laide aside
That Garment, and must now be mortifide.

Bar. I am mortifide, I warrant you.

K. So is the Diuell.

Pri. Your Gold and siluer, you must see no more.

Bar. O Fye ! giue it euery farthing to the poore,
When I haue sent for't hither.

Lur. That will be neuer.

Rush. Your money shalbe spent in pious fort.

Bart. I know that : Let my soule be the better
for't,

Thats all I craue for, after I am dead.

Pri. Many a *Requiem* for it shall be said.

Omn. What Drum is this?

Shack. Fryers stand vpon your Guard.

The Priorie is beset with Armed-men,
Of which some Troupes are entred.

Kin. I am betrayd.

Bar. *Lurchall* I feele my wezand pipe cut.

Lur. I warrant you.

*Enter Calabria, Octauio, Asfolfo, Rufman led by
two holding pistalls, Souldiers, drums,
and Cullors.*

Cal. Guard the Abbey gates, let not a Frier goe
forth :

You haue a King amongst you, which is he ?

Omn. A King !

Sub. I know of none here.

Cal. Villaines you lie :

Of. This caitife does delude you, tortur him.

Cal. Hang him, and these vp or'e the Abbey walls,
Our wrath shall smite like thunder where it falls.

Bar. I shall like a dog, die without mony, *Lurchall.*

Lur. I warrant you.

Kin. Tyran, that royall hart thou huntst, is here,
Stand from me all, you haue betrayd me all,
And ile trust none of you, if the Lion must fall,
Fall shall he like a Lion ; thinkst thou (base Lord)
Because the glorious Sun behind blacke cloudes
Has a while hid his beames, hees darkned for euer ?
Ecclipsd neuer more to shine, yes, and to throw
Fires from his sparkling eyes, thee to confound,
Touch not that noble friend of mine, (It seemes,
For my sake markd for danger,) let your arrowes
(Dipd in rancke poyson) be shot all at me,
Since all is lost, die nobly, and loose life too :
O vncke ! must the first dart fly from you ?

Of. Into thy bosome fly I.

Kin. To betray me ?

Of. To fight for thee till I can fight no more :
Hadst thou possesst this Kingly spirit before,
We ne're had left thee : what makes Iudas here ?

As. Heres he that to the Duke thy life betraide.

K. *Bohor !*

Off. I, *Bohor.*

Ruff. I told him where you were.

Off. I tell thee tha'rt a traitor & ile haue
Thy head off, or thou mine.

Ruff. Head?

Off. Thart a flauie?

Thou feest Duke what to trust too.

Bar. I haue confest, and shal be hangd, the King?

Cal. Our faire game come to this? our swordes
I see

Must from your hearts-blood let out al my wronges,
A muredred daughter for iust vengeance cryes,
Whom to appease, your liues wee le sacrafize :
Beate the drom.

K. Thunder mock thunder, beate ours.

Sub. O let these fires be quenched out with my
teares.

If waters cannot, (Duke) I bind thy rage
With this strong charme, and this read ore that spell,
And let thy hard brest grow more flexible. *Exit.*

K. Wheres *Iouinelli*, and that bastard crue
Of my false friendes?

Off. Beheaded.

K. They haue their due.

Cal. The ring I gaue her, and her hand : old
man, ——

Wheres the old Frier deliuerd these?

Omn. Hees gon.

Cal. Make after him, tis some delusion.

Enter Subprior and Erminhild.

Erm. Tis no delusion (father) am I the ground
Of this your quarrell, which must both confound
If you goe on : your battailes thus ile part,
The first blow giuen, shall run cleane through my
heart.

K. Oh noble constant maid, forgiue my wrongs,
The warmth of heauen to a pyning spring

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Cannot fuch comfort giue as thy glad prefence
Does to my bofome.

Olla. Will you fight or no ?

Cal. Twere madnes to wifh ftormes when faire
windes blow :

Will you your faith yet keepe ?

Kin. Inuiolate.

Cal. Then here end all my warres.

King. And all my hate.

Haft all thefe Friers vp to the Abbey walles,
And with shrill voyces, this our peace proclaime,
Stay holy father : *Bohor*, See you this don. *Exeunt.*

Ruf. Vengeance, I haue now loft more than I
haue won.

Bar. I fhall goe fcot-free *Lurchall*.

Lur. Paffing well ?

Bar. They doe not fmell me, yet my felfe I fmell.

Exeunt.

Oll. Why fends your Highnes, thus thefe Friers to
play
Your heralds parts in publishing this peace ?

Kin. There's in't a riddle (vncke) which by
none

But by thefe Friers onely, can be don.——

Enter Friers aboue.

So : are you mounted ? Sing now.

Omn. Sing.

Kin. Yes fing,

Like Swannes before your deathes : there you all
fhall dye.

Giue fire to this moft damned priory.

Sub. Alacke for pittie !

Kin. Father, but for thee,

Thunder from heauen had (long ere this) to duft
Grinded thefe hellifh buildings : that hand was iuft,
Which ftruke your vitious Prior, fo is our doome,
That Synagogue of diuells, let fire confume.

Bar. But meanes the King that I shall burne here too ?

Kin. Thou ? the grand villaine, giue him a villaines due.

Bar. I am no Frier, see I'me poore *Barteruile*.

Omn. How ? *Barteruile* ?

Kin. He lyes the slaue's a Turke.

Bar. A Christian by this hand, Your officer.

Kin. The cittie canker, the courts cozener,
A diuell in shape of man.

Bar. Halfe that I haue
I freely giue, so you my life will saue.
Ile lend your Hyghnes 30000. chequines.

K. Ten Kingdomes cannot buy thee ; were there
10. hels

Thart damd in all. S'death ! fire that house of diuels.

3. *Diu.* Doe : lets not want light to set forth our
Reuels.

Ruff. King, little doest thou know, whom (all this
while)

Thy court, this Couent, and this *Barteruile*,
Haue entertaind : of hell, 3. Spirits we are.

Omn. How ?

Ruff. Sent to catch foules for *Pluto*, our Prince
and maister.

Omn. Defend vs heauens.

Ruff. Thy selfe hast burst those bandes
In which I once held thee : these are in our handes.

Bar. If you be right Serieants, for mony youle
let mee goe. 5000. Crownes ile giue but to goe
home.

All. 3. No.

Bar. Ile put in 4. brokers to be my baile : I hope
theile be taken.

Ruff. Yes as thou art, (to hell,) you dog leaue
howling.

This pile of greene young diuels, needes no fire
Of mortals kindling to consume, these frames,

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You shall with vs to hell ride, all in flames.

Shac. Catch.

All. 3. Come.

Ru. Let euery spirit his owne prize beare.

All. They are so heauy with sin, theile foone be there.

Ruff. Away then and be dambd, wud you all were here.

Omn. Oooh.—*Sinck downe, aboue flames.*

K. Immortall thanks for our deliuerance :

Race to the ground those wals : no stone shall stand,

To tell such place was euer in our land,

What welth can there be found, giue to the poore,

Another house wee build and thee restore,

To former virginittie : weepe not for these ruines,

Thou shalt from vs haue honours. Here we begin

Our reigne anew, which golden threds shall spin,

Iustice shall henceforth fit vpon our throne,

And vertue be your Kings companion.

Warre here resignes his black and horrid stage

To sportfull Hymen, God of Mariage. (*Exeunt.*)

The play ending, as they goe off, from vnder the ground in seuerall places, rise vp spirits, to them enter, leaping in great ioy, Rufman, Shackle-foule, and Lurchall, discouering behind a curten, Rauillac, Guy Faulx, Barteruile, a Prodigall, standing in their torments.

Omn. Spir. Ha, ha, ha.

Omn. Dam. Torments in-vtterable ! oh ! dambd for nothing ?

Rauil. Terrors incomprehensible.

Fau. Back : y'are blowne vp elfe.

Bar. Whooh : hot, hot, hot,—drinck,—I am heart-burnt.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

Faul. Now, now, now.

Bar. I am perbold, I am stewd, I am sod in a
kettle of brimstone pottage . . . it scaldes, . . it
scaldes, . . it scaldes, . . it scaldes . . whooh.

Diu. Ha ha ha.

Prod. But one halfe crom, a little little drop,
a bit.

Faul. Towers, towers, towers, towers, pinnacles &
towers, battlements and pynnacles, steeples, abbeys,
churches and old chimneys.

Bar. Zounds drinke, shall I choake in mine
Inne ? drinck.

Omn. Drinck, drinck, oh ! one drop, one drop, to
coole vs.

Ruff. So many tapsters in hell, and none fill drinck
here :

Omn. Ball no more, you shall be liquord.

Excunt.

Rau. Why art thou dambd toth' horrors of one
hell,
Yet feelst ten thousand.

Fau. Wherefore is thy foule
Made sensible of tortures which (each minute)
Kill thee ten thousand times, yet canst not dye ?

Bar. Some facke.

Prod. Why for a few finnes that are long hence
past,
Must I feele torments that shall euer last ?
Euer, euer.

Bar. Let the facke be mulld.

Rau. Why is the diuell,
(If man be borne good) suffred to make him euill ?

Bar. Man is an asse, if he sit broyling thus ith
glasse house without drinke : two links of my chaine
for a threehalfe peny bottle of mother consciences
Ale : drinke.

Omn. One drop of puddle water to coole vs.

Enter Shacklefoule with a burning torch, and a long knife, Lurchall with a handfull of Snakes, A third spirit with a ladle full of molten gold. All three make a stand, laughing.

Om. Leaue howling and be dambd.

Shac. Heres drinke for thee royall villaine.

Stabs Rauillac.

Rau. Oh !

Shac. Ist not good !

For bloud th'ast thirsted, and thy drinke is bloud.
Strikes it so cold to thy heart ? heres that shall warme thee. *(Agen.*

Rau. Damnation, furies, fire-brandes.—

Hand burn't off.

Om. Ha, ha, ha,

Prod. One drop of moisture, but one crum.

Lur. Art hungry, eate this adder : dry ? Sucke this Snake.

Prod. Sucke and be dambd thy felfe : Ile starue first.

Away.

Bar. Is not this all waters ? Ruby water, some Ruby water, Or els a bottle of posterne water to faue charges, or els a Thimble-full of lymon water, to coole my stomatch.

Spir. The ruby is swilld vp all, heres lymon, downe with't.

Bar. Foh, the great diuell or els some Aquauite woman has made water, It scalds me.

Om. Oooh.

Diu. Ha ha ha——*Curtaines are drawne ouer them.*

Enter Rufman.

Ruf. Hell grinneth to heare this roaring : wheres this black child of faddomles perdition ? rarest diuell

That euer hould in *Barathrum* ? here, (deere pupill)
Of a new damnations stamp, Saucer-eyde *Lucifer*,
Has drunke to thee this deepe infernall boule off,
Wut pledge his vglines ?

Fau. Reach it mee.

Ruf. Choake with it.

Omn. Ha ha ha.

Fau. Giue fire, blow all the world vp.

Ruf. Bounce : tis don : Ha ha ha.—

Fires the barrell-tops.

Fau. I shalbe grinded into duft ; It falls : I am
mad.

Omn. I am mad, I am mad.— *Within.*

All 4. Ha ha ha.

Others. Ho ho ho.— *Spirits from below.*

Enter Pluto, attended by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth, and 3. Furies.

Plu. Fetch whippes of poysoned steele, strung
with glowing wires,
And lash these faucie hell-hounds : ducke their foules,
Nine times to'th bottome of our brimstone lakes,
From whence vp pull them by their sindged hayre,
Then hang 'em in ropes of yce nine times frozen o're :
Are they scarce hot in hell, and must they roare ?
What holliday's this ? that heres such grinning, ha !
Is hell a dancing Schoole ? yare in extreames,
Snoring, or els horne-mad ? who are set on shore,
On this vast land of horror, that it refounds,
With laughter stead of shrikes, who are come to our
bounds ?

Ha !

Ruf. Dread Lord of this lower tortary, to thy
Iayle

Haue we thy busie Catch-polls (prisoners) brought
Soules, for whose comming all hell long hath fought.

Plu. Their names : Is *Ward* and *Dantziker* then come ?

Omn. Yes : *Dantziker* is come.

Plu. Wheres the dutch Schellum ? wheres hells factor ! ha ?

Ruf. *Charon* has bound him for a thousand yeeres,
To tug ats oare ; he scourd the Seas so well,
Charon will make him ferriman of hell.

Plut. Where's *Ward* ?

Rufh. The Merchants are not pilld nor pulld enough,
They are yet but shauen, when they are fleade, hee'le come.

And bring to hell fat booties of rich theeues,
A crew of sweareers and drinkers the best that liues.

Omn. *Ward* is not ripe for damming yet.

Plu. Who is it then ?

Cutlar the Serieant : ha ! he come.

Ruf. Yes *Pluto* :

Cutlar has bin here long, sent in by a carman,
But his sterne looks the feindes did so displease,
Bound hand and foote, he houles in little ease,
Hauing onely mace to comfort him : he does yell,
And raue, because he cannot rest in hell.

Shac. Tis not for him, that we this holliday hold.

Plut. The baude of Shorditch, Is that hellcat come ?

Ruf. No : but sha's bin a long time lanching forth,
In a Rofa-folis-barke.

Plu. Diuells ! who is it then ?

Mall Cutpurfe is she come ?

Omn. Our cofen come ? No.

Shac. Tis not yet fit Mall Cutpurfe here should houle,
Shee has bin too late a fore-tormented foule.

Plu. Where is our daughter ? ha ? Is shee ydle ?

Omn. No.

Shee was beating hemp in bridewell to choke theeues,

Therefore to spare this shee-ramp she befeeches,
Till like her felfe all women weare the breeches.

Lur. Mall Cutpurfe plyes her taske and cannot come.

Plu. For whom then is this wilde Shroue-tuesday kept?

Ruf. See King of gloomie shades what foules resort,

To this thy most iust, and least-fying court.

Plu. Stay, since our Iayle is with braue fellowes florde,

Bid *Charon* that no more yet come aboard.

Seeing our Iudges of hell here likewise are

Sit : call a Sessions : set the foules to a barre.

Minos (the iust :) *Rhadamanth* (the temperate)

And *Æacus* (the feure,) each take his state.

Min. Not an officer here?

Omn. A Fury.

3. *Iud.* Make an Oyes?

Fury. Oyes! All manner of foules, if they loue their owne quietnes, keepe out of hell, vnlesse they haue horrible businesse at this infernall sessions, vpon paine of being damnably plagude for their lustines. Back there, let those shackeld rake-hels shew their faces.

Omn. Roome here, we must come into the court within.

Plu. What damned fiends are those dare make this noife?

Shac. A Iury of Brokers impanelde, and deeply sworne, to passe on all the villaines in hell.

Rhad. *Euill-Conscience* be their keeper.

Fury. Looke to the Iury: *Euill-Conscience* looke to the Brokers.

Plu. Now proceede.

Æac. Stay, let the King of Ghosts haue first a vew

Of those who are doom'd to paines horrid, but new.

Then produce those who came to your prison vntryed.

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Fur. Peace there.

Omn. Heres one, hels tortures does deride.—

Rauillac.

Rau. Arraigne me, rend me peece-meale, ile confesse nothing.

Ruff. Peace, thou shalt ball thy throate out.

Rau. Merciles hangmen ! to tiranize ouer so braue a Roman spirit.

Plu. Ho, ho, what country diuell is this ?

Rau. Thine owne.

Ruff. A french.

The eagereft bloodhound that ere came from thence ;
Is there a King to be mured, whileft he does ftand
Coloffus-like, fupporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land moft feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell ; his name is *Rauillac*.

Rau. *Rauillac* : I am *Rauillac*, that laughes at tortures, fpurnes at death, defies all mercy : Iybbets, racks, fires, pincers, fcalding oyle, wilde-horfes, I spit in the face of all.

Fur. Peace.

Rau. No : were my tongue torne out with burning flesh-hookes, Fames 1000. tongues fhall thunder out *Rauillacs* name, extoll it, eternife it, Cronicle it ! Canonife it : oh !

Min. Downe with this diuell to'th dungeon, there let him houle.

Rau. Worlds fhall applaud my Act, and crowne my foule. *Exit.*

Plu. Another.

Omn. Come, you leane dog.—

Prodigall. Brought in.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

Plu. Whats he ? what ftaruelings this ?

Prod. One that lacks a medicine for hunger : I am falne away.

Omn. From heauen.

Judg. To'th common Iayle with him.

Fur. He muſt feede on beggeries basket : leaue balling ferra.

Prod. Shall I be vndon for a little drinke.

Lur. No, thart vndon for drinking.

Plu. Starue him away——*Exit Prodigall.*
What was he when he liu'de.

Lur. A prodigall :

Who (in one yeare,) ſpent on whores, fooles and
flaues,

An Armies maintenance, now begges for cromes, and
raues

To ſee his ſumptuous buildings, paſtures, woodes,
That ſtood in vplands, dround in Rheniſh floodes.

Plu. Is here all ?

Shac. All ! no, the Arch-helhound's here.

Faulx Enters.

Plu. What Peter Goner's this ?

Fau. Speake ſoftly, within an inch of giuing fire,
within an inch.

Shac. Had all thy gray diuells in their higheſt luſt
fat,

T'haue litterd furies, they could not haue begot
One to match this : ith' darke he groapd damnation.

Fau. Now, now.

Shac. Digd cellars to find where hel ſtood and
has found it
There was but one villainy vnborne, and he crownd
it.

Fau. So : all the billets lye cloſe ; glorious bon-
fire ? pontificall bonfire ; braue heads to contriue this,
gallant ſoules to conſpire in't, reſolute hand to ſeale
this with my blood, through fire, through flint ; ha, ha,
ha, whither fly my ſelfe to heauen, friends to honour,
none to the halter, enemies to maſſacre, ha, ha, diſmall
tragicall Comedy now ?

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Plu. What does he ?

Shac. As he thinks, giuing fire to powder ;
Nere in any land could diuels haue found, fuch
walkes,

As he was beating out.

Plu. His name.

Omn. *Guy Faulx.*

Fau. Who cal's? damnation stops throate.

3. *Iud.* Let it stop thine.

Fau. Am I betray'd? giue fire, now, now, giue fire.
Exit.

Omn. To burne thine owne foule villaine.

Plu. Pay him his hire :

He has a desperate rakehels face..

Shac. Had his plot tane fire,
One realme before any other had doomesday feene,
Kings who in tombes lay at rest had wakened beene,
He was within 12. howers of hewing downe
A whole land at one blow, and at once drowne
In a flood of flames, an Ark roiall with his whole
fleete,

Of nobilitie and clergy : in a leaden sheete
Law and her children had been hotly wrap'd ;
Millions ere this had in our iayle bin clap'd,
For damned Arts not known now, which had then
Bin rife, but now lye dead (th' Acts with the men.

Plu. Make much of this our ningle : for the rest
Deliuier 'em to our head-hangman.

Omn. When ?

Plu. In a twinckling.

Min. How applaudes *Pluto*

Our enginous tortures, and most rigorous doome ?

Plu. *Minos*, thy doome is iust ;—But you all-fac'de
Caitiffs.)

What fish in your infernall Nets, Drew you vp
Ith *Naples* Court, Citie, and Frierie ?

We charg'de you saile thither : Is mischiefs Riuer
there drie ?

Ruff. Drie, No : Fat preyes for hell we all did
meete,

In Court, Citie, Countrey, Nay, in euery streete,
In euery house, within-him, and without-him.
Hee that wore best cloathes, had some Diuell about him :
Courtiers from *Naples* hither in sholes are come,
Some for Ambition, for Flattery, and Enuie some :
Some, who (each meale) eate subiects vp, and wore
Whole Families in their shoo-strings, such, and others
more,

Being here, haue been examining (euer since
They came) by Hells-clarke, (spotted-Conscience.)

Min. Till the next Sessions these wee must deferre.

Phu. None come fro'th Citie, so many bad being
there !

Lur. Yes, (King of endles horror) see who's here :
Barteruile.

Phu. Rich-men in hel ! they are welcom, whats the
graybeard.

Bar. One that can buy thee and ten such as thou
art out of thy Sea-coale-pits here. Is not this *New-*
castle ?

Lur. No couetous wretch : tis Hell, thy blacke-
soules prifon.

Bar. Soule in prifon ! I never had any foule to
speake on.

Lur. Now thou shalt finde th'aft one.

Bar. Can Angells Bayle mee ?

Min. Not all the wealth which the worlds back
does beare

Can Bayle thy wretched foule hence, Now tis here.

Bar. A thousand Pounds.—

Fur. Where ist foole ?

Rhad. Thy wealths now gone,
Thy hands still catch at bags, but they gripe none.

Bar. Whats this ?——

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Æac. Ayre, shadowes, things Imaginary :
That is thy Torment now, which was thy Glory.

Bar. If you giue me bags full of Saw-dust, in stead
of money, my Ghost shall walke.

358 *If this be not a good Play,*

3. *Iud*: To thy grim Father of Hell.

Bar. No, to my olde brother, Syr *Achitophell*
Pinch-gut.

Plu. Hence with him, the Churl's mad :
In *Lethes*-flood drown'd all the wealth hee had.

Bar. My chaine, Let me hang in chaines, so it bee
my Golde chaine ; Theeues, theeues, theeues. *Exit.*

Min. Throwe him head-long into our boyling-
Lake,
Where molten Golde runnes.

Lur. His thirst it cannot flake,
Seas could not quench his dropie : Golde to get
Hee would hang a Citie, starue a Countrey. Euen
yet

Raues hee for Bonds and incombers : to saue whose
foule,

(Tho hee fed none liuing) Saw-fages were his dole.

A confused noyse to come pressing in.

Omn. What coyle is that ?

A Noyse.

Enter a Ghost, cole-blacke.

Pur. Tis a burning zeale must consume the
wicked, and therefore I will not bee kept out, but will
chastize and correct the foule Fiend.

3. *Iud.* Whats this blacke *Incubus* ?

Shac. An Arch-great Puritane once.

Omn. Ha ! How ! a Puritane ?

Min. An Arch-great Puritane ! How comes thy
foule so little ?

Pur. I did exercise too much with a liuely Spirit.

Plu. Are there any more of his Synagogue ?

Ruff. Yes a whole Hoy-full are Landed.

Omn. Ha !

Plu. Are they all so blacke as he is ?

Omn. Worfe.

Min. Syrre, why being a Puritane is your foule so black ?

Pur. Wee were all fmoakt out of our owne Countrey, and sent to *Rotterdam*.

Min. How camst thou lame and crooked, why do'st halt ?

Pur. All the brethren and sisters for the better part are crooked, and halt : for my owne part, I neuer went vpright.

Iudg. And yet a puritane ? hence with him.

Pur. Alacke !

How can I choofe but halt, goe lame, and crooked ? When I pulld a whole church downe vpon my backe.

Min. Hence with him, he will pull all hell downe too.

A noife to come in.

Pur. Let in the brethren, to confound this wicked affembly.

3. *Iud.* Thrust him out at hell gates.

Plu. Theile confound our kingdome,
If here they get but footing: rife therefore, away ;
Keepe the Iurie of brokers till our next court day.

Min. Adiourne this.

Fur. O yes ! Sessions is deferd
Because of Puritanes, Hell cannot be cleerd.

Plu. Set forward to our Hall paued all with
brasse,

Iudges we thanke you : let our officers drinke,
Ith bottome of hells celler, for their good seruice.
Since to this heigth our Empyre vp you reare,
Hell shall hold triumphes, and (thats don,) prepare,
Agen to walke your circuites o're the earth,
Soules are hells Subiects, and their grones our mirth.

FINIS.



Epilogue.

I F't be not good, the Diuell is in't, (they fay,)
The Diuell was in't, this then is no good play
By that conclusion, but hereby is meant,
If for so many nones, and midnights spent
To reape three howres of mirth, our haruest-seede
Lyes still and rot. The Diuels in't then indeed :
Much Labour, Art, and Wit, make vp a Play
As it does a Ship, yet both are cast away,
(When brauely they haue past the humorous Seas)
At landing, What black fates curseth both these ?
Sayle it, or sinck it, now tis forth, and nere
The Hauen at which it longs t'ariue : if there
It suffers wrack, the spitefuller Rockes shoote forth,
Yet non may bring it home laden with much worth.
By wonted gentle gale, (sweete as the Balme,)
Or by extending your faire liberall Palme,
To fan away all stormes, if you see it lowers,
The ayre shall ring thanks, but the glory's yours.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4.

the other for Westchester.

On their way to Ireland : " My refuge is *Ireland* or Virginia ; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*." Cook's *Green's Tu Quoque*, ed. 1622. " Hee came into *Ireland*, where at Dublin hee was stricke lame ; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, landed at *West Chester*, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West Chester* from its relative situation, to distinguish it from severall other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition.

PAGE 5.

and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

From Shakespeare :—

" 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."
Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.

PAGE 10.

you shall finde me playing at Span-counter.

A pun is intended here : *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which, if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be confined.

PAGE 11.

Doe you laugh you vnseasonable puck-fift?

This word, often used by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus: "All the falllets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and *Puck-fifts*." Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

PAGE 12.

Are all the Quest houses broken up?

About Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances, brothels, &c. *Quest-houses* were the houses where the quest was held, and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger-mugger at dice, at the *quest-house*." *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv. 425, ed. Dyce.

Quest-houses generally adjoined churches: "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by-chapels of the church, nor *the quest-house*, nor the belfry; neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it."—*Philosophical Letters* by the Ducheſs of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

Ib.

with a chaine about his neck For that, Saint Martins and wee will talke.

So Brathwait:

"By this hee trauels to *Saint Martins lane*,
And to the shops he goes to *buy a chaine*."

The Honest Ghost, &c., 1658, p. 167.

PAGE 13.

double chin.

The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
 Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eve."
 Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*,
 iv. 32.

PAGE 13.

neuer had the Grincoms :

Or *crincomes*, a cant term for the venereal disease : "Grink-comes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris."—*Works*, 1630, p. 111.

PAGE 15.

WIFE. *Good Sir, lend me patience.*

MAY. *I made a sallade of that herbe.*

Patience was the name of an herb : "You may recover it with a fallot of parfly and *the hearbe patience*."—*A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, 1600.

PAGE 19.

Farewell, Father Snot.

This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song. In *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, we find,

"My bush and my pot
 Cares not a groate
 For such a lob-coate,
Farewell, Sinior snot."

PAGE 20.

the bragging velure-canioned hobbi-horses.

Velure is velvet.

"Cannions, of breeches. G. canóns : on les appelle ainsi pource qu'ils font aucunement semblables aux canóns d'artillerie, —because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots."—Minshew's *Guide into the tongues*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches."—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263.

Canon-hose, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humourous Lovers*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act :—

“ I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,
By the Ribands round thy Bum,
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,
By thy dangling Pantaloons,
And thy ruffling Port Cannons,
By thy freezeld Perriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—
Apeare, apear.”

PAGE 26.

by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)

Compare Dekker, *Satiromastix* :

“ I markt, by this candle, *which is none of God's Angels.*”
(See Notes to Vol. II. p. 368.)

PAGE 27.

Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Qy.? Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.

Ib.

there is the most abominable seere.

The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse : so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ *Abraham.* Does she so love me say you ?

“ *Pendant.* Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abominable.*”

Is it necessary to add that by “*seer*” he means *cheer*, and, a little after, by “*kernicles,*” *chronicles* ?

PAGE 28.

fare-well Sidanien.

"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (fidan) that is filken, or made of filk. It is the name of an old tune ; also an epithet for a fine woman ; and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—Owen's *Dictionary of the Welch Language*.

PAGE 33.

I left her at Bosomes Inne.

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fair Houses, there is one large Inne for receipt of Travellers, called *Blossoms Inne*, but corruptly *Bosoms Inne*, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."—Stow's *Survey of London, &c.*, B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

PAGE 34.

he would goe the Iland voiage.

Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585. The fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. They took possession of St. Domingo.

PAGE 35.

some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Garden-houses were used for such purposes : so in the opening of Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611 :

"what makes he heere,
In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,
And at a garden-house ? a has some punke,
Upon my life."

PAGE 37.

with a cartoofe collour and a pickadell.

A *pickadel* is described as an upright collar with stiffened plaits : here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar.

PAGE 38.

He haue you make 12. poesies for a dozen of cheefe trenchers.

Cheefe-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have posies inscribed on them. In Dekker's *Honest Whore, Part First*, George quotes six lines, "as one of our *cheefe-trenchers* sayes very learnedly:" (Vol. II. p. 72.) Compare too Middleton's *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's*;

"*L. Gold.* Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month!
January, February, March, April—

Pep. Ay, and their posies under 'em.

L. Gold. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady.

Pep. [reads]

*Now gallant May, in her array,
Doth make the field pleasant and gay," &c.*

ed. Dyce, v. 40.

Ib.

I had three nest of them giuen mee.

So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605; "cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a *neast of goblets*;" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclacke*, 1609;

"Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales

Nest upon nest."

The term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to describe a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

PAGE 40.

Pax.

For *pox*; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, "*Pax*, I think not on't;" Brome in the *Joviall Crew*, 1652, "*Pax* o' your fine thing;" and Middleton, in *Your Five Gallants*, "*Pax* on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at univervity.—*Works*, ii. 235.

PAGE 41.

the tree in Cuckolds Hauen.

A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called

Cuckold's Point, which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave the husband, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the Thames,—which land, however, he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which is here given is what the watermen on the Thames were wont to repeat.) Horn-fair was long held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

PAGE 49.

garlick has a white head and a greene stalke.

So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616; "I'm like a leeke, though I have a gray head, I have a greene," &c. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, mostra mal che conoscano che, *perche il porro abbia il capo bianco, che la coda sia verde.*" *Decamerone*,—Introduction to *Giornata quarta*.

PAGE 50.

as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.

The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's-heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show. But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse spying on the finger of Seignior Cosimo a *Ring with a Death's head ingraven*, circled with this Posie, *Gressus ad vitam*, demaunded whether hee adorde the Signet for profit or pleasure: Seignior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her that it was a favour which a Gentle-

woman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, ed. 1617.—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal-rings of gold, *one with a death's-head*." See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Boswell.

PAGE 52.

my white Poet.

White was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness: "*white boy*," "*white son*," and "*white girl*," occur frequently in our old writers. Lee uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave. (Though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "*my little hoary poet*," we are not to conclude that "*white*" in the present instance means *hoary*.)

PAGE 58.

I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage.

The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish to revenge themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

Ib.

the prentices made a riot upon my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following.

Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

"It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
When mad-braynd prentises, that no men feare,
O'rethrow the dens of bawdie recreation."

Pasquils Palinodia, 1634.

PAGE 59.

Mother Walls cakes.

We learn where this dame resided from the following passage of Haughton's *English-men for my money*, 1616; "I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of *Mother Walles* pasties."

PAGE 59.

like squibs that run upon lynes.

So Marston, in his *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, 1606;

"*Page*. There be squibs, fir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants, fir, keepe a smother, fir, with flishing and flashing, and in the end, fir, they doe, fir——

Nymphadora. What, fir?

Page. Stink, fir."

In *A Rich Cabinet with Variety of Inventions, &c.*, 1651, by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward."

PAGE 81.

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* consists merely of fragments of two plays,—or rather, a play in Two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henslowe*;

"Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto harey chettell, *Thomas Deckers*, Thomas Hewode, and Mr. Smyth, and Mr. Webster, in earneste of aplaye called *Ladey Jane*, the some of 1s

"Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 21 of octobr 1602, to pay unto *Mr. Dickers*, chettell, Smythe, Webestor and Hewode, in fulle payment of ther play of ladye Jane, the some of vli xs

"Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto *Thomas Deckers*, in earneste of the 2 pt of *Ladey Jane*, the some of vs"

Pp. 242—3, *ed. Shakespeare Soc.*

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title-page), or by some other playwright, cannot be determined; that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.—DYCE.

This drama is much mutilated, and its text very defective. It is a very inferior production. There is no discrimination of character, no succession of events, and no artful or judicious development of conduct. There is, however, a gentle and pensive interest in the forcible scenes and separation of Guildford and Lady Jane, and in that mild resignation to their fate, which arises from their blameless and innocent conduct. [Rev.] J. Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*, June 1833, p. 491.

PAGE 87.

GUI. *We are led with pompe to prison.*

Mr. Dyce assigns this speech to Lady Jane.

Ib.

Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall Pompe.

The text of this line is obviously corrupt. Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Lectures, p. cv.) proposes to read "several coffins," an emendation adopted by Mr. Dyce in his edition of Webster.

PAGE 90.

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood.

Mr. Dyce reads "Britain." The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 491) would read "Brute,"—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense.

PAGE 93.

if that their Brother dying Iffules, &c.

Mr. Dyce thinks there is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

PAGE 94.

*That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
From the impeachment of the Lady Iane.*

In the second line Mr. Dyce has substituted "election" for *impeachment*. The following is his note on the passage :—

"The old copies have,—

'From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

the word '*impeachment*' having been repeated from the preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer. That the first '*impeachment*'—i.e. hindrance, let, impediment,—is right, there can be no doubt ; and that in the second line '*election*' is the author's word, seems equally certain ; compare what Arundel has said a little before,—

'Are you not griev'd that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's *election* ?'

(The reading of this passage proposed by Mr. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 492),—

'That no *impediment* should divert our hearts

From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the wrong one in the second.)"

PAGE 95.

Lance perfado, *quarter, quarter.*

Written also *lanceprisado, lancepesado, lancepesade, or lancepesata* ; (Ital. *lancia spezzata*,) the lowest officer of foot, one who is under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part ; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or rencounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comrade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our Monsieur Lancepesata (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comrade, and become the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide corporal*. But when the corporal grew weary of the comradeship of his lancepesata, he made him officiate under him, and

for that had some allowance of pay more than the common foldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grose, *Mil. Ant.*, v. i., p. 262.)

PAGE 115.

*There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all
Paules stinke againe.*

i.e. Don Diego.—So Heywood;

"But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegos*,
You that made Paules to stinke."

Fair Maid of the West, 1631, Part 1st, p. 51.

Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS. (*Ful. C. iii.*), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597.

PAGE 123.

*Guil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truly speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs breake,
But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weake.*

Mr. Dyce suggests the emendation "oft sorrow truly speaks" in the first line. It is probable that Dekker wrote this scene, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"*Jovinelli*. You must hang up the lawes.

Octavio. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through which
great flies

Breake through, the leffe being caught bi'th wing there
dies."

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, (page 287.)
But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob-webs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through." Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 284.

PAGE 133.

Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater.

i.e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's,

Cripplegate. It was built by Henslowe and Alleyn, in 1599—1600, and was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty-five feet square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621.

PAGE 138.

Falling bands.

These bands, which lay flat upon the dress from the neck, succeeded the cumbersome ruff. There is a *jeu de mots* upon the name in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play, the Diucll is in it* (page 315):

“Tho my collar [choler] stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.”

“Band,” it should be observed, was formerly synonymous with “bond.”

PAGE 145.

Well shot old Adam Bell.

An outlaw, famous for his archery: see the ballad of *Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudeſle*, in Ritson's *Pieces of An. Pop. Poetry*.

PAGE 147.

*yet do you now**Thus baffle me to my face.*

“Baffle” meant formerly to treat with insult, mockery, or contempt. It is used again in this sense in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play*, &c. (page 291): “No King on earth baffalls me.” Mr. Dyce also cites passages from Nash and Marryon.

PAGE 155.

a blacke ſaueguard.

i.e. a sort of large petticoat, worn by women over their other clothes, to protect them from soiling.

PAGE 159.

Saint Antlings-bell.

At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in

the morning, which was much frequented by the puritans of the times.

PAGE 161.

*I'le try one speare against your chastity
Though it proue too short by the burgh.*

"Burgh," or *burre*, is "a broad ring of iron behind the handle" of a tilting lance, "which *burre* is brought into the sufflue or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enemy, or prepareth himself to combate or encounter his aduerse party." R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*.

PAGE 170.

good phrampell iades.

"Phrampel," which is written also *frampold*, *frampul*, &c., here appears to signify *fiery* or *mettlesome*. It generally means vexatious, saucy, peevish, &c.

PAGE 173.

quarrelling wedlockes

i.e. wives.

Ib.

al my slanderers

So the orig. edition ; but there is hardly any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "slanderers" is the correct reading.

PAGE 174.

*if his spirit
Be answerable to his vmbles.*

i.e. his inside. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer.

PAGE 176.

I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes so.

"Kyes" for cries, in imitation of the jargon talked by nurfes to infants.

PAGE 177.

it does mee good now to have her sing mee.

There can scarcely be any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "sing" is correct.

Ib.

*Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these aterne husbands :
such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, &c.*

"Apron husbands :" *i.e.* husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their apron-strings. "Cotqueanes :" *i.e.* men who meddle with female affairs. The exclamations of Mistress Gallipot evidently refer to some action on the part of her husband : this portion of the scene is very adroitly written, requiring to be read *entre les lignes* like the dialogue in *La Nuit et le Moment* of Crebillon fils ; but how it can have been represented publicly on the stage it is difficult to imagine.

PAGE 178.

as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida :

So in the old edition, to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot.

PAGE 180.

*Since last I saw him twelue months three times told,
The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer bow.*

In Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 195) we find :

"Five Summers haue scarce drawn their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe."

It seems, therefore, almost certain that the scene in *The Roaring Girl* containing the above lines was written by him and not by Middleton.

PAGE 185.

the bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girl my Mistrresse).

"Ramp :" *i.e.* ramping, rampant creature : "although she were a lustie *bounsfing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemalla," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

PAGE 186.

her placket to the ancient seate of a codpice.

“Placket” has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat : Nares, in his Glossary, insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

PAGE 191.

these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i' the counter.

So in Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 213.) “Doe not you know mistresse, what Serieants are? . . . why they are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them.”

PAGE 200.

haue not many handsome legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great rofes?

Rofes anciently were worn in shoes. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous fize.

Ib.

an asget set in a crampe ring.

i.e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. (See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholic Kings of England*.)

PAGE 202.

till all split.

This expreffion occurs in several old plays ; and denotes violence of action.

PAGE, 203.

'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle puf-cat for this.

“Gib” is, properly, a male cat, but is sometimes applied, as

a term of reproach to a woman : "She is a tonnysh gyb" says Skelton, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 99.

PAGE 203.

y'are best get you a mumming.

i.e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking : mistress Openwork puns on the different meanings of *mask* and *masque*.

PAGE 205.

to be made

A stale to a common whore?

i.e. a pretence or cover under which he keeps a harlot : the *stale*, or *stalking-horse*, was the real or artificial horse behind which sportsmen approached their game.

Ib.

I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.

Cold-Harbour, or *Cold-Harborough* was an ancient building, situated in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents and served as a retreat for debtors, &c.; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had resided there in Henry VIII.'s reign. It appears to have been notorious as a place where marriages were solemnized hastily and without the proper forms; such as the Fleet Prison and Keith's Chapel were for some time before the passing of the marriage-act.

Nares citing the above passage in his Glossary, says that *Cold Harbour* "seems to be used as a kind of metaphorical term for the grave."

Ib.

Push; your Weslerne pug.

"I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Weslerne pugge*,

if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's *Theeues falling out*. "Euen the *Welterne Pugs* receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames," &c. Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 206.

Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

This expreffion feems to have been proverbial: one of Heywood's plays is entitled *The Fair Maid of the West, or A Girle worth gold* (1631).

Ib.

I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head fpeak.

See *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (firft printed in 1594) in Dyce's edition of Greene's Dramatic Works (vol. i. p. 141), and the extract given (p. 215) from the profe tract on which that play is founded, *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen Head to fpeake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with Braffe." The friars loft all their labour through the folly of a fervant named Miles, who having been fet to watch the Head while they retired to reft, neglected to call them when at laft it fpoke.

PAGE 209.

feeing your women are fo hote, I muft loofe my haire in their company I fee.

"Alluding," fays Reed, "to the confequences of lewdnefs, one of which, in the firft appearance of the difeafe in Europe, was the lofs of hair."

Ib.

I pray who playes a knacke to know an honeft man in this company?

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honeft Man, As it hath beene sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London, was printed in 1596. The author's name is unknown.

PAGE 210.

Get fethers from thy wings.

Mr. Dyce substitutes "gelt" for *get*; but "is by no means confident that he has restored the right reading" (Middleton's Works, ii. 527).

Ib.

Play out your game at Irish fir : Who winnes ?

MIST. OPEN. *The triall is when shee comes to bearing.*

A game which differs very slightly from backgammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gamester*. At page 155—6 (of ed. 1674) the following advice is given :—"Bear as fast as you can when you come to bearing, have a care," &c.

PAGE 211.

*Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest cares, I swore, &c.*

An intermediate line seems to have dropped out : probably another is wanting after "And yet to try," &c.

Ib.

was it your Megge of Westminster's courage.

Meg of Westminster, or long Meg of Westminster, was a virago of whom frequent mention is made by our early dramatists, and indeed, like the heroine of the present piece, she had the honour of figuring in a play called after her in 1594. At that period, however, she is supposed to have been dead. She is introduced in an ante-masque in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*. A quarto tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster : containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London ; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bolloingne*, was printed (perhaps not for the first time) in 1635.

PAGE 212.

like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

So Dekker, in his *Whore of Babylon* :

"Let vs behold these fire-worke, that must run
Vpon short lines of life."

PAGE 212.

away flia I my man, like a shouell-board shilling.

i. e., a shilling used at the game of *shovel-board*, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

Ib.

these London boote-halers.

Freebooters, plunderers, *halers* of *boot* (profit), or *booty*. Cotgrave explains *picoreur* to be a "*boot-haler* (in a friend's country), a ravening or filching fouldier."

PAGE 213.

Heeres such a merry ging.

i. e., gang. This substitution of *i* for *a* was common with the Elizabethan writers. The word *ging* or *gyng*, however, is of great antiquity.

PAGE 215.

you skeldering varlet.

Skeldring was a cant term for impudent begging, generally applied to vagrants, and often used by our early writers. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

Ib.

The balles of these glafiers of mine (mine eyes).

See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (1612).

PAGE 216.

A meere whip-Iacke.

In Dekker's *Belman of London* (1608), the description of "A Whipiacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

"An vpright man," "a wilde rogue," "an angler," "a ruffler," "a kinchin mort," and a "wilde del" are also fully described in the same curious tract.

Ib.

hornes for the thumbe.

Pick-pockets were said to place a case, or thimble, of horn on

their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purfes.

PAGE 219.

Now I see that you are flul'd to the rogue.

"This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowfe, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, he made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered these wordes, I doe *flall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this foueraigne English liquor, so that henceforth it shall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to say) to be a Vagabond and beg," &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

PAGE 221.

pacus palabros.

Pocas palabras (Spanish) *i. e.* few words—an expreffion found under various corrupted forms in our old writers. It is usually put into the mouths of low people, among whom it seems to have been current:—"With this learned oration the Cobler was tutord : laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *paucus palabros.*"—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 226.

The man talkes monthly.

i. e. madly; as if under the influence of the moon.

PAGE 235.

Troia Noua Triumphans. *London Triumphant*, 1612.

The mayoralty pageant here reprinted is one of the rarest of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his *Progresses, &c., of King James the First*, vol. ii. p. 466, says, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exist, is one which was sold at Mr. Garrick's sale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other tracts, and the volume was purchased for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has since parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a transcript, but if I am favoured with one in time, it shall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the sale of Heber's library, this copy formed lot 1631 of part 4, and proved

to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to reprint it according to promise. There are, however, copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, which are quite perfect, and there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

“Upon this occasion the lord mayor’s banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king’s only daughter.” ‘The Palsgrave dined in the Guildhall,’ as Howe’s Chronicle informs us, ‘accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner the Palsgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latine. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sicke and could not come.

“After dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalfe of the cittie, and citizens of London, for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palsgrave with a very large bason and ewer of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.’ The present is described in the city records as:—‘a bason and ewer gilt, weighing 234oz. 3grs.; one paire of dansk potts, chaft and cheseld, weighing 513½oz. ¼gr., having the armes of the city, and the wordes, ‘Civitas London,’ engraved thereon in divers places.”

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some very interesting particulars of the previous pageantry; his words are: “the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the city, with a fair standing cup, a curious basin and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayorefs and her train where she sat. The shew was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants, and other devices; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds

on the water had like to have marred all ; for divers of the companies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much ado came almost alone to Westminster.'"—*Nichols's Progresses of James I.*

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in 1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet King James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 a year, "but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service." During his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the mayor of London, was finally settled ; and on Michaelmas day 1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head, "to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London."—*Delaune, Present State of London, 1681.*

PAGE 241.

Peale of Chambers.

In Edward Sharpham's comedy, *The Fleire*, 1610, is the following allusion to these noisy salutations :—" He has taught my lady to make fireworks, they can deal in chambers already, as well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at Westminster."

PAGE 242.

Painted cloath and browne paper.

This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is curious. Pasteboard was used in the construction of the giants and other figures in continental shows, and the Chester giants that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second were formed of that material ; but it would appear from the charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an entry of one shilling and fourpence "for arfenic to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats."

How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "queintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but in 1298, horses disguised "like lucas of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pestering of Porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster, in his *Monuments of Honor*, 1624, describes the principal pageant, *The Chariot of Honor*, as drawn by four horses, "for porters would haue made it moue tottering and improperly." The porters, however, stood their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, and were hired still later.

PAGE 243.

troopes of Swannes.

The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the custom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was called swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take *up*, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Yarrell's *History of British Birds* are engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth (from Kempe's *Loisely Manuscripts*), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (vol. ii. p. 958) has printed entire the *Order for Swannes*, a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then estimated, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cyanea Cantio, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as she passes along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

PAGE 248.

Ryot ana Calumny in the shapes of Gyants.

From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than those of Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants exhibited this year were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

PAGE 249.

Barrathrum.

i. e., abyss, hell, bottomless gulf. See also page 351, "rareft diuell that euer hould in *Barathrum*."

PAGE 251.

thy margent quorate.

An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynne are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits beside him in the margin, to be beside his wits in the text."

PAGE 255.

Stop, stony her.

Probably a misprint for "stay," which is the word given in the speech at p. 249, of which this is a repetition. "Stony" certainly mars the metre, if not the sense; though as regards the latter, it might be an abbreviated form of *astonish* (startle).

PAGE 354.

*Is there a King to be mured, whilest he does stand
Colossus-like, supporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell; his name is Rauillac.*

The assassination of King Henry IV. of France by Rauillac took place on the 14th May, 1610, the day of the queen's coronation. It was an event therefore quite fresh in the memory of those who witnessed the performance of this play.

Ravaillac is described by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, in his *History of France* (III. 378, 379) as "a half crazy schoolmaster of Angoulême, who left his home at one time with the wild idea of persuading the king to abandon his purposes of war and tolerance of the Protestants. Driven back by hunger and destitution, the idea of regicide took firm hold of him, and he again left Angoulême at Easter, 1610, with the determination to slay the king if he could not speak with him. The *sacre*, as the coronation was called, took place with all due magnificence early in the day. Henry sought some repose on his couch after it, but was uneasy, and could not sleep, tormented by astrologic predictions of ill, and by his own mind giving unusual weight to such presentiments. To relieve the dulness of the hour he resolved to pay a visit to Sully at the arsenal. Even in this he hesitated; but at length set forth in his coach. It was a vehicle without doors or panels, the roof supported on pillars, the intervals filled by curtains, which for the moment had been tied up or removed. The Rue de la Ferronnerie being obstructed by carts, the foot attendants left the carriage, to make their way round by the market; and the guards did anything but guard it. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Ravaillac mounting on the wheel and striking his knife into the king's breast. Henry had scarcely time to exclaim, "I am wounded," when the assassin struck another blow, which penetrated the heart. Henry the Fourth breathed his last."

PAGE 356.

Guy Faulx.

The conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was detected, and Fawkes taken in the vaults, Nov. 5, 1605. Guy Fawkes and seven others executed, Jan. 30, 1606.

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